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THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Western Union

AMONG Europeans of several nationalities in Paris, there is a feeling of irritation over the enthusiasm of America's backing of Western Union. Three years ago there was anxious concern, particularly in London, lest America should discourage Western Union. The fear arose out of William L. Clayton's opposition to exclusiveness in trade. This was held to be the only bar against European development of the Continent as an entity.

Western Union is the brain child of Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin, who is now lukewarm toward the crusade which he himself christened. The fact is that Mr. Bevin did not mean Western Union in the sense that it gathered. To millions it connotes a superstate; to other millions, at least a federation. Both would call for a rigid political system with elements of sovereignty contributed by the member nations of Europe.

But Mr. Bevin, whose mind is perhaps more insular than that of any of his predecessors, has no intention of backing *that* kind of unity in Europe. Nor has the Prime Minister, Clement Attlee, who is now engaged in wriggling out of the "federate or perish" phrase which he once uttered in a rhetorical moment. The tepid reaction of both statesmen reflects the second thoughts of many Britons, in spite of the leadership of Winston Churchill in the crusade for Europe. Most of them talk European only to buttress the claim for military and economic support from the United States.

A tremendous amount of spadework is necessary to restore even the old relations of European nations, let alone improve upon them. Plainly the war broke down the fabric which used to hold together the continent of Europe in a commercial and financial connection. Some countries were under Hitler's heel, some were free; and the traumatic effect of this contrast is still noticeable.

But there are other divisions that remain to be healed. The war put the European states in hothouse beds, either of economic subordination to Germany or of self-containment. After Nazi Germany was defeated, economic nationalism continued, as much from fear as from habit. Should Britain leave the watch industry to France, and make the trucks for both? Why no! The British must have a precision instrument industry for their own security.

Moreover, the connections of commerce and trade had been broken off, even within the nations. Town and country dealt with each other mainly through black markets. The greatest of the changes resulting from the war was the eclipse of the pound sterling as the medium of exchange for Europe.

In short, the task of restoring Europe to its old eminence is bound to be long and laborious, incapable of execution by either short cuts or new alignments like Western Union.

Europe needs leaders

In the job of repairing Europe, the major lack that strikes the transatlantic observer is one of leadership. This is the greatest deficit that Europe suffers from. It must realize that it is an entity — and that realization is still distant. The condition is not so serious that leadership could not cure it, but at present there is no reconstructive mind in Europe of a quality that impresses Europeans. The mind had perforce to be American, and its expression was the Marshall Plan.

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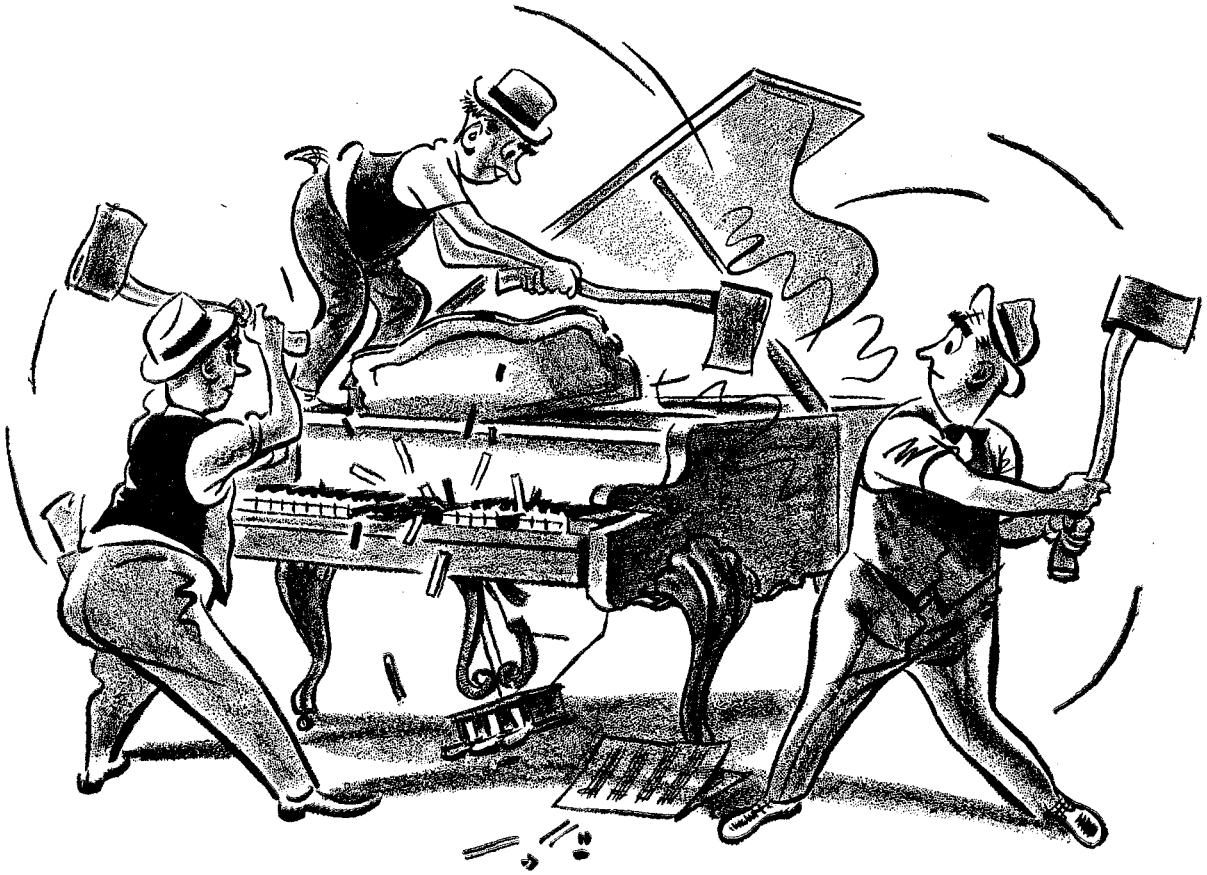

How to tune a piano!

The piano's out of tune. So we'll chop it up. Then we'll get a tin horn instead.

Sure, these men are crazy.

But they're using the same kind of thinking a lot of people have been using on the American economic system lately.

Our American way isn't perfect. We still have our ups and downs of prices and jobs. We'll have to change that. But even so, our system works a lot better than the second-rate substitutes being peddled by some countries we could mention.

It works better because of a few simple things. We are more inventive, and we know how to use machine power to produce more goods at lower cost. We have more skilled workers than any other country. We believe in collective bargaining and enjoy its benefits. And we Americans save—and our savings go into new tools, new plants, new and better machines.

Because of this, we produce more every working hour . . . and can *buy* more goods with an hour's work than any other people in the world.

We can make the system work *even better*, too: by *all* of us working *together* to turn out more for every hour we work—through better machines and methods, more power, greater skills, and by sharing the benefits through higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours.

It's a *good* system. It can be made *better*. And even now it beats anything that any other country in the world has to offer.

So—*let's tune it up, not chop it down.*

Want to help? Mail this!

I want to help.

I know that higher wages, lower prices, shorter hours and larger earnings can all result from producing more goods for every hour all of us work.

Therefore, I will ask myself how I can work more effectively every hour I am on the job, whether I am an employee, an employer, a professional man or a farmer.

I will encourage those things which help us produce more and add to everyone's prosperity—things like greater use of mechanical power, better machines, better distribution and better collective bargaining.

I will boost the good things in our set-up, and help to get rid of the bad.

I will try to learn all I can about why it is that Americans have more of the good things of life.

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The organ in Europe for carrying out the Marshall Plan is called the OEEC (Organization of European Economic Coöperation). It is comparable to our ECA (Economic Coöperation Administration). Sixteen nations have their representatives on OEEC. In the main they are civil servants with so little authority that Ambassador Averell Harriman, who is Paul Hoffman's chief representative in London, has to spend most of his time in the various capitals urging action among the national policy-makers.

It was a great disappointment to ECA that OEEC was not a policy-making body. To be sure, there is a governing body of ministers, but this meets irregularly, and is not a working group. The hope is that there will be a revamping of the OEEC to make it more decisive, if only out of courtesy to the American effort, which is managed on the American side by an administrator with Cabinet rank and by an ambassador, taken out of the Cabinet for this specific purpose, who heads a sort of economic diplomatic service.

Another disappointment felt at the inception of OEEC was that the Sixteen expected the United States to apportion the Marshall Plan appropriations. This system would not have built up the integration of Europe that was sought; furthermore, the Sixteen would have been competitive bargainers for American bounty — a situation more conducive to rivalry than to mutual helpfulness.

The allocation of the first year's Marshall Plan aid is now in OEEC hands, and it is a great step forward in continentalism and mutual helpfulness, but this assumption of responsibility was due to Hoffman's and Harriman's pushing and prodding rather than to the enterprise of the Europeans themselves.

America checks the performance

Indubitably the measuring rod for further appropriations under the Marshall Plan will be evidence of integration. Europe must provide Congress with a show of achievement. If only Europe would realize this! In nothing is the American taxpayer more determined than in his refusal to finance another Operation Rathole. To be sure, there will be subsidies so long as the shadow of the Russian Bear hangs over Western Europe, but the financing of the Marshall Plan might be seriously impeded by lack of evidence of performance, and performance is now seen in terms of integration.

Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, one of the most foresighted statesmen in Europe, and chairman of the OEEC governing board, would like to see the Benelux experiment applied to all Europe. He says that when Benelux was in course of creation, he was pestered by experts bringing to him one difficulty after another. They made it hard for him to do the tasks that fell to his lot as Premier.

Accordingly, after consulting the Hague government, Spaak told the experts that they were brought together to overcome obstacles, not to refer them to the home governments; he felt that the politicians would deal only with the agreed result. From then on, Benelux started to make headway, and Spaak commends the approach to his fellow statesmen who are struggling for a wider integration.

An American commander-in-chief?

Economic unity is merely one aspect of a community for Europe. With the menace of Communist aggression hanging over European countries, military unity needs to be promoted, but even here, in the sphere of elementary self-preservation, cohesion is a will-o'-the-wisp. An alliance is in effect already among the Low Countries and Britain and France.

When the military committee sitting in London named Lord Montgomery as the head of the defense council for Europe, there was criticism on all sides. Montgomery is a British hero, but in other countries he is reputed to be totally lacking in statesmanship. Much better fitted for coalition command is Lord Alexander or Lord Tedder, for both of whom other nationalities retain a keen regard and admiration.

But even a European with the requisite personality would not be able to command in Europe, for the Europeans have not at the moment the psychological unity which would enable them to subject themselves to the military leadership of a European.

All Europe looks to the United States for military security as well as economic salvation. Western Europe wants to be associated with the only dynamic that exists in opposition to the Muscovite dynamic — the United States. The gravitational pull exercised by America is terrific, and it is only partly due to the pull of Russia. Many Europeans of note say that the one way to make a European military organization cohere is through an American commander-in-chief.

How the United States will put teeth into the Vandenberg Resolution pledging "association" in the defense of Western Europe will be a major issue in the Eighty-first Congress. Whether the appoint-

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ment of an American commander-in-chief is one of the answers is a debatable matter.

What is clear beyond doubt is that merely to arm the divided nations of Europe would be to add weakness to weakness and to risk a loss of American equipment and American money similar to the loss the United States already has sustained in China.

According to General de Gaulle, national armaments constitute only a modern Maginot Line, and he pleads for a continental general staff, using manpower in Western Germany as elsewhere for the composition of a continental army. He agrees with other leaders in Europe that the leadership should be American.

The Atlantic Community

The answer to the security problem, therefore, is an Atlantic Community. The Atlantic, as Walter Lippmann put it as early as 1944, is "the inland sea of a community of nations allied with one another by geography, history, and vital necessity."

It is not necessary as yet rigidly to systematize the Community, though a preliminary compact is politically requisite. For the time being, it would be sufficient to give enabling authority and to guide the military committee in London, to appoint an American commander-in-chief if it is not feasible to have a European, and to mobilize European manpower with American equipment under American training.

For this purpose the French seem already to be available. They could be trained either in Western Europe or on this side of the Atlantic in superguerrilla tactics — in accordance, of course, with a coördinated plan of Western defense.

There is reason to think that this is the kind of preparedness that the military committee in London have in mind. And for a simple reason. Obviously the recovery of Western Europe under the Marshall Plan — our supreme goal — will be impossible if a sizable portion of the economy is to be diverted to rearmament.

But it is quintessential to arrange matters beforehand so that there is a nucleus of force in the free world well organized and firm enough to exercise a compelling attraction all along the

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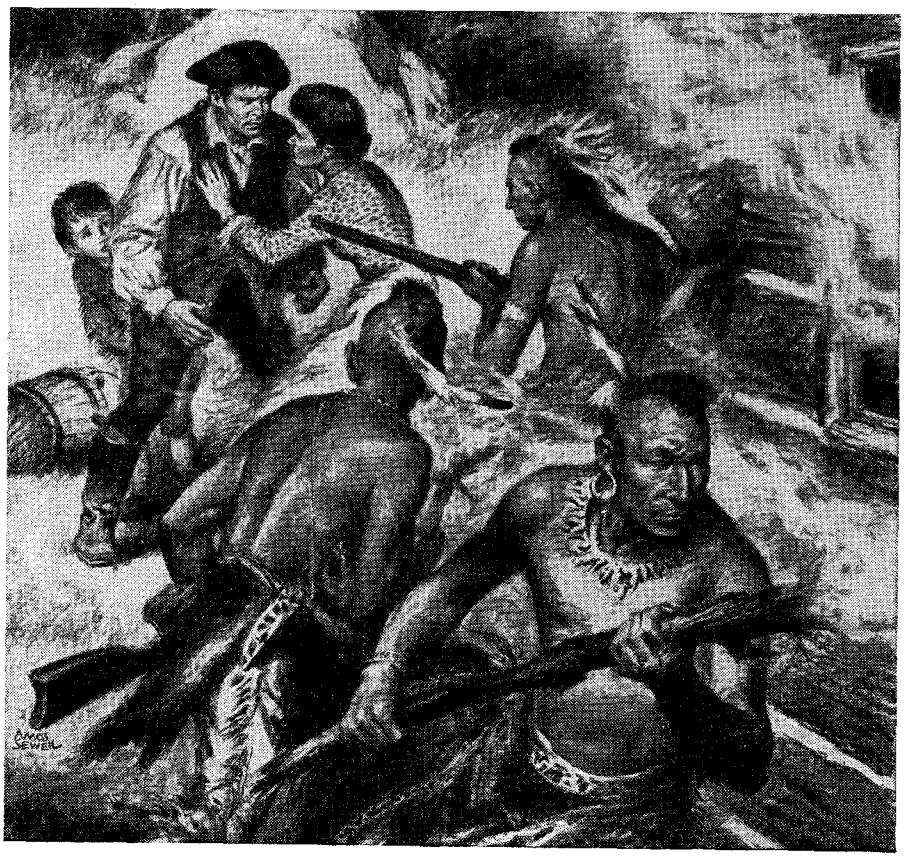

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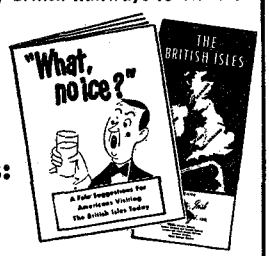

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Atlantic periphery. That is the way to ensure peace as well as to prepare for war.

The American shield

Military integration is the immediate goal, and Western Europe would like the United States to supply the shield of a military defense behind which Western European countries can gain enough confidence for recovery. Investment in the future is inhibited in Western Europe as long as the Russians are able to stifle confidence.

With the American shield assured, prodding and pushing can be done without trepidation. Western Europe expects it. It welcomes intervention, though the intervention must be exercised with statesmanship. Nothing is so surprising to sober-minded Europeans as the American queasiness over intervention in the use of American aid.

France: *the question mark*

The great question mark hanging over the Atlantic is the deteriorating situation in France. Until the French situation has been stabilized, all planners for European order have their fingers crossed. It is fear of what may happen in their country that has persuaded many Frenchmen to see in European federation a means of absorbing the insoluble problem of France. On the other hand, federation with an unstable France would doom Western Europe to French weakness.

France's position in Europe is crucial. Just as the dethronement of the pound sterling ended British influence on the Continent, so the sickness of France has undermined the unifying influence of France.

It is a disheartening experience to see at first hand the inability of the French to stabilize their economy. In no other country is "the muddle of the middle" so evident. The coalition of the middle is impotent, giving the impression of caretakers in government offices. The French seem to be awaiting a denouement with a fatalism that both Americans and Britons find completely incomprehensible: a denouement between Communism and Gaullism.

The explanation goes to the roots of modern French history. No nation has a better tradition of individual achievement. But government, instead of counteracting the individualism of the people, has merely accentuated it, out of a fear of a strong executive which goes back to Napoleon III, and which was reinforced by their experience with Marshal Pétain.

This preference for a weak executive enabled the Communists to put over the constitution of the Fourth Republic which makes legislature as well as executive so weak as to invite anarchy. The tradition of an unstable currency goes along with the tradition of an unstable executive. On top of that, the long reign of Radical Socialist governments, the voice of the French peasant, has established a tradition against the taxation of agriculture. Inflation has become the sloppy alternative of fiscal leadership.

Only the United States has the means to help France: by pushing and prodding the French government to arrest the inflation and by assuming the leadership of an Atlantic Community based upon the direction of French manpower into a continental defense that would not tolerate civil war in the rear. The stakes are tremendous.

Western solidarity

Toward Germany Europeans are of the opinion that we must get used to the existence of two Germanys as well as two worlds. Space is the great need, as the French see it, between the Soviet Union and the West, so as to avoid the shooting war which could arise any day from an accident or a feeling of desperation in Moscow.

No pessimism is tolerable in a world where faith can and must move mountains, and there is enough in the European scene to sustain one's faith. Nothing could be more exhilarating than the Anglo-American-French solidarity on Berlin, nothing more helpful to our foreign policy—a policy aimed at creating an equilibrium with Russia after "containing" it. Both France and Britain are necessary allies in creating this balance of power with the Soviet Union. Assuming, as Europe does, that the Soviet will not seek a shooting war, a balance of power is the only instrumentality which will impose on Moscow the necessity of living and letting live.

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China

WHAT has happened in China in the last three months represents the biggest shift in the world balance of power since the defeat of Germany and Japan. Three months ago the Communists claimed, probably without exaggeration, effective control of about a quarter of China and about a third of its population. The fact that they claimed more population proportionally than they did territory was a danger signal that the character of the civil war was about to be transformed. It meant that the Communists were no longer fighting a ragged guerrilla war based on poor and undeveloped territories, but were moving in on rich river-basin provinces and productive cities.

Then the transformation became manifest: the rate of collapse in anti-Communist territory began to exceed the rapidity with which the Communists could push in, take over, and administer. The surrender of complete Kuomintang divisions, under their own officers and with all their equipment, became the most important military characteristic of the war. These troops are men who have been disindoctrinated of their loyalty to the Kuomintang, but not indoctrinated with Communist loyalties. The employment and feeding of these forces loads on the Communists an administrative burden which some Washington observers believe will mean that for some time the trained Communists will be spread very thin and will have to operate through influence and compromise rather than dictatorship.

Even if their control falls somewhere short of full freedom to act, however, the Chinese Communists now confront both America and Russia with dramatic problems. The strong probability is that the Chinese Communists will eventually dominate a country nearly as big as the United States and with more than twice the population of Russia. What will it mean to the world to have almost twice as many people controlled by Communists, all in one country, as there are now in Russia and its European satellite countries combined? And to what degree will the Communists who dominate China be controlled by the Communists who run Russia?

For America, a momentous decision is involved. Shall we, sooner or later, attempt to uproot Communism by the force of our own arms in China? Or shall we grudgingly accept what has happened in China and what no large, popularly led and popularly supported movement of the Chinese people has arisen to resist?

Among the Western Allies the United States supplied most of the manpower as well as most of the industrial power in defeating Hitler's Germany. We were the decisive factor in defeating Japan. We have since taken the lead in the policy of containing Russia, and in China we have taken the full responsibility of intervention against the Chinese revolution, without even token support from Britain or any other great power. Since we alone tried to stop what has now happened, the whole world is waiting — and not offering help — while we decide whether to give up or to try again.

What will the Soviet Union do?

Russia faces problems no less dramatic. The surge of power of the Chinese Communists is capable of shifting the center of gravity of world Communism. Titoism arose in the European country which had the strongest native Communist movement and an authentic folk hero, and which owed the least to the Russian Red Army. Although the Russians "liberated" Manchuria, the Chinese Communists owe much less to the Russians than Yugoslavia does. In their eyes, Manchuria was not a Russian gift, and what the Russians did in Manchuria did not determine victory in the civil war.

When the Russians got out of Manchuria, the Chinese Communists had to negotiate there with local, non-Communist forces. Politically, it was their own acquisition. It is significant that the way between Manchuria and Communist North China was not opened until after the Communists, using only their North China forces, had mastered the key province of Shantung.

Mao Tze-tung, a Chinese Tito?

Will Mao Tze-tung's confidence in himself and his purely Chinese support lead him to turn Tito? To be sure, the Chinese Communists are on record as strongly condemning Tito in his quarrel with Russia and the Cominform. And, in November, an

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article by Mao was published in the Cominform magazine in Bucharest. In this double-barreled blast he hailed the "world revolutionary united front headed by the Soviet Union" and denounced "American imperialism and its running dogs," which "in various countries replaced Facist Germany, Italy, and Japan and are frenziedly preparing a new world war." To round things off, he derided as "utter hypocrisy" the idea of a "middle road" between Communism and capitalism.

It is always difficult to interpret Marxist double-talk. Nevertheless, the ferocity of this language disguises, without being able to conceal them entirely, two of those "hard facts" which Lenin once warned theorists to respect. One is that hailing the leadership of the Soviet Union does not settle the question whether, in the "world revolutionary united front," China is to be consulted as an equal or given orders as a subordinate.

China is a very large country, there are a lot of Chinese, and Chinese nationalism is quite as independent in spirit as Chinese Communism has been in its achievements. As World War II was ending, just when there was a prospect of renewing the contact with Russia which had been broken for so many years, Mao demoted from power the influential Russian-trained theorist Wang Ming. He also warned "some of the comrades" not to follow "foreign" writings and theories (nationality not mentioned) too "slavishly," and admonished them to pay more attention to the facts of China. Mao himself is not Russian-trained.

The other hard fact that cannot be concealed is that in spite of the "utter hypocrisy" of any "middle road" between Communism and capitalism, the Chinese Communists have been following such a middle road for some years, and will be bound to go on following it for some years more. Even with the newly won industrial cities, Communist China simply does not have the industrial strength necessary to embark on an imitation of Russia.

Granted that the Communists in China will go on compromising with private enterprise, they will not, however, do so through a bargaining process which concedes to private enterprise a share of political power in the enforcement of policy and the control of timing. They will make their own decisions on what to concede and how long to concede it.

Who betrayed Chiang Kai-shek?

For Americans, the critical problem is that of the relationship between the United States and China. Can we retrieve anything of what we have lost in the policy of supporting Chiang Kai-shek as the Strong Man of China? Can we retain any footholds in China, with or without Chiang Kai-shek?

Before the avalanche that followed the fall of Mukden, complaints were made that we were betraying Chiang Kai-shek by not moving to his aid with more munitions and more money. The military collapse, however, showed that what was lacking was not aid, but the ability to use the aid.

Chiang's best divisions surrendered not because they had no American arms — many of them had American training as well as American equipment, and many of them had been air-lifted to positions of supposed advantage by American planes, or transported by sea in American ships. They surrendered because, in spite of extensive aid, they could not be convinced that they were fighting for a good cause.

Their propaganda urged them to die like heroes; but they knew that their government showed no compunction for their families. They knew that many of their officers were corrupt — the higher the rank, the more flagrant the corruption. It could not be hidden from them that Shanghai and all other ports were choked with American machines and supplies which the corruption and incompetence of the bureaucracy prevented from entering the economic bloodstream of the country.

The abuse of American aid

There is strong evidence for the bitter judgment that the conditions under which American aid was given were in themselves the real betrayal of Chiang Kai-shek. Aid was given on the premise that he was a strong man who must be allowed a free hand. The truth is that he never had the dictatorial power popularly attributed to him, and therefore never had a free hand. Throughout his career, he controlled such parts of China as he did control by a very careful balancing of his own followers with allies who were at times undependable and at times downright tricky. Even among his own loyal followers there never ceased to be divisions between rightists, moderates, and relative liberals.

The most damning criticism of American aid is that at each stage when American aid was increased, Chiang was being exhorted by some advisers to press forward and make himself a true dictator, and urged by others to negotiate and — even more important — to take steps that would bring to his side a larger following of moderates and progressives.

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Each new grant of American aid turned out to be, in fact, not "aid to Chiang," but aid which increased the power over him of those of his followers who were most intransigent and at the same time most incompetent and corrupt. Thus each increase of "aid" operated to decrease Chiang's alternatives of action and to bind him to the more disastrous course.

What hope?

There is a limit to the value of post-mortems. It is important now to salvage whatever can be salvaged of the American interest in China. The ruinous consequences of unwise military aid and futile economic aid have decreased the influence in Washington of those who insist that the wrong policy could miraculously be converted into the right policy if only there were more of it. The discrediting of the demands for "all-out aid" has strengthened the position of the career experts on China in the State Department.

The majority view of this group has always been that it is risky to project a too neatly defined policy into a country as chaotic as China. A "policy," they argue, is inappropriate for a country like China, where imponderables run wild, measurements are undependable, and forces are volatile. What they believe in, therefore, is not "policy," but "a course of action" — something that can be adapted to the twists and turns of events.

The State Department tradition of putting what can be done in China above what ought to be done was reflected in Secretary Marshall's statement to the House Foreign Affairs Committee on the China Aid bill, on February 20, 1948. "The United States should not by its actions," he said — and note the word "actions," not "policy" — "be put in the position of being charged with a direct responsibility for the conduct of the Chinese Government and its political, economic, and military affairs."

The full weight of the professionals in the Department of State is against attempting to retrieve losses in China, at a time when our mobilizable resources are increasingly committed in Europe, by assuming now the kind of "direct responsibility" that Secretary Marshall so cautiously advised us to side-step last February.

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THE ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

At the war's end the *Atlantic* believed that a special incentive should be held out to short-story writers, both to those who were coming out of uniform and to those of older years who were then finding the freedom and the impulse to write. In January, 1946, we began to publish in each issue what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that special prizes would be awarded at the end of each six months for those two stories which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

Over the months we have published 45 *Atlantic* "Firsts," including the work of Tom Heggen, Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, Godfrey Blunden, and John Mayo Goss. Nine *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections, edited by Herschel Brickell. Seven *Atlantic* "Firsts" have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, edited by Martha Foley. More than a dozen novels by these same authors have been printed or are now in press.

The Awards are now on an annual basis. Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run from 2000 to 20,000 words. The words "*Atlantic First*" should appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

(The Atlantic "Firsts" contest will be continued through 1949.)

●

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
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Czechoslovakia

PRAGUE is full of people with a sense of loss. They have had to sacrifice some of their material standards and many of their traditions for no immediately visible domestic reason. Long friendly to parliamentary democracy, they find themselves today substantially under a one-party dictatorship, thinly veiled by a three-party façade.

The Communist regime draws some support from coal miners and workers in large factories, while members of the middle and high income groups are among its main opponents. But Czechoslovakia, unlike the Russia of 1917, is a country with a very strong middle class and a broad tradition of middle-class thinking among the many thousands of "small people" who have long aspired to middle-class existence.

Throughout this middle class there is a split that cuts across families and leaves brothers and sisters, office mates and school mates, on opposite sides. Alignments here do not follow income lines but personal experiences, the structure of each person's expectations of the future and his previously accepted ideals or ideologies. The result is not a united nation opposing a foreign invader, but a people torn in its very heart.

Shortages and rations

Most employed people have money incomes high enough to buy most things to which they are entitled. Purchasing power has been kept ahead of supplies. Under effective price ceilings this means empty stores with goods being bought up faster than they come in. During August hundreds of retail shops were closed, to enable the sales personnel to help with the harvest.

Wool is unobtainable, even to knit children's garments. To get a man's suit takes from six months to one year. Most cotton textiles are in extremely short supply. Shoes are in the show windows, but in addition to ration points, one has to bring a written confirmation from the town hall, certifying personal need for each purchase.

One can buy gloves, ties, kitchenware, simple household goods, lamps, shopping bags, toys, costume jewelry, and books. There are even more bookstores than before the war, when Prague was one of the most book-loving towns in Europe. Books include a wide selection of Western authors and many books on art, besides the expected translations from the Russian and a flood of native publications on economics, statistics, and planning.

Food is strictly rationed and this includes bread, flour, potatoes, and meals in restaurants. Adults and children are each entitled to about two ounces of sweets a month, but chocolate candy is sold only on a diplomatic passport. Most people feel that the food rations are not quite enough to get along on. There usually are enough potatoes, but the distribution of them is irregular and there is risk of deterioration through inadequate storing. The black market is practically nonexistent. People supplement their food with parcels from friends and relatives in England and America, or with food obtained from a farmer whom one has helped to bring in the harvest.

Rations are determined by the type of occupation. Factory workers and miners get substantial rations as well as high enough wages to buy the food the ration allows them. Clerical and engineering personnel in mining enterprises get the same rations as the coal miner. This is done in order to attract personnel into the mining towns. Workers and office employees in larger enterprises get one cheap and relatively substantial meal daily in the works canteen. Absenteeism is thus reduced because missing a day at the plant means not only losing money but a meal as well.

Control of the press

The non-Communist parties have disappeared as effective political agents. About one half of the members of the Social Democratic Party have been admitted into the Communist Party. The National Socialist and People's (Catholic) Parties have been left standing as hollow shells, purged of their active pro-Western leaders.

The press is unanimous in conveying the government's views. The National Socialist and Catholic papers, which appear under their previous titles as a concession to the traditional loyalties of their read-

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ers, do not differ substantially from the Communist papers in content, although there is a difference in distribution of items and manner of presentation. All papers play down foreign news; the gravest pronouncements of Western spokesmen in the Berlin crisis are reduced to three-line bulletins in obscure places. "We think it is best for our papers not to excite the population," says a Communist. "It is bad for work morale."

Government by fear

Arrests and dismissals from jobs have had a far-reaching effect. Sixteen professors were pensioned off at Charles University in Prague, but their pensions are meager under present conditions. Such treatment has made other teachers realize that they must be wary about placing confidence in "academic freedom."

Many dismissals have been carried through by "action committees," which seem to be everywhere. Even a Protestant minister may be a member of the "Action Committee for the Christian Churches." And it was an "action committee" of the more leftist synagogue members that brought about the dismissal of one of the most active leaders of the Jewish community of Prague.

Emigration is not easy. The border along the United States Zone of Germany is guarded, and a special permit is required for entering an area within several miles of the actual border. The permit involves securing a certificate of "political reliability," a requirement even for the city dweller who wants to gather blueberries in the forests near the border. Despite these regulations, it is still possible for determined opponents of the government to escape, judging from the number of arrivals in the United States Zone.

Permission to emigrate is granted more readily to those who can show overseas visas. The government frowns on people going to France or England, where they might continue to influence Czech politics, but seems more willing to let them go to the United States or some other overseas country. Volunteering for the armed forces of Israel is encouraged. Emigrants must leave behind most of their property, and the government will not provide foreign exchange for their transportation abroad. The Jewish community in Prague has obtained a sizable fund of foreign exchange, largely from American Jewish organizations which contribute to the maintenance of survivors of the Nazi terror in a home for the aged in Prague. This foreign exchange is available to Jews who wish to emigrate overseas. Since persons sponsored by the Jewish community seem to have no difficulty in emigrating, the chief Rabbi has been deluged with applications to embrace Judaism.

The new Communist Party

The mainstay of the present regime is the Czechoslovak Communist Party. In 1939 its organized membership totaled sixty-five thousand, many of whom were seasoned and indoctrinated functionaries. Of these sixty-five thousand Communists, fifteen thousand are estimated to have been killed by the Germans during the occupation or in the uprisings of 1944 and 1945; and another ten thousand are thought to have dropped out through old age, natural mortality, and the usual fluctuations in Communist membership. In all Czechoslovakia there are today, therefore, only forty thousand pre-war Communists in a party which contains two million members.

Invitations to join the Communist Party have been scattered throughout the country. "I am in great trouble," relates the new administrator of a confiscated German farm in the Sudetenland (he was formerly a tailor who lost his flourishing business in Prague under the Nazi occupation). "They have invited me to join the Communist Party, and if I decline to join, they will think me unreliable and the government may take away my farm. But I can't join the Communists because I am sure that their government will collapse, and how would I then look, having been a Communist?"

There seems no easy answer to the tailor-farmer's dilemma, but it is notable that he spoke of "my" farm in referring to the property which he had got through an act of confiscation; and that the Communists apparently still are willing to take him into their party.

The Party network

The new members are expected to undergo intensive ideological training. In August, 1948, the Communists seemed to feel less worried about their hold on the industrial workers than about the need for extending their influence among the professional and middle classes.

In order to reach these people, they set up street or block organizations in the suburbs, and shop organizations in the nationalized big banks and offices. Experienced Communists are now being directed away from the big metal factories in Prague, and into the large white-collar firms and export organizations.

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A number of intense new Communists have come up from the concentration camps, the underground work, and the partisan uprisings. For example, there is the young Slovak cottager who spent several months in 1944 fighting the Nazis in the Slovak uprising and then hiding with his group in the snow in the woods near the timberline, while Nazis burned his house and almost shot his wife. The Communist Party means everything to him. He is directing high army personnel, and it would be unhealthy for any of them to criticize the regime.

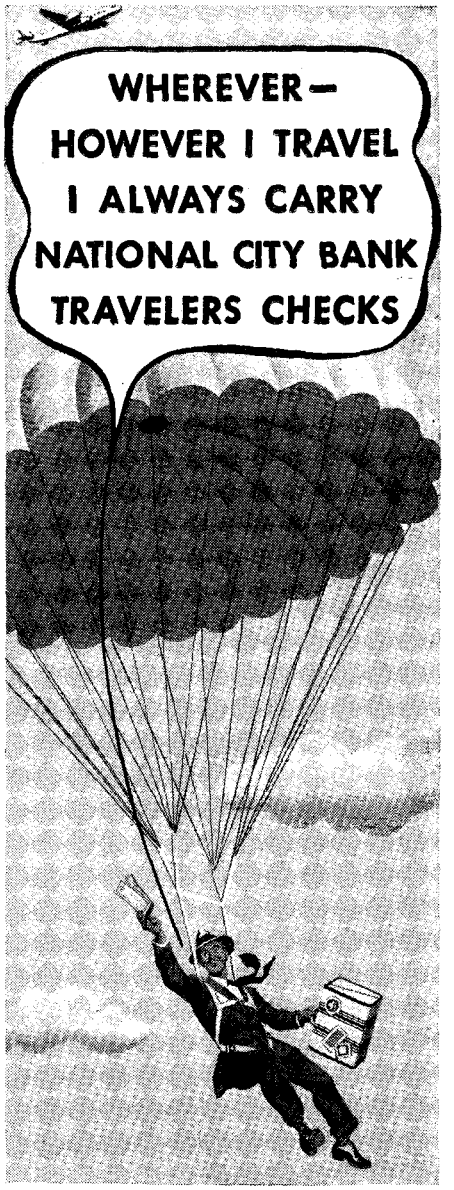
The police is brand-new in political outlook, uniform, and personnel. It is called Guard of National Security, or S.N.B. after its Czech initials. Many of its members are recruited from the former Communist underground or from the partisans, and they are taught to put politics first.

What has been done with the police has been done to a great extent with the army, too. Both police and army units are being tied in closely with factories or communities which are solidly Communist so as to give the members of the forces the impression of a close link with a pro-Communist section of the people, and also in order to facilitate, in case of need, the rapid deputizing of Communist or pro-Communist civilians as auxiliary forces.

The hard core of support

Behind these organized groups there are the government sympathizers among workers and miners, some of the young new officials to whom the new regime has opened opportunities for careers, and a part of the youth who respond more readily than their elders to systematic propaganda, youth camps, and the like. If one totals up all these sources of support, the hard core of determined government adherents does not seem to go much beyond one fifth of the total population, with perhaps another 10 per cent on the periphery.

Not all of the opponents of the government are equally determined, and under present conditions many of them see little chance to fight actively for a restoration of democracy, because of Russian troops and the Germans at their borders. So they bear resentfully for the time being the things which have happened to their accustomed way of life.



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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Man Against Darkness"

Atlantic readers are an outspoken audience, and it was to be expected that they would rise to the challenge of Professor W. T. Stace's thoughtful article, "Man Against Darkness," in the September issue. Upwards of three hundred letters and articles in rebuttal have now been received, and still they come. From the advance guard, we selected four statements which we published as a symposium in the *Atlantic* for November. And now here is Dr. Stace's reply to his critics: —

SIR:

In your November Symposium on "Purpose in the Universe" I can only find one argument which, in my opinion, calls for an answer. It is the substance of Canon Bell's paper. For shortness I will rephrase it in my own way. "Mr. Stace," the criticism runs, "argues that since science tells us nothing of purpose in the universe, there can't be any. But this argument is bad because it assumes that science is all knowledge. There are other avenues of knowledge such as philosophy, art, mysticism, revelation, from which we can learn about cosmic purpose. Science does not deny purpose, it only ignores it for certain special reasons. Hence we must go to extrascientific realms to learn about it."

I admit all this, I know pretty well what there is to be said along such lines (it is my job to know), and I am not so naïve as Canon Bell thinks. My position is not the naïve position he criticizes. My position is this. The notion of the purposelessness of the world is the psychological result (not the logical consequence) of science. Science suggested it and caused it to dominate the modern mind, but science does not prove it because, as my critic says, there might be extrascientific evidence. But I happen to think that neither philosophy, nor art, nor mysticism, nor revelation, nor any other extrascientific activity yields a tittle of valid evidence of cosmic purpose. If so, there is no evidence of it, scientific or extrascientific. Therefore a reasonable person will not accept it as one of his beliefs. If you accept it, it is rationally baseless, and will be due to wishful thinking.

Of course there remains the bare logical possibility that there may be cosmic purpose although we have no evidence of it. But it is not correct thinking to believe in bare possibilities of which there is no evidence. It is a logical possibility that there are camels on a planet revolving round Arcturus. But there is no evidence of it. And a reasonable person will not accept it as one of his beliefs.

W. T. STACE
Princeton, N.J.

"The Democrats Can Win"

The *Atlantic* finds itself one of the very few — should we say the only? — periodicals of national circulation which in October called the turn on President Truman's election, with Ex-Gov. Ellis G. Arnall's article, "The Democrats Can Win."

We claim no occult power in this. What we did was to cover the political campaign in a series of three articles: the first, Gardner Jackson's piece on Wallace; the second, the article in which a Young Republican, Oren Root, Jr., expressed his hopes for the Republican Revival; and the third, ex-Governor Arnall's correct analysis.

It is a point worth remembering that the *Atlantic* was trying to cover a difficult situation honestly, not to color or "angle" it or fake it; and because Governor Arnall was so far-sighted in his prognostication, we should like to quote these citations which have come to him: —

WALTER WINCHELL, *November* 8. — Don't forget ex-Gov. of Georgia Ellis Arnall's comment in the October *Atlantic:* "The assumption of a Republican victory requires the rejection of almost all the facts available and the adoption of an illogic that is stupendous."

MARQUIS W. CHILDS, "Washington Calling," *November* 9. — Too many of us who try to appraise trends talk to the bosses of the influence industry. We would do well to talk to others who live farther away from New York and Hollywood such as Ellis Arnall of Georgia, who wrote an article in the October *Atlantic Monthly* called "The Democrats Can Win." It reads like the kind of hindsight now being so voluminously put forth.

DREW PEARSON, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," *November* 15. — Ex-Gov. Ellis Arnall, of Georgia, was in the pro-Truman category, predicted in the *Atlantic Monthly* in October that Truman would win.

The Locomobile Steamer

SIR:

I was much interested in "Get Out and Get Under," the article by John

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E. Hutton on motoring fifty years ago which you published in the November *Atlantic*.

My father took me to Boston at the age of sixteen to learn to drive a car, which he thought of buying. We went to a small town somewhere between Boston and Springfield, where he bought a Locomobile Steamer — manufactured, I think, under Stanley license. I spent about a week at the plant with my brother, learning about this thing.

May I give you a technical specification of the car?

Seating, four (crowded).

Two back seats, much higher than the front seats, like the gods in a theater.

Steering, tiller.

Protection from backing downhill, sprag — a spike you dropped, and then prayed to God you wouldn't back over it.

Engine, one 2-cylinder, 2-catpower steam engine, backed by a small copper tubular boiler; under this a circular gasoline fire about 18 inches across; right in front of the fire about 8 gallons of gasoline in a very thin tank!

Performance, weak; boiler operating pressure on level, 180 lb.; safety point, 220 lb.

Directions: Stand at foot of hill till boiler pressure is 240 lb., and if the hill is not too steep, get to the top with 50 lb.; if hill is too steep, drop the sprag, build up pressure, and proceed.

A month after we got this car, and after my factory technical instructions, we started from Toronto to Boston, four of us: my father, brother, Ralph Burns, and myself.

The main need was water. There was no condenser on this engine, so we made about 25 miles per 20 gallons of water. We emptied all the horse troughs from Toronto to Boston.

On the return trip we did better. We went into Walworth's in Boston, bought a tiny injector, reversed it and turned it into an ejector, built it into the car, and then tossed a hose into the horse trough. It would sound like a blonde on the end of a soda straw, but at last the contents of the horse trough were under the back seat and we were on our way.

Hutton? He was an effete gasoline man — he should have been broken in with an early steamer!

E. H. GURNEY
Toronto, Canada

"How Dense Is the Mass?"

SIR:

I write this letter after reading "How Dense Is the Mass?" by Gilbert Seldes in the November issue of the *Atlantic*.

My situation is somewhat anomalous, in that, as an advertising man, I cannot help appreciating the reasons for network radio to dish out the pap currently served us, and that, as a radio listener with tastes (I believe) somewhat above the average, I deplore the situation.

It may be unfortunate, but it is also true that everyone connected with radio has a main interest of *making money*, and that present methods have proved profitable.

I believe there is but one sure cure for radio's ills, as described by Mr. Seldes. That is for *all four* major networks to put on programs of a literary, artistic, or informative kind at *the same time* — say ten o'clock in the evening, Eastern Standard Time. Then, with no other choice, the "mass" would be forced into listening. Quality would win out and, I believe, would eventually lead to such programs being sponsored — if, of course, this were to be desired.

There is but one catch. I imagine unaffiliated station-owners would rub their hands in glee, in anticipation of the millions who would tune out the national and tune in the local.

RALPH E. DE CASTRO
New York City

The McCollum Case

SIR:

Agnes E. Meyer in her enlightening and timely article, "The School, the State, and the Church," in the November *Atlantic* makes an assertion regarding the issue in the McCollum case which is misleading. She says that the issue "simply stated" was "the constitutionality of a released-time program for sectarian religious instruction within the public schools."

Contrary to her statement, the issue was not *sectarian* religious instruction. Mrs. McCollum's petition covered "all instruction and teaching of all religious education." Here was the issue, as Justice Black says in his majority opinion. He uses the word "sectarian" only once, and only incidentally, and in no way to qualify the court's prohibition of all religious education in the public schools.

GUY F. WELLS
Mount Vernon, N.Y.

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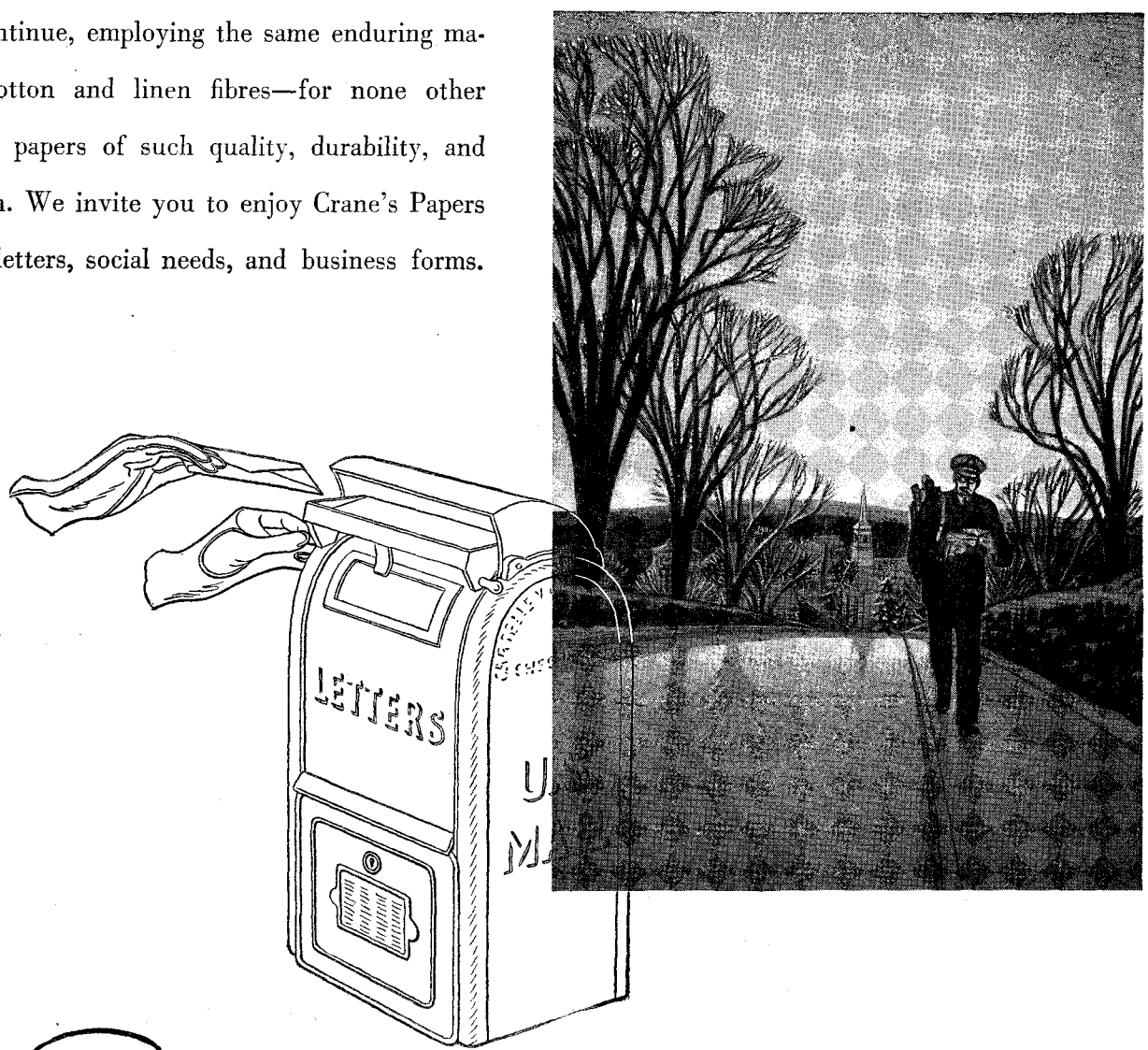

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The question of a preventive war, the question of what the Man in the Kremlin will do when Russia has the bomb, the fundamental and, as yet, unresolved question of how we in our free society can reconcile the use of force with the preservation of freedom — here are the deepest, the most far-reaching issues of our time. The Atlantic *is proud to publish this thoughtful analysis by President* James Bryant Conant *of Harvard, one of our greatest scientists and educators and a man who knows beyond any layman the awful potentialities of the bomb.*

FORCE AND FREEDOM

by JAMES BRYANT CONANT

Can there be a moral basis for freedom in a world of force? This is one of the ugly questions which disturb many intelligent people at this moment. Can we reconcile the doctrine of military force — the idea of killing men in war — with a moral purpose? As a matter of history, freedom has often emerged from the successful use of force; yet we abominate war as intensely as we love freedom. How are we to resolve this paradox?

I should be ready to maintain that while liberty has repeatedly been gained by war, once won it can be protected only by adherence to those moral principles which were repudiated in its achievement. The distinction between the ethics of war and the ethics of peace, I believe, must be a fundamental postulate of our free society. If this be so, it is of the utmost importance to emphasize the distinction in these confused and gloomy days.

Either history is devoid of meaning or else we must believe that a study of the past will enrich one's understanding of the present. "To be ignorant of what occurred before you were born is to be always a child" — from which it follows that we must read the book of history diligently and scrutinize with the utmost care the events recorded. In that spirit one may venture to approach the difficult problems of reconciling force and freedom in our day by a glance at certain events which took place in England three hundred years ago.

Everyone familiar with even the outlines of modern history will recall that the 1640's were a period of civil war in the British Isles. All who have traced the connection between the evolution of democratic institutions in the seventeenth century and the history of the United States will be well aware that the outcome of these wars left a lasting mark on the development of the colonies of North America. For example, a commission of the Congregational and Unitarian churches of this country recently commemorated the tercentenary of the adoption of the Cambridge Platform. This document was essentially a statement of the local independence of the churches of the Puritan colonies. It was a manifestation of a current running strongly both in old England and in New England as to the importance of local control and local initiative in matters of religion. Ambitious claims have been made that this Platform was basic in the development of the cultural pattern of the United States. Certainly we are all aware of the significance of the twin doctrines of local responsibility and local initiative, and even the members of other Protestant denominations can give due credit to those early Congregationalists who proclaimed the independence of each one of the New England churches.

Any celebration, however, which rejoices in the influence of the New Englanders of three centuries ago must likewise recognize the role of force in the drama which was being enacted in the 1640's.

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The tramp of Cromwell's soldiers echoes through the years. For just when the learned ministers were writing the Cambridge Platform in New England the genius of Oliver Cromwell and the discipline of his red-coated New Model Army were settling the claim of rival church parties for the organization of the Protestant religion in the Anglo-Saxon world. A second civil war had broken out in April, 1648; the Royalists defeated in the earlier struggle were allied with the Scotch and the discontented Presbyterians. If this strange alliance should prove successful, there was a strong possibility that a combination of Scotch and English Presbyterians would control the form of church government in both Great Britain and the colonies. But the victory by Cromwell and his followers at Preston in August, 1648, eliminated this danger. The Congregationalists of New England and the Independent Party in old England were made secure.

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The relationship between force and freedom in the seventeenth-century history of the English-speaking people is evident. Without the victories in the first civil war there would have been no possibility of a Cambridge Platform; a triumphant King would have seen to that. If the Presbyterians had won at Preston there would have been a prompt suppression of independent churches at home and in the colonies.

But it was more than the victories on the battlefield which firmly established in a relatively few months the "New England way of life." Between the time when the Cambridge Platform was adopted by the ministers and enacted by the General Court, the influence of Cromwell and his soldiers had become literally overpowering. It is the irony of history that the arbitrary action of Cromwell's officers in Pride's Purge of Parliament in December, 1648, and Cromwell's subsequent dissolution of what remained, the so-called Rump Parliament, made secure a rule which was one of the sources of American freedom. For Cromwell's Independents saw eye to eye with the New England men.

The Cambridge Platform was certainly something more than a passing resolution of a handful of stout church rebels *only* because of the continuing victories of an extraordinary army, and perhaps only because of the arbitrary action of the same army against a representative assembly. Just as in England religious toleration grew out of a period of military dictatorship of "godly men," so our liberties in this country can claim to have drawn nourishment from the same harsh soil. Cromwell's soldiers fought for freedom of the Parliament from the King, freedom of all Christians from the Pope and from the Anglican Bishops. Cromwell's officers and men later manipulated the political scene and coerced the nation on behalf of independent church government and the consequent independence of a great variety of sects.

The problem of reconciling force and freedom by an historian reviewing the seventeenth century has a familiar modern ring. One can envy the men of three hundred years ago on one point at least — they were spared some of the more disturbing doubts which three centuries have forced on the Western world. One can feel the sincerity of Cromwell's remarks when, describing one of his great battles, he said, "And the Lord made the enemy stubble unto our swords." There is no evidence that aside from the Quakers the pious people of England or New England in those days had any scruples about the use of force, provided it was used by them. Whether the doubts which now assail so many honest men represent a slackening of our religious faith or a quickening of our sensitivity as human beings or a better appreciation of the Christian message is a question I leave to the theologians and preachers of this day.

If one may venture to express a judgment on the actors of the great drama of the Puritan rebellion, I should say that Cromwell and his followers are to be praised for having fought well in both the civil wars. Indeed, I fail to see how anyone who rejoices in our liberties could well maintain the contrary. The behavior of the Army leaders after the close of the second civil war is another story. The verdict of history must be that they failed to execute a plan by which an orderly development of a broadly based government would be possible in England; they failed in spite of Cromwell's conservative instincts and his prayerful attempts to find a constitutional basis for his regime. The considered judgment of all who believe in the Western definition of democracy and freedom must be that they were wrong to establish a military dictatorship even of godly men; in short, the rule of armed saints is to be condemned on both pragmatic and moral grounds.

History is full of examples of earnest men so dedicated to a cause that they did not scruple to use violence as an adjunct to political action. To their minds the issues between themselves and their opponents were of such a nature as to justify the application of the rules of war even in times of peace. Fanatics who believe they are divinely led, or that history is on their side, usually maintain that the end justifies the means. Hence an admixture of violence and treachery in affairs of state is for them the equivalent of the taking of life on a field of battle.

Any unwillingness to admit the validity of the moral distinction between war and peace is at once exploited by all apologists of dictatorships — past, present, or future. At the present moment those who believe that nothing can be worse than war are eagerly sought as allies by those who believe that nothing can be worse than our American practice

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of democracy. The two join hands in pointing the finger of scorn at the apparent paradox that a nation founded on the principle of the sacredness of human life is ready to secure its liberties by war if need be. The one group bases its case on the consistent application of Christian teachings, the other on equally consistent denial of the Christian ethics. Yet the pacifist and the communist unite in exposing the logical inconsistency of the traditional American attitude toward force and freedom.

Today as in the past the vast majority of the citizens of the United States, while abhorring war, nevertheless believe that it is not always wrong. They have a deep-seated conviction, however, that war is always totally different morally from peace. The consequences of abandoning this illogical position by proclaiming that fighting is never justified are all too clear. If we were to lay down our arms as a matter of Christian principle, and as a nation take an eternal vow of non-resistance, those who feel otherwise could hardly fail to accelerate the course of history as they see it. From their point of view they would be negligent in their duty if they failed to eliminate the Christian basis for our brand of democratic freedom.

I have not the slightest fear that we shall adopt the doctrine of non-resistance. I am not so certain, however, that we might not adopt the exactly opposite course of action. And if we did, we would very shortly destroy our freedom. If we became sufficiently oppressed by the logical inconsistency of our emphasis on the distinction between war and peace, we might repudiate the paradox by accepting the premise of the totalitarians that at all times the end justifies the means. Once we had gone over to their position, the doctrine of a preventive war, so-called, against a potential enemy would be quite compatible with the philosophy of the nation. But so, too, would be strong-armed methods at the polls, intimidation of a legislature, even a *coup d'état* and political assassinations.

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The few who have been flirting with the idea of a preventive war have failed to see the implications of their position. Their argument says in effect, "In the next decade the Russians will have perfected their instruments of mass destruction; let's smash 'em now before they're ready." This reasoning of those who wish to force Russia to fight now might seem attractive at first sight to all who pride themselves on being hardheaded. I suggest that it is vulnerable, however, on realistic grounds. Basically the argument for a preventive war fails to consider the fundamental nature of the struggle which underlies the present uneasy armed truce with the Soviet Union. We need to probe deeply into the question of what the Soviets' ambition would be if and when they have weapons of mass destruction in sufficient quantity and are ready with suitable methods of delivery.

I think it extremely probable that the men who rule Russia do not dream of a military victory over the United States followed by an occupation and control by Russian commissars, but rather a revolution in this country which would result in a totalitarian socialistic state with native American rulers. Once this is accomplished, the Russian dream appears to foretell, the world revolution is achieved and the Utopian aspects of communism are possible.

I think the Russians now accept their Marx-Engels-Lenin doctrine with fanatic seriousness. If my assumption about the nature of the thinking in the Kremlin be admitted, it follows that the overall strategy of the United States must be aimed primarily at preserving the type of free society we have inherited from the past and now enjoy. Our open society rests on a fundamental moral basis; once we destroy this basis, we have destroyed the essence of this nation.

If I am right about my analysis of war and peace, any acceptance of the doctrine that the end justifies the means would be the moral equivalent of dropping atomic bombs on a dozen of our own cities. For us to develop a Machiavellian foreign policy which would culminate in our launching a surprise attack on the Soviet Union or declaring war for the purpose of a destruction of their armament would negate the very premises on which our culture rests. In short, it seems to me the moral argument against a preventive war is by no means softheaded, but rather a realistic appraisal of the fundamental issue which divides the world.

Let me make it plain, I am not advocating any policy of appeasement in regard to the present. The whole problem of our strategy for the months immediately ahead is another matter. If the Soviets force us into war by their own actions, that is another story. What I am opposing is the notion that we should precipitate a war a few years hence in order to beat the enemy to the punch in this matter of weapons of mass destruction.

We have been told by more than one authority who has access to governmental secrets that sometime in the 1950's the Russians will probably be able to produce atomic bombs. Assuming this prophecy to be true, one may well ask: How is the United States to survive as a free society in such a hideous era? But another question has priority: How will the rulers of Soviet Russia use the threat of their possession of atomic weapons (if and when they have them) to forward their own ends?

What would you do if you were living in the Kremlin and were a firm believer in the Marx-Engels-Lenin doctrine which includes the idea that the eventual triumph of communism is scientifically assured? I suggest that first of all you would prepare defensively against the possibility that a "preventive war" party in the United States might

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develop and gain control, and a "superblitz" from North America to Russia might some day come. Second, you would lead the United States to believe that Russia was well prepared offensively to attack that country by a "superblitz," hoping thereby to cause panic among the people. One might feel certain that the citizens of a free society, sufficiently disturbed and frightened, in their frantic attempts to ward off military damage would wreck their economy, their social structure, and eventually their political framework.

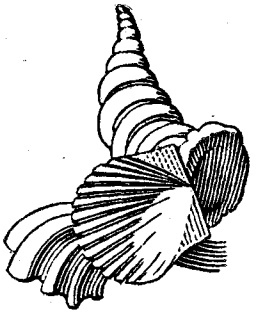
If there be any merit in this analysis of mine, those in whose hands will rest the determination of the military policy of the United States a few years hence may have to solve a most baffling problem. On the one hand the United States must be well prepared for war in the age of atomic bombs, of a "superblitz"; on the other, we must see that the methods used in such preparation do not lead to the very ends that the Russians may have in mind: namely, a breakdown of our economy, of our political system, with the consequent internal destruction of our nation.

To me it means we must deliberately refrain from taking out all the forms of military insurance that may come to mind. For example, to do *everything* that could be thought of to insure against destruction of our cities might involve such drastic shifts in our whole life as to destroy our national being. Even in terms of dollars and cents I believe military preparedness could wreck us. If I were sitting in the Kremlin, I should have great faith in the power of an inflation to ruin the United States. One way to cause a runaway inflation is surely to spend too freely and too fast on military equipment. Already, perhaps, one can smell danger in the air.

There has been a considerable amount of talk about the atomic age. It may be argued that we shall not be living in that age until two or more powers have atomic bombs in sufficient quantity to constitute a military menace to each other. If and when this time comes, those who are responsible for spending this nation's resources on military matters will be confronted with the century-old problem of force and freedom in a new and terrible form. They must walk a perilous knife edge: on the one side will be inadequate defensive and offensive military power, the possibility of outmoded strategic concepts and antiquated equipment; on the other will be the precipice which drops to domestic ruin — the destruction of the basis of a free society.

I see no escape from the fact that in planning for this possible future we must take some calculated risks. And the calculations will be difficult indeed. They involve the analysis of a complex situation, an appraisal of many technical and military factors. A vast amount of staff work by professionals must provide the necessary data. Fortunately we have high talent in the military establishment and men of wide vision and imagination. But the rules of war must never be allowed to dominate the ethics of our people. Control must be in civilian hands. The basic judgments must be made by the voters and transmitted by them through Congress to the President and his civilian cabinet members.

If all concerned keep in the forefront of their minds the vital issue, the survival of our free society, then we may believe the eventual decisions will be sound. We must never falter in our faith in the moral basis of this republic. On these terms and these alone can we hope to resolve the paradox of force and freedom in an atomic age.



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As a soldier, war correspondent, biographer, historian, and statesman, the Right Honorable WINSTON CHURCHILL *has had the gift of hitting the nail on the head with words which have been more widely quoted than those of any other Englishman of our time. The excerpts which follow have been arranged and provided with an introduction by Colin Coote and selected by him in collaboration with Denzil Batchelor; they are to be published in book form by Houghton Mifflin in the early spring, under the title* Maxims and Reflections.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

by the RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL C.H., M.P.

THE first time I remember hearing of Mr. Churchill was when my father — no mean politician himself — told my mother at breakfast that "Randolph's son" seemed to have waked up the House of Commons the night before. I fancy that must have been the speech in which he criticised the conduct of the South African War. The first time I remember hearing Mr. Churchill — and therefore indubitably the first time I heard him, for one does not forget hearing him — was at a meeting of prospective Coalition Liberal candidates before the election of 1918. A slightly bent figure with a slightly echoing articulation gave us a few words of greeting and exhortation. I do not recall what they were, but I recall very well the personality who uttered them. It was like strychnine. You were not sure whether it was a tonic or a poison, but you were very sure it was very powerful.

There is a tang of his own about Mr. Churchill. Indeed, his writing is like his oratory. It is essentially cut and thrust. He is the champion whether in attack or defence of some cause or person. Whether the word is written or spoken, the technique is the same. The available evidence is soberly marshalled, with sufficient embellishment of phrase to sustain the interest of the uninstructed and sufficient profundity of information to sustain the interest of the expert. Then there is a pause, more evident, of course, in speech than in writing, though the reader can sense the pen quivering just as the audience can see the eye twinkling. Finally, out it comes — a phrase or a word summarising what he has had in mind all through the preparatory period.

No doubt the similarities between the speeches and the writings exist because Mr. Churchill usually dictates his books and writes his orations. He has himself described the pains of preparation which result in what so often sounds spontaneous; and how his maiden speech had to be launched by a kindly piece of prompting from Mr. Gibson Bowles. But in fact he has for long been a master of impromptu. What could be better than the retort to the M.P. who was bouncing up and down in a series of angry interruptions — "The honourable Gentleman should really not generate more indignation than he can conveniently contain"?

One further comment is necessary before leaving the assessment of Mr. Churchill as a writer and orator. His prose, whether written or spoken, has a rhythm and a cadence which do not, indeed, conform to any rules of scansion, but are consistently notable. You get the same kind of arrangement of words, so that they flow instead of staggering, in the orations of Cicero; and I think this is instinctive rather than deliberate. — COLIN COOTE

ON HIMSELF

I would make boys all learn English; and then I would let the clever ones learn Latin as an honour and Greek as a treat. But the only thing I would whip them for is not knowing English. I would whip them hard for that.

My Early Life.

Be on your guard! I am going to speak in French — a formidable undertaking and one which will put great demands upon your friendship for Great Britain.

Speech in Paris after the Liberation of France.

I was happy as a child with my toys in my nursery. I have been happier every year since I became a man. But this interlude of school makes a sombre grey patch upon the chart of my journey.

My Early Life.

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It took me three tries to pass into Sandhurst.

My Early Life.

The night was chilly. Colonel Byng and I shared a blanket. When he turned over I was in the cold. When I turned over I pulled the blanket off him and he objected. He was the Colonel. It was not a good arrangement.

At Spion Kop with Colonel Byng — later Lord Byng of Vimy.

"I presume," Lord Curzon said to me, "it will not be long before we hear you declaim in the House of Commons!" Though greatly hampered by inability to compose at the rate necessary for public speaking, I was strongly of the same opinion myself.

Great Contemporaries. The occasion was a visit to Curzon as Viceroy in 1896.

I have a tendency against which I should, perhaps, be on my guard, to swim against the stream.

At all times, according to my lights and throughout the changing scenes through which we are all hurried, I have always faithfully served two public causes which, I think, stand supreme — the maintenance of the enduring greatness of Britain and her Empire, and the historical continuity of our island life.

On accepting the leadership of the Conservative Party, October, 1940.

It must be remembered that Mr. Churchill had throughout his life been unpopular among a large section of that party, and never more so than when he was fighting appeasement.

I found I could add nearly two hours to my working day by going to bed for an hour after luncheon.

My Early Life.

I am without an office, without a seat, without a party, and without an appendix.

After his defeat at Dundee in 1922.

Mr. Churchill had been operated upon for appendicitis just before the contest, and had quarrelled with both the Liberal and Conservative parties over their refusal to continue the Coalition.

There was a moment . . . of a world aglare, of a man aghast . . . I do not understand why I was not broken like an eggshell or squashed like a gooseberry.

On being run down by a taxi in New York, 1932.

When I was called upon to be Prime Minister, now nearly two years ago, there were not many applicants for the job. Since then perhaps the market has improved.

Speech in the House, January, 1942.

ON OTHERS

On Michael Collins. — "You hunted me night and day!" he exclaimed. "You put a price on my head!"

"Wait a minute," I said. "You are not the only one!" And I took from my wall the framed copy of the reward offered for my recapture from the Boers. "At any rate, yours was a good price — £5,000. Look at me — £25 dead or alive. How would you like that?" He read the paper, and as he took it in he broke into a hearty laugh. All his irritation vanished.

This was at the critical phase of the negotiations between the British Government and the Sinn Fein leaders in 1921, which ultimately led to the Irish Treaty; and records the trivial incident which proved to be the turning-point towards success.

On Czar Nicholas II. — To the supreme responsible authority belongs the blame or credit for the result. Why should this stern test be denied to Nicholas II? . . . He was neither a great captain, nor a great prince. He was only a true, simple man of average ability, of merciful disposition, upheld in all his daily life by his faith in God. But the brunt of supreme decisions rested upon him. At the summit, where all problems are reduced to Yea or Nay, where events transcend the faculties of men, and where all is inscrutable, he had to give the answers. His was the function of the compass needle. War or no war? Advance or retreat? Right or left? Democratize or hold firm? Quit or persevere? These were the battlefields of Nicholas II. Why should he reap no honour from them? The devoted onset of the Russian armies which saved Paris in 1914; the mastered agony of munitionless retreat; the slowly regathered forces; the victories of Brusiloff — has he no share in those?

The World Crisis.

On the Late Lord Birkenhead. — He had all the canine virtues in a remarkable degree — courage, fidelity, vigilance, love of the chase.

Some men when they die, after busy, toilsome, successful lives, leave a great stock of scrip and securities, of acres, or factories, or the goodwill of great undertakings. . . . F.E. banked his treasure in the hearts of his friends, and they will cherish his memory till their time is come.

Great Contemporaries.

On Lord Charles Beresford. — He can best be described as one of those orators who, before they get up, do not know what they are going to say; when they are speaking, do not know what they are saying; and, when they have sat down, do not know what they have said.

Speech after his appointment to the Admiralty in 1911. *Lord Charles Beresford was a bitter critic of the new broom.*

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On Trotsky. — He sits disconsolate — a skin of malice stranded for a time on the shores of the Black Sea and now washed up in the Gulf of Mexico.

He possessed in his nature all the qualities requisite for the art of civic destruction — the organising command of a Carnot, the cold detached intelligence of a Machiavelli, the mob oratory of a Cleon, the ferocity of a Jack the Ripper, the toughness of Titus Oates.

Great Contemporaries.

I must confess that I never liked Trotsky.

Speech in the House, August 2, 1944.

On M. Clemenceau. — He embodied and expressed France. As much as any simple human being, miraculously magnified, can ever be a nation, he *was* France. Fancy paints nations in symbolic animals — the British lion, the American eagle . . . the Gallic cock. But the old Tiger, with his quaint stylish cap, his white moustache and burning eyes, would make a truer mascot for France than any barnyard fowl.

Great Contemporaries.

Clemenceau was called "the Tiger" from his habit in his younger days of savaging successive Governments in his newspaper or in the Chamber. The sympathy he entertained for Mr. Churchill was exceptional, and extended to few of his own countrymen. It was returned, and Mr. Churchill found in Clemenceau's attitude and speeches in the critical days of 1918, when the Germans were seventy miles from Paris, a model and even a text for his own when the Germans were practically as near London in 1940.

On Marshal Stalin. — This great rugged war chief. . . . He is a man of massive outstanding personality, suited to the sombre and stormy times in which his life has been cast; a man of inexhaustible courage and will-power, and a man direct and even blunt in speech, which, having been brought up in the House of Commons, I do not mind at all, especially when I have something to say of my own. Above all, he is a man with that saving sense of humour which is of high importance to all men and all nations, but particularly to great men and great nations. Stalin left upon me the impression of a deep, cool wisdom and a complete absence of illusions of any kind.

Speech in the House, after a visit to Moscow, September, 1942.

On President Roosevelt. — That great man whom destiny has marked for this climax of human fortune.

Speech to the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa, December 30, 1941.

His love of his own country, his respect for its constitution, his power of gauging the tides and currents of its mobile public opinion — all this was evident. But added to this were the beatings of his generous heart — always stirred to anger and to action by spectacles of aggression by the strong against the weak.

ON THE BRITISH PEOPLE

Ask what you please; look where you will, you cannot get to the bottom of the resources of Britain. No demand is too novel or too sudden to be met. No need is too unexpected to be supplied. No strain is too prolonged for the patience of our people. No suffering or peril daunts their hearts.

Speech on the Ministry of Munitions, April, 1918.

We have not journeyed across the centuries, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the prairies, because we are made of sugar-candy.

Speech to the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa, December 30, 1941.

They [the British] are the only people who like to be told how bad things are — who like to be told the worst.

Speech in the House, June 10, 1941.

In all my life I have never been treated with so much kindness as by the people who have suffered most. One would think one had brought some great benefit to them, instead of the blood and tears, the toil and sweat which are all I have ever promised.

Speech in the House, October, 1940.

Mr. Churchill frequently insisted upon visiting the scenes of the worst bombing damage. He was greatly moved by the courage of the victims.

When I warned them [the French Government] that Britain would fight on alone whatever they did, their Generals told their Prime Minister and his divided Cabinet: "In three weeks England will have her neck wrung like a chicken." Some chicken! Some neck!

Speech to the Canadian Parliament, December 30, 1941.

It only remains for me to express to the British peoples, for whom I have acted in these perilous years, my profound gratitude for the unflinching, unswerving support which they have given me during my task, and for the many expressions of kindness which they have shown towards their servant.

Message after defeat at the General Election, July, 1945.

(*To be continued*)

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The most eminent philosopher in the English-speaking world, GEORGE SANTAYANA *has been working for some years on his memoirs, two volumes of which have already appeared under the title of* Persons and Places: "*The Background of My Life*" (*1944*) *and* "*The Middle Span*" (*1945*). *From the third and concluding volume, now in preparation, the* Atlantic *is privileged to draw this and the chapter which we published in December, under the title* "*A Change of Heart.*" *Each contains passages characteristic of Santayana at his best; each reflects his sense of detachment from his own time, and his critical and contemplative devotion to truth.*

EPILOGUE ON MY HOST THE WORLD

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

1

PERSONS and places people the world; they individuate its parts; and I have devoted my leisure hours to recording some of them that remain alive in my memory. Mine are insignificant recollections: for even when the themes happen to have some importance as persons and places in the great world, it is not at all in that capacity that I prize and describe them. I keep only some old miniature or some little perspective that caught my eye in passing, when the persons perhaps were young and the places empty and not dressed up to receive visitors, as are museums, libraries, ballrooms, and dinner tables. Those were free glimpses of the world that I could love and could carry away. They were my consolations.

Yet the very contrast between these glimpses, all picturesque and aerial, and the vast obscure inexorable world from which they came forced me gradually to form some notion of that material world also. We were a blue-sea family: our world was that of colonial officials and great merchants. From the beginning I learned to think of the earth as a globe with its surface chiefly salt water, a barren treacherous and intractable waste for mankind, yet tempting and beautiful and swarming with primitive animals not possible to tame or humanize but sometimes good to eat. In fine, I opened my eyes on the world with the conviction that it was inhuman; not meant for man, but habitable by him, and possible to exploit, with prudence, in innumerable ways — a conviction that everything ever since has confirmed.

One peculiarity was common to all possible satisfactions: they brought something perfect, consummate, final. The sea, after no matter what storms, returned to its equilibrium and placidity; its gamut was definite. Voyages all led to some port. The vastness and violence of nature, in challenging and often decimating mankind, by no means tend to dehumanize it. The quality of attainable good may change, and also the conditions for attaining it; but the way is always open, at the right time, for the right sort of animal and for the right sort of mind. Arts have their dates; and the great question is not what age you live in or what art you pursue, but what perfection you can achieve in that art under those circumstances.

The great master of sympathy with nature, in my education, was Lucretius. Romantic poets and philosophers, when they talk of nature, mean only landscape or other impressions due to aerial perspectives, sensuous harmonies of color or form, or vital intoxications, such as those of riding, seafaring, or mountain-climbing. Nature is loved for heightening self-consciousness and prized for ministering to human comfort and luxury, but is otherwise ignored as contemptible, dead, or nonexistent. Or when their temper is hardy and pugnacious, people may require nature as a buffer on which to rain their mighty blows and carve their important initials. Where human strength comes from or what ends human existence might serve, they neither know nor care.

The spirit in me felt itself cast upon this social and political world somewhat like Robinson Crusoe upon his island. We were both creatures of the same Great Nature; and my world, in its geography and astronomy, like Robinson Crusoe's island, had much more massive and ancient foundations than the small utterly insecure waif that had been wrecked upon it. In its social and political structure, however, my world was more like Crusoe's energetic person: for my island was densely inhabited; an ugly town, a stinted family, a com-

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mon school; and the most troublesome and inescapable of its denizens was the particular body in which my spirit found itself rooted; so rooted that it became doubtful whether that body with its feelings and actions was not my true self, rather than this invisible spirit which they oppressed. I seemed to be both; and yet this compulsive and self-tormenting creature called "Me" was more odious and cruel to the "I" within than were the sea and sky, the woods and mountains, or the very cities and crowds of people that this animal "Me" moved among: for the spirit in me was happy and free ranging through that world, but troubled and captive in its close biological integument.

This is the double conflict, the social opposition and the moral agony, that spirit suffers by being incarnate; and yet if it were not incarnate it could not be individual, with a station in space and time, a language and special perspectives over nature and history. Indeed, if not incarnate, spirit could not *exist* at all or be the inner light and perpetual witness of *life* in its dramatic vicissitudes.

If it be the fate of all spirit to live in a special body and a special age, and yet, for its vocation and proper life, to be addressed from that center to all life and to all being, I can understand why I have been more sensible to this plight and to this mission than were most of my contemporaries. For by chance I was a foreigner where I was educated; and although the new language and customs interested me and gave me no serious trouble, yet speculatively and emotionally, especially in regard to religion, the world around me was utterly undigestible.

The times also were moving rapidly and exultingly, towards what for me was chaos and universal triviality. At first these discords sounded like distant thunder. Externally they were not yet violent; the world smiled in my eyes as I came to manhood, and the beauties and dignity of the past made the present unimportant. And as the feeling of being a stranger and an exile by nature as well as by accident grew upon me in time, it came to be almost a point of pride; some people may have thought it an affectation. It was not that; I have always admired the normal child of his age and country. My case was humanly unfortunate and involved many defects; yet it opened to me another vocation, not better (I admit no absolute standards) but more speculative, freer, juster, and for me happier.

2

I HAD always dreamt of travel, and it was oftenest in the voluntary, interested, appreciative role of the traveler that I felt myself most honest in my dealings with my environment. The world was My Host; I was a temporary guest in his busy and animated establishment. We met as strangers; yet each had generic and well-grounded ideas of what could be expected of the other. First impressions made these expectations more precise; the inn was habitable; the guest was presumably solvent. We might prove mutually useful. My Host and I could become friends, diplomatically; but we were not akin in either our interests or our powers.

The normal economy of an innkeeper, though incidentally and in a measure it supplies the wants of his guests, knows nothing of their private moral economy. Their tastes in wines, in service, or in music may entirely outrun or contradict his long-established practice, which he will impose on his guests with all the authority of a landlord; and there may not be another inn in the place, or only worse ones. The guest has no right to demand what is not provided. He must be thankful for any little concessions that may be made to his personal tastes, if he is tactful and moderate in his requirements, pays his bills promptly, and gives decent tips.

Such at least was the case in the nineteenth century when the world made itself pleasant to the traveler; and not to rich travelers only but to the most modest, and even to the very poor in their little purchases and popular feasts. Personal freedom produced a certain dignity and good humor even in bargaining; for to buy and sell, to patronize a shop or a boardinghouse, was an act of kindness; and bills, at least in civilly commercial England, were always receipted "with thanks." Having lived a peaceful independent life, free from hardship or misfortune, I have found it easy to conform externally with the mechanism of society. Matter has been kind to me, and I am a lover of matter. Not only esthetically but dynamically, as felt by Lucretius, nature to me is a welcome presence; and modern progress in mechanical invention and industrial luxury has excited joyously my materialistic imagination, as it did prophetically that of Bacon.

Moreover, I inherited from my father a bond with matter which Bacon and Lucretius probably did not feel: the love of employing leisure in small mechanical occupations. I should never have read and written so much if the physical side of these employments had not been congenial to me and rich in a quiet happiness. Any common surroundings and any commonplace people pleased me well enough; it was only when sugary rapture was demanded about them or by them, as happened almost everywhere in my youth, that my stomach rose in radical protest. Then I discovered how much the human world of my time had become the enemy of spirit and therefore of its own light and peace.

How had this happened? Not at all as lovers of antiquity or of the Middle Ages seem to think, because of mechanical inventions or natural sciences or loss of Christian faith. These transforma-

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tions might all have occurred in the normal growth of society. Variety in cultures is not due to aberrations any more than is the variety of animal species. But there may be aberration in any species or any culture when it becomes *vicious;* that is, when it forms habits destructive of its health and of its ability to prosper in its environment.

Now modern sciences and inventions are not vicious in this sense; on the contrary, they bring notable additions to human *virtù*. And I think that the Renaissance, with the historical learning and humanism which it fostered, was also a great gain for human happiness and self-knowledge. Of this the surface of the modern world during my youth gave continual evidence, in spite of an undercurrent of unrest and disaffection sometimes heard rumbling below. My Host's establishment made a brave appearance; and I was particularly conscious of many new facilities of travel, breadth of information, and cosmopolitan convenience and luxury. Though there was no longer any dignity in manners, or much distinction in costume, fashion had not lost all its charm. In literature and the fine arts talent could give pleasure by its expertness, if not by its taste or savor. I have described how in Boston and in England I sometimes sipped the rim of the plutocratic cup; and this was a real pleasure, because beneath the delicacy of the material feast there was a lot of shrewd experience in that society, and of placid kindness.

There was also another cosmopolitan circle, less select and less worldly, but no less entertaining and no less subject to fashion and to ironical gossip, the Intellectuals, into whose company I was sometimes drawn. I was officially one of them, yet they felt in their bones that I might be secretly a traitor.

"Ah, yes," cried a distinguished Jesuit recently when I was casually mentioned, "he is the *poetical* atheist." And an Italian professor, also a Catholic but tinged with German idealism, remarked of me: "The trouble with him is that he has never succeeded in outgrowing materialism." Finally a faithful die-hard of British psychologism, asked why I was overlooked among contemporary philosophers, replied: "Because he has no originality. Everything in him is drawn from Plato and Leibniz."

This critical band is democratic in that it recognizes no official authority and lets fluid public opinion carry the day; yet it is, on principle, in each man, private and independent in judgment. Few, however, have much time to read originals or to study facts. Leaders and busybodies must obey their momentum. A personal reaction on what other people say is socially sufficient; it will do for the press; and it will corroborate the critic's opinion in his own eyes.

I cannot overcome a settled distrust of merely intellectual accomplishment, militant in the void. I prefer common virtues and current beliefs, even if intellectually prejudiced and simple, when the great generative order of nature has bred them, and lent them its weight and honesty. For I do not rebel in the least at political and moral mutations when this same generative order brings them about spontaneously; for it is then on the side of change that clear intelligence discerns the lesser danger and the wider interests. I should have loved the Gracchi; but not the belated Cato or the belated Brutus. All four were martyrs; but the first two spoke for the poor, for the suffering half of the people, oppressed by a shortsighted power that neglected its responsibilities; while the last two were conceited ideologues, jealous of their traditional rights, and utterly blind to destiny.

If I were not too old and could venture to write in French, I should compose a short history of *Les Faux Pas de la Philosophie;* by which title I should not refer to *innocent* errors, with which all human speculation must be infected, nor to the symbolic or mythological form of the wisest wisdom, but only to militant heresies and self-contradictions due to willful conceit, individual or tribal, verbal or moral — and there is little in European philosophy that is not infected with these *unnecessary* errors. Let the reader compose his own catalogue of these blind alleys explored by the ancients and by the moderns; I will limit myself to the first and principal *faux pas* that the world has seemed to me to have taken in my time.

3

The contemporary world has turned its back on the attempt and even on the desire to live reasonably. The two great wars of the twentieth century were adventures in enthusiastic unreason. They were inspired by unnecessary and impracticable ambitions; and the "League" and the "United Nations" feebly set up by the victors were so irrationally conceived that they at once reduced their victory to a stalemate. What is required for living rationally? I think the conditions may be reduced to two: first, self-knowedge, the Socratic key to wisdom; and second, sufficient knowledge of the world to perceive what alternatives are open to you and which of them are favorable to your true interests.

Now the contemporary world has plenty of knowledge of nature for its purposes, but its purposes show a positively insane abandonment of its true interests. You may say that the proletariat knows its interests perfectly; they are to work less and to earn more. Those are indeed its interests so long as it remains a proletariat; but to be a proletariat is an inhuman condition. Proletarians are human beings, and their first interest is to have a home, a family, a chosen trade and freedom in practicing it. And more particularly a man's true interest may exceptionally be not to have those things, but to wander alone like the rhinoceros; or

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perhaps to have a very special kind of home, family, and occupation. There must be freedom of movement and vocation. There must be *Lebensraum* for the spirit.

There have always been beggars and paupers in the world, because there is bound to be a margin of the unfit — too bad or too good — to keep in step with any well-organized society; but that the great body of mankind should sink into a proletariat has been an unhappy effect of the monstrous growth of cities, made possible by the concentration of trade and the multiplication of industries, mechanized and swelling into monopolies.

The natural state of mankind, before foreign conquerors dominate it or native ideologues reform it, is full of incidental evils; prophets have ample cause for special denunciations and warnings; yet there is, as in all animal economy, a certain nucleus of self-preserving instincts and habits, a normal constitution of society. Nature with its gods is their landlord of whose fields and woods they are local and temporary tenants; and with this invincible power they make prudent and farseeing covenants. They know what is for their good and by what arts it might be secured. They live by agriculture, the hunting and breeding of animals, and such domestic arts as their climate and taste lead them to cultivate; and when a quarrel arises among them, or with strangers, they battle to preserve or to restore their free life, without more ambitious intentions. They are materially and morally rooted in the earth, bred in one land and one city. They are *civilized*. Wandering nations, with nothing of their own and working havoc wherever they go, are *barbarians*. Such "Barbarians" were the proletariat of antiquity. When they occupied some civilized region without exterminating the natives, and established in the old strongholds a permanent foreign domination, they became half-civilized themselves, without shedding altogether the predatory and adventurous practices of their ancestors. This is the compound origin and nature of modern Western governments.

Varied, picturesque, and romantic mixtures of civilization beneath and barbarism above have filled the history of Christendom, and produced beautiful transient arts, in which there were too little wisdom and too much fancy and fashion: think of Gothic architecture, or of manners, dress, poetry, and philosophy from the Middle Ages to our day. Civilization had become more enterprising, plastic, and irresponsible, while barbarism seemed to retreat into sports, and into legal extravagances in thought and action. Intellectual chaos and political folly could thus come to coexist strangely with an irresistible dominance of mechanical industry. The science that served this industrial progress by no means brought moral enlightenment. It merely enlarged acquaintance with phenomena and enabled clever inventors to construct all sorts of useful or superfluous machines. At first perhaps it was expected that science would make all mankind both rich and free from material cares (two contradictory hopes) and would at the same time enlighten them at last about the nature of things, including their own nature, so that adequate practical wisdom would be secured together with fabulous material well-being.

This is the dream of the moderns, on which I found My Host boastfully running his establishment. He expected his guests also to act accordingly and to befuddle and jollify one another, so that all should convince themselves that they were perfectly happy and should advertise their Host's business wherever they went. Such forced enterprise, forced confidence, and forced satisfaction would never have sprung from domestic arts or common knowledge spontaneously extended. It was all artificial and strained, marking the inhuman domination of some militant class or sect. This society lacked altogether that essential trait of rational living: to have a clear, sanctioned, ultimate aim. The cry was for vacant freedom and indeterminate progress: *Vorwärts! Avanti! Onward! Full speed ahead!* without asking whether directly before you was not a bottomless pit.

This has been the peculiar malady of my own times. I saw the outbreak of it in my boyhood, and I have lived to see what seem clear symptoms of its end. The great merchants of my parents' youth had known nothing of it on their blue-sea voyages round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope. Their good hope had been to amass a great fortune in fifteen or twenty years, and return home to bring up a blooming family in splendor and peace. They foresaw an orderly diffused well-being spreading out from them over all mankind. The fountains of happiness were ready to flow in every heart and mind if only people were suffered to have their own way materially and socially. That the masses would crowd out, exclude, indoctrinate, enslave, and destroy one another could not cross their genial and innocent minds, as they skimmed those immense oceans in their tight, strictly disciplined, white-sailed little craft.

Alas! The healthy growth of science and commerce had been crossed, long before the rise of the great merchants, by an insidious moral and political revolution. From the earliest times there have been militant spirits not content with inevitable changes and with occasional wars between neighboring states, not usually wars of conquest or eternal hatred, but collisions in readjusting the political equilibrium between nations when their actual relations were no longer the same. Indeed, the tragic causes of conflict and ruin in civilizations are fundamentally internal to each society. A whole city or state may sometimes be destroyed,

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like Carthage: but history, then, comes to an end for that particular society, and the others continue their course as if their vanished rival had never existed. This course may be cut short, however, by internal disruption and suicidal revolutions.

Every generation is born as ignorant and willful as the first man; and when tradition has lost its obvious fitness or numinous authority, eager minds will revert without knowing it to every false hope and blind alley that tempted their predecessors long since buried under layer upon layer of ruins. And these eager minds may easily become leaders; for society is never perfect; grievances and misfortunes perpetually breed rebellion in the oppressed heart; and the eloquent imagination of youth and of indignation will find the right words to blow the discontent, always smoldering, into sudden flame. Often things as they are become intolerable; there must be insurrection at any cost, as when the established order is not only casually oppressive but ideally perverse and due to some previous epidemic of militant madness become constitutional. Against that domination, established in willful indifference to the true good of man and to his possibilities, any political nostrum, proposed with the same rashness, will be accepted with the same faith. Thus the blind in extirpating the mad may plant a new madness.

4

That this is the present state of the world everyone can see by looking about him or reading the newspapers; but I think that the elements in this crisis have been working in the body politic for ages; ever since the Reformation, not to say since the age of the Greek Sophists and of Socrates. For the virulent cause of this long fever is subjectivism, egotism, conceit of mind. Not that culture of the conscience and even the logical refinements of dialectic are anything but good for the mind itself and for moral self-knowledge, which is one of the two conditions that I have assigned to political sanity; but the same logical arts are fatal if they are used to construct, by way of a moral fable, an anthropomorphic picture of the universe given out for scientific truth and imposed on mankind by propaganda, by threats, and by persecution. And this militant method of reforming mankind by misrepresenting their capacities and their place in the universe is no merely ancient or medieval delusion. It is the official and intolerant method of our most zealous contemporary prophets and reformers. Barbarism has adopted the weapons of flattery and prophecy. Merciless irrational ambition has borrowed the language of brotherly love.

The very fact, however, that these evils have deep roots and have long existed without destroying Western civilization, and even have stimulated its contrary virtues and confused arts — this very fact seems to me to counsel calmness in contemplating the future. Those who look for a panacea will not find it. Those who advise resignation to a life of industrial slavery (because spiritual virtues may be cultivated by a slave, like Epictetus, more easily perhaps than by rich men) are surrendering the political future to an artificial militant regime that cannot last unaltered for a decade anywhere, and could hardly last a day if by military force it were ever made universal. The fanaticism of all parties must be allowed to burn down to ashes, like a fire out of control. If it survives, it will be only because it will have humanized itself, reduced its dogmas to harmless metaphors, and sunk down a taproot, to feed it, into the dark damp depths of mother earth. The economy of nature includes all particular movements, combines and transforms them all, but never diverts its wider processes, to render them obedient to the prescriptions of human rhetoric. Things have their day, and their beauties in that day. It would be preposterous to expect any one civilization to last forever.

Had it happened in my time (as by chance it did happen) that my landlord should give me notice that he was about to pull down his roof over my head, I might have been a little troubled for a moment; but presently I should have begun to look for other lodgings not without a certain curious pleasure, and probably should have found some (as I did, and better ones) in which to end my days. So, I am confident, will the traveling Spirit do — this ever renewed witness, victim, and judge of existence, divine yet born of woman. Obediently it will learn other affections in other places, unite other friends, and divide other peoples; and the failure of overexact hopes and overweening ambitions will not prevent spirit from continually turning the passing virtues and sorrows of nature into glimpses of eternal truth.

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New Draft

A graduate of Dartmouth who served for fourteen months as an ambulance driver with the British Eighth Army in Africa, EDGAR L. JONES *was invalided home in 1943, spent the better part of a year recovering from dysentery, and then was sent as the* Atlantic's *correspondent to the Pacific, where in company with Ernie Pyle and other tested correspondents he observed at close hand the assaults on Iwo Jima and Okinawa. Since the war, he has made a welcome place for himself on the editorial staff of the Baltimore* Sun, *with veterans' affairs as a special beat.*

YOU'RE IN THE ARMY—AGAIN

by EDGAR L. JONES

1

ALMOST simultaneous with the Army's announcement that the peacetime draft would shift into high with the induction of 20,000 trainees in January was the companion announcement by General Jacob L. Devers, chief of Army Ground Forces, that every youth drafted into the Army "will be treated as a human being, never a raw recruit." Speaking before the American War Mothers, General Devers outlined a serviceman's utopia in which draftees would be sent to posts "as near home as possible," would be given a "chance to ask questions," and would be assigned uniforms "individually fitted."

As if that were not enough to indicate a new way of Army life, General Devers assured the mothers that training instructors, no longer to be thought of as tough drill sergeants, would try "to establish a personal relationship with the incoming recruit," and that all trainees would be "told the reason for everything they do that is new to them." The Army's principal authority on combat training then went on to say that the Army would insist that each trainee write home; that each would be interviewed by his company commander and chaplain, both of whom, in turn, would write personal letters to his mother; and that (the real clincher) "neither he nor his instructors will use profanity."

The good General's attempts to lighten the hearts of American mothers had a derisive reception among World War II veterans — among those, at least, who let their reactions be known to newspapermen. The most recent victims of the Army's penchant for sending Maine fishermen to the California desert and Oregon lumbermen to Cape Cod were unanimous in the opinion that it would be a good thing if the Army could assign men to camps within easy traveling distance of home. But they warned that "as near home as possible" was a typical and necessary Army "out."

As for individually fitted uniforms, one ex-infantryman remarked that he had "spent four years looking for the individual my uniform was fit for."

Buttoning his civilian sports jacket more securely, an ex-pfc pointed out that there was nothing new or particularly desirable about having training instructors establish a "personal relationship with the incoming recruit." "My own instructor-recruit relationship," he recalled, "was very personal — painfully so, in fact." And taking up the promise that the recruit would be given a reason for everything that was new to him, a former Chemical Warfare sergeant said, "Sure, the reason being: 'I told ya to do it and shut up!'"

A captain of paratroopers who was retired for wounds was disturbed by the declaration that neither the recruit nor the instructors would use profanity. "How," he wondered, "are they going to teach anything?"

Such comments may be overcaustic, but two of the veterans I have quoted shed enough blood in and around the Bulge to have a deep personal interest in a well-run Army. They are heartily in favor of the Army's attempts to lighten the life of enlisted men. They know, however, that no amount of sugar-coating can disguise the fact that military life of necessity must be in harsh opposition to the democratic virtues of undisciplined civilian life.

The veterans have not forgotten that much the same picture of humanized service in a "civilian" Army was projected for their benefit at the start of the 1940 draft. At that time, too, military leaders were busily promoting the idea that the Army was not so much a militarized regime as a glorified trade school in which young men not only equipped themselves for steady peacetime work but also acquired all the wholesome personal qualities that, by implication, their parents, schools, and churches had failed to nurture.

The GI of 1940–1945 was not treated, to borrow another fine phrase from General Devers, as "a person of individual dignity and feelings." And there will be no sadder Sad Sack than the draftee of 1949

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who expects to have a tender regard shown for his individuality. The Army's job is to reduce diverse personalities to fighting groups of men trained to act in unison and without hesitation at a given command. As the wounded captain of paratroopers pointed out, "The Army wouldn't be an army if the men in its ranks were not broken early of the notion that their personal feelings had any bearing whatsoever on the conduct of a military operation. Nobody should know that better than a general."

By an ironic twist the veterans were not alone in their opinion that General Devers was much too able and forthright a soldier to believe what he would have the American War Mothers believe. His soothing words boomeranged when one of our more realistic American mothers wrote to the New York *Herald Tribune* protesting the ban on the top sergeant's profanity ("That is not a crime — it's an art.") and suggested that the General had been put on the spot by too much "Momism." Her letter raised a pertinent point: —

> "Just why, please, must the mothers of these draftees be placated in this way? War being war, and the draft designed to make men and not sissies out of our youth, I can see no point in a boarding-school approach and soft treatment. And not to face the realities of discomfort, loneliness and the hard give-and-take of mixed humanity around them in camp is to deprive these boys of the very essence of the new experience which will make them come alive to their own efficiency and ability — if it is there — to meet whatever happens."

2

To understand why the Army pretends that it is running a boarding school, one must recall what happened in late 1945 and early 1946. That was the period when the GI's of World War II regained their civilian freedom of speech and had their innings at the expense of their former officers. The home front was suddenly exposed to a five-year accumulation of gripes about the rigors of living as a slave to rank. On top of that, the end of censorship meant a heavy dose of hitherto untold stories of gambling, graft, and promiscuous girls in every theater of operation, with accounts of bungling and brutality adding more fat to the fire.

When the Army tried to push the idea of Universal Military Training in 1946 it met the determined resistance not only of politically orientated groups but also of militant members of religious and parental organizations who by that time had a fixed notion that military life was "bad for our boys." The Army spent all of 1947–1948 trying to dispel this notion and, with UMT still the goal, hasn't relaxed its efforts yet. The public must be made to realize that training the nation's youth for war is the best way to train them for peace.

What the Army means this time when it promises that recruits will be treated as human beings is that the training procedures developed at Fort Knox will be extended throughout the Army, wherever practical. (As the veterans would say, keep an eye on the Army's "out.") For those who don't know — and if such persons exist, the Army will feel that its public relations staff has fallen down — Fort Knox from January, 1947, through July, 1948, was the scene of what must stand as the world's most noble experiment in the techniques of democratizing, purifying, and mentally energizing an army unit. And it worked, within certain limits.

Anyone who accepted the Army's invitation to see the first 664 Umtees in action at their Fort Knox training center must agree that no dogface ever had it so good. The simulated draftees had excellent food, luxurious lounging facilities, Army-imported girls for post dances, hobby shops, educational programs, and the personal attention of chaplains, doctors, psychiatrists, and a variety of teachers. Their high spirits were everywhere apparent, despite the official ban on drinking, profanity, and bad women.

The teen-age Umtees attended church as GI's never had before, sat through protracted lectures on morality and good citizenship, and enrolled in educational courses ranging from radio-station techniques to Spanish. Fifty-one of them were able to obtain the equivalent of a high school diploma, and only one contracted a venereal disease. To make everything perfect, the Protestant chaplain had eighty-two of the boys come to him for baptism, while ten were baptized by the Catholic chaplain, twenty-two received First Communion, and thirty-three were confirmed.

To keep the record straight it must be noted that the 664 Umtees were hand-picked from volunteers for Regular Army service and had been thoroughly indoctrinated in the importance of their showing the value of the UMT experiment. They could hardly be called reasonable facsimiles of 664 boys conscripted from civilian life.

Moreover, they were under the close personal supervision, for six months, of 560 carefully selected officers and enlisted men, plus a staff of civilian teachers. Not even a wealthy private school, let alone an undermanned Army, could provide such individualized training as a regular thing.

So the training at Fort Knox must be considered as ideal rather than typical. As for the results: it's true that attendance at religious services was almost 100 per cent during the first month, when the only alternative was an hour-long lecture. After that the attendance of Protestant trainees dropped to 25 per cent, with the Catholic boys continuing to respond somewhat better. It is also true that 21 per cent of the boys were inspired to enroll for evening educational courses, but only 8 per cent of them completed the courses they had selected — which tends to dispel the rumor that the Army has

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successfully blended military training and higher education.

Baptisms and diplomas are less important to an army, however, than good morale, and the Umtees had plenty of the latter. Those who were able to talk to reporters on the side were most convincing in their assurances that the morality regulations imposed on them were not too tough to take. They had to observe the no-swearing rule only when certain officers known to be conscientious were around. They could not get beer and prophylactics at their Post Exchange, but it wasn't much trouble to go the extra distance to the regular Fort Knox PX. And while the bartenders of Louisville were warned not to serve them drinks, no bartender could spot an Umtee who had taken the precaution of removing his distinguishing insignia.

The Army, let me hasten to add, is candid enough to admit, when not talking to American mothers, that much of the Fort Knox training program is not applicable to the draft. What the Army hopes is that its various training commands will gradually be able to adopt such constructive Fort Knox developments as the trainee court, in which the recruits themselves judge and impose punishment for minor infractions of regulations, the prohibition against profanity during the training period, the religious instruction, the compulsory citizenship and morality lectures by chaplains and others, and the elimination of browbeating through personalized student-instructor relations.

The catch is that even this moderate amount of special handling for draftees is too much to ask of military training commands at this juncture. Training cadres are in such short supply and existing field units, notably combat divisions and anti-aircraft battalions, are so undermanned that a large percentage of draftees, like the eighteen-year-old volunteers, must be sent straight to combat outfits after a short period of indoctrination. This means that their basic training will be in divisions rather than in Fort Knox type schools, and that it will be limited at the outset to eight weeks, in contrast to the six-month course at Fort Knox. Under the circumstances some of their officers may be too busy to remind them to write home to their mothers.

3

The Army can boast that it had no less respected a figure than General Jimmy Doolittle head an investigation of GI gripes about the military "caste" system, and that it took action on twelve of the fourteen recommendations in the Doolittle Report.

In response to popular demand the Army has approved "in principle" the Doolittle recommendations that the food, travel privileges, travel allowances, and opportunities for advancement be "equalized" among officers and enlisted men. It has promised a more equal distribution of decorative awards. It has dropped the military regulation prohibiting the association of officers and men, although the officers' exclusive clubs remain. It has made off-post saluting unnecessary, except in occupied territories and special situations. It has enabled enlisted men to accumulate terminal leave pay, as officers do, and made it easier for them to register complaints.

In addition to these reforms, which will be carried out "where practical," the Army has taken steps to make the dress uniforms of officers and men alike, except for insignia, and to discourage, "where necessary," those officers who use military vehicles (and enlisted drivers) for social purposes, or who use off-limits signs to reserve civilian pleasures for themselves, or who commandeer more than their share of liquor and other scarce items. Most important of all, the Army has reformed, under Congressional compulsion, its Prussianized court-martial system.

Embedded in the 1948 Selective Service Act is the requirement that the Army must drop its star-chamber approach to justice and base its disciplinary actions on something akin to civilian court procedures. So now, for the first time, enlisted men are authorized to be members of the court in the trial of other enlisted men, if the accused so desires. This is in keeping with the time-honored civilian conception of the right of a man to be tried by his peers. Its effect is somewhat offset by the presence of officers on the same jury and by the fact that the enlisted men who serve as jurors will be selected by the commanding officer who calls the court and who holds their future in his hands.

Other safeguards written into the Selective Service Act for better administration of military justice are the provisions that the law member of the court-martial, the judge advocate, and the counsel for the defense be professional lawyers, that the accused be represented by counsel at pre-trial investigations, and that he be allowed to cross-question prosecution witnesses. What is an even more radical departure, the commanding officer who appoints the court-martial is forbidden henceforth to admonish any member of the court with respect to findings and sentences. This ends the old Army custom whereby commanding officers picked the jurors and then instructed them on what action to take, thus serving as both accuser and judge.

Further to remove the influence of the field command on judicial matters, Congress has now made the Judge Advocate General's Department an independent agency in the Army and given it the power of review. This separation of powers was bitterly fought by military leaders from General Eisenhower on down, on the grounds that field commanders would be deprived of the authority on which the discipline and morale of the Army depend. Their arguments had the effect of imply-

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ing that officers in the legal branch of the Army might be less interested in discipline and morale than the officers in combat units. Congress failed to heed the implication and held to the civilian notion that legal evidence should be weighed by disinterested, legal minds.

Except for the court-martial reforms, which, while of utmost importance, will improve the lot of only those soldiers who get into serious trouble, the bulk of the Army's recent moves to make military life more democratic must be considered superficial. This is said, not to discourage such moves, which are worthy, but in the realization, undoubtedly shared by the Army, that officers must always be in some sense superior to enlisted men if there is to be any discipline. And enlisted men who retain any sense of civilian values will continue to resent that superiority until the Army has a full set of officers that even a hardened top kick can look up to.

What must be appreciated is that the elimination of this or that cause of GI griping is not going to change the basic aspects of military subjugation that make men look around for some target for their spleen. As any veteran must admit, the enlisted man in the U.S. Army is far better off than his counterpart in any major army in the world. And the Army, being American, will probably continue to enhance the position of its noncommissioned men. But that will not stop the griping, because if men do not curse their food or their officers they will curse some other outward manifestation of their fate under a regime that, no matter how benevolently administered, is frankly dictatorial.

In reality it isn't the idea, for example, that officers have their exclusive clubs which irritates enlisted men. As one crusty sergeant remarked before the Doolittle Committee, "Who the hell wants to fraternize with officers, anyway?" What galls noncommissioned Americans is the idea that officers consider themselves in a class above the masses of men who are making at least as many personal sacrifices as the "brass." There are, unfortunately, very few military men who can assume the distinctions of being officers without neglecting General Eisenhower's warning that "these distinctions must never imply nor condone any assumption of human superiority, which is not only un-American and unethical but is ineffective in developing the kind of unit that is necessary to battle success."

4

THE Army is continually up against the problem of getting every man to do the things he does not want to do. It is not too difficult to get men to carry out assignments that flatter their sense of usefulness and self-sacrifice. Few soldiers balk at jobs that make them look good to themselves. The problem is how to get men to obey orders that appear to them to be senseless, unnecessary, inconsiderate, tyrannical, inane, discriminatory, and not in keeping with their high sense of purpose. And soft soap is not the answer.

The answer, of course, is discipline; discipline as harsh and as undemocratic as is necessary to take care of all eventualities. That discipline, as shown during World War II, is not overirksome to men who are serving under competent officers in work that is obviously contributing directly to the winning of a war or its aftermath. Where the discipline is most resented is among men, particularly those drafted from civilian jobs, who feel that they are wasting their time — in base depots, permanent home stations, and repetitious training courses.

The 1949 draftee will be part of a smaller and better organized draft than that of 1940; his pay and quarters will be better; he will have modern weapons to handle, rather than wooden rifles; he will serve among men who are mainly volunteers, and therefore less likely to be discontented, and he will be commanded by better qualified and more experienced officers. He will also have occupation duty as a possible outlet for his desire to be doing something useful, whereas the 1940 draftee had nothing tangible to train for except mock war games.

Yet there is still room for doubting General Devers's flat statement, "He will like it." Few persons with normal sensitivities like being thrown into a coarse society that of necessity extols aggressiveness as the highest of personal qualities and killing as the finest of arts. Fairly convincing proof of this is the fact that four out of every ten men who were discharged from the Army for medical reasons during World War II were suffering from some nervous or mental disorder, and of these, about 60 per cent were men who never saw combat service but cracked up after a period of trying to adjust to the drastically different way of military life.

When you come right down to it, however, the real point is not whether a draftee will like or dislike his twenty-one months of compulsory service. The real point is that the legislative representatives of this country have decided that it is the duty of all youths to devote that much time to military training. In view of this, I personally believe that the adjustment to military life could be made easier for youngsters (and vicariously for their parents) if the Army would can its ballyhoo that conscription is "good for our boys" and stand, instead, on the contention that military training, while tough, is good for the country.

There's much to be said for facing facts, even if it means giving up the vote-fetching pretext that the Army is not concerned as much with the development of fighting forces as with the regeneration of the country's democratic, intellectual, and spiritual forces. The latter, after all, could be entrusted to civilian minds, if the Army wants to stick to fighting.

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A ROSE IN THE MOUTH

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

In his Journals *for 1896, André Gide mentions that Francis Jammes gave him his own walking-stick; on which were carved, lengthwise, various verses. Among them were the lines: "Un écureuil avait une rose à la bouche, Un âne le traita de fou."*

"WHY do you climb the trees with a rose in your mouth,
When you might be down here with me, eating the grass;
How can you dream of the scented, the lily-long lazy south,
When you might be collecting and numbering nuts in the north
For a winter that has no end?" asked the ass.

Said the squirrel, "My nuts are the stars:
Towards them I climb. You are clamped to the earth.
In a moment I'll pelt you with planets, with Mars
And with Venus, till even you see
Why *I* wear a rose in my mouth!

Only a symbol, the rose in my mouth,"
Mocked the squirrel.
"My heart *is* a rose. I've a rose in my blood as well,
And the top of my tree, my ivory tower, discloses
The whole of the world as valleys and mountains of roses."

"No! The world is a map made solely for ant and for ass,
For I roll, and thus from the feel of my fur, I can tell,"
Brayed the donkey, "We offer no flowers, only grass,
With blood, sweat and tears; then a shroud,
And the cheers of the crowd."

"My heart *is* a rose," repeated the leaping squirrel,
"I've a rose in my blood as well!"
But the rose in his mouth was the blood
As he fell.

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Marriage

Author, traveler, and outspoken observer of American life, DAVID L. COHN *is a Southerner, born in Greenville, Mississippi, educated at the University of Virginia and Yale, who has under his signature a study of race relations in the South,* Where I Was Born and Raised; *a war diary covering some forty thousand miles,* This Is the Story; *and two amusing and edifying books on American industry and behavior,* The Good Old Days *and* Love in America.

MOONLIGHT AND POISON IVY

by DAVID L. COHN

1

THERE is little doubt that our attitudes toward marriage, stemming as they must from our attitudes toward life and living, are crippling, if not fatal, to the central relationship in men's lives. If we tell the young that life is easy, when it is hard; that it is kind, when it is replete with cruel ironies; that all is to be had for the asking, when every blessing must be paid for singly or doubly; that it is a succession of high moments, when most of it is pedestrian; that it is "romantic," in the sense of affording high adventure, when its glory lies in man's struggle against forces he cannot even comprehend; that bigness is greatness and success is achievement — if we teach all these things, then not only is youth corroded, corrupted, and misled, while its wellsprings are poisoned at the source, but the revulsion when it comes is, and must be, shattering.

Yet this is what we do tell the young; what they are told every day by many magazines, the movies, the radio, and national advertisers. It is, apparently, what we believe, or affect to believe. It is also false, it does not square with human experience, and it is disastrous to marriage.

More and more, American marriage is coming to be a detour to divorce. The divorce rate alone does not fully illuminate the whole shabby matrimonial scene since it reflects only those cases of discord that are made public, but it is an index to private failure become national failure on a huge scale.

Of what significance are miracles of production, our hard work and ingenious gadgets, our cluttered catalogue of things sensible and nonsensical that make up our so-called high standard of living, if millions of men and women take little or no joy in each other; if the house vanishes, the family breaks up, the home is transient? For what does the ordinary man strive if not for a wife, a home, children, permanence of tenure and affection under one roof? And if these prove to be but an illusion, if the husband becomes an alimony payer, the father a stranger to his children, the seeker for permanency a wanderer, is not ours a matrimonial anarchy?

Why should such anarchy prevail? There is no easy answer to this question. Investigators attribute it to sexual maladjustments, money troubles, friction with in-laws, poor housing, the increasing financial independence of women. These play their part, but some of its causes lie in our national character and attitudes. Marriage and divorce are what they are, to a large degree, because we are what we have become.

American marriage is dangerously weakened at its inception because of our preference for moonlight and poison ivy — the lies elders tell the young about marriage, and the hourly elaboration of these lies, cunningly persuasive, by many magazines, the radio, the movies, national advertisers. It is rarely portrayed for what it is: a difficult and demanding exercise in human relationships; a partnership, not without austerity, in which losses as well as profits are shared; an undertaking dynastic as well as individual. More commonly — vulgarly and infantilely — marriage is portrayed as a gumdrop heaven: soft, gooey, chewy, and oh, so sweet.

It is, of course, a heaven of huge dimensions — not for us a one-room, walk-up Nirvana — so that the couple attaining it must move about in a Cadillac with a sliding top, and are showered with completely furnished cottages, tickets for trips to Bermuda, whole wardrobes by Christian Dior, television sets, memberships in a country club, and two foam rubber clouds; all delicately scented with Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass perfume. The country that invented the airplane and the drive-in movie, where you neck while you look, is certainly not going to cling to yesterday's antiquated model of marriage.

We are not content, therefore, to marry for reasons that have always moved most people elsewhere. It is not enough that marriage is desirable as a division of labor; that a man wants a woman to run his house and the woman wants a house to run. We scorn the fact that monogamic marriage was born of race experience, the trial-and-error method of cen-

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turies having demonstrated that, for most of us, it is the best way for a man and woman to live together and to transmit property through inheritance. We find it repulsive that marriage is no "It must be fate" relationship dreamed up by a bored faun who missed his train at Indianapolis.

Nor are we content, even, that marriage should proceed from love as other men have known it, for this would be to recognize the emotion for what it, in part, is: bitter-sweet, subtly demanding, frequently tempestuous, and capable of vanishing for no apparent reason. It is intolerable to us who dread the tenuous as primitive men dread the evil eye, that love's life might hang upon threads so gossamer as the cadence of a voice, the clasp of hands, the looks of eyes, the word said, the word unsaid. We find it unbearable that love demands constant replenishing and care; as much care indeed as one gives to one's car. But we do not, for these reasons, reject romantic love in marriage. Allegedly we marry for no other reason. We have created our own moonlight and poison ivy image of love and marriage: a handsome couple, forever fair and young, perpetually embracing on the moon-misty shores of a Cytherea that the map reveals to be Deaf Smith County, Texas.

So, too, we say "Love is blind." We mean thereby that the lover sees no imperfections or incompatibilities in the beloved, and love's blindness, therefore, will ensure forever love and marriage. Since this is palpably false, and is indeed anti-romantic, lending to the one or the other a wooden perfection suitable for a department store dummy but not for flesh and blood, whose living wonder is its mixture of elements, it follows that when, some morning at the breakfast table, the shuttered eye sees once more, all is disillusion.

Other peoples, wiser perhaps than we, if less "romantic," give another interpretation to the same phrase. Love is blind, they say, because the lover consciously closes his eyes to the beloved's failings, content that the good outweighs the bad. These are not our optics, however, since in love we prefer the straight line irresolute, the rounded curve wavy. It is, moreover, a mature point of view that we find shocking because we invariably associate love with immaturity. Hence Hollywood grandmothers are condemned to go on playing ingénue roles, and Hollywood lovers, with arteries of '98, are forever Princeton '41.

We do not want to look at life steadily and whole, seeing that it is noble and ignoble, generous and mean, beautiful and ugly, cleanly and filthy, melancholy and joyous; compounded of pain as well as happiness; its gold inextricably mingled with baser metals. Not for us the concept that symmetry derives from asymmetry; or that, in the words of William Blake, "There is a strange disproportion in beauty."

Powerful agencies disseminate our deadly notion of marriage as a tinsel heaven on earth, often to the muted music of woodwinds blown by those quaint people known as parents. For every dealer in reality who languishes for lack of trade, there are a thousand dealers in illusion besieged by anxious customers. Yet they did not invent the moonlight and poison ivy concept of love and marriage. They merely exploit what is in our minds.

2

High among our illusions affecting love, marriage, and much else — a natural child of moonlight and poison ivy — is the installment plan mentality. It dictates that you do not have to do anything, or become anything, if you can wangle the small down payment on what you want; the rest "just a few cents a day."

Do you want to marry a rich, handsome young man with (as the magazines put it) "lean flanks" and "strong teeth," the better to eat you, mah chile? It's easy. Simply use Princess Mafou's Face Powder. At your next dinner party three men, dead ringers for Winthrop Rockefeller, will trample one another in the rush to marry you.

Suppose you have no face. Do not be discouraged. Hands will do the trick as well; or eyelashes, fingernails, hair. There was the girl who could not bring her man to gaff until she discovered Beautress (pronounced Bow-tress). "My date with Bill that night," runs the ad, "found me confident in the new-found glamour of my sparkling Beautress lovely hair . . . His cheek touched its new alluring softness while we danced . . . My heart stood still when he murmured: 'Dream Girl, that gorgeous hair rates a bridal veil.'"

They were married in a rented submarine, spent their honeymoon at the Stork Club, occasionally left their Martinis to pick up a peck of emeralds at Cartier's, and because of the housing shortage are now roughing it in a twenty-room hut at Palm Springs. They are deliriously happy and will always be in a state of delirium. For when Bill occasionally looks grumpy, his Dream Girl orders a "festive walnut cake," chockful of genuine Shasta Brand Walnuts. "Imagine getting kissed for your cake!" says the ad.

This being the case, why should any woman burden herself with such old-fashioned backbreaking loads as brains, charm, literacy, efficiency, or resemblance to the human race? She can get her man with a shampoo and keep him with walnuts. Go to your favorite drugstore tomorrow, buy yourself a bottle of the American Dream in the new economy size, shake well before using, and live luxuriously ever afterward.

If you can read the ads, it is not unlikely that you can read a book, although the strain will be greater. There are dozens of books telling you how to handle every question of love and marriage in this

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happy world rapidly becoming free of dandruff. It is as simple as finding the recipe for lemon pie in Fannie Farmer. Why, then, be concerned with understanding and patience? Why listen to the shy counsel of the shy heart when the ready-made answer to your perplexities is at hand just as the biscuit mix is on your pantry shelf, leaving little to do except heat and serve?

Whence our feverish search for the easy way; our obsession with the opiate dream? Is it that we have no faith except in the infallibility of machinery and so stand incredulous and shaken when the airplane falls? Has ours become a culture from the periphery of the eyelids outward, lacking inner content? Are we, despite our physical energy, an intellectually lazy people, satisfied to take shadow for substance, package for contents, and black or white for truth because we are too lethargic to search out the nuances where truth, ever elusive, lies? Has some malign enchantment unfitted us to face life as it is, so that its essence escapes us and we face eventual destruction from within or from without? Is the high point of our civilization reached when a radio announcer screams to a nation enthralled, "That's right, Mrs. Deffenbaugh!" while $20,000 worth of things, including a houseboat and a wall can-opener, drop into the lap of the lucky winner?

Better marriage relations in this country await an extensive revaluation of our attitude towards life and living. If our values are shabby and our attitudes adolescent, how can American marriage, made in our image, be anything but a monumental failure?

MY HEART IS LIKE AN ONION

by R. P. LISTER

My heart is like an onion, you may peel it if you will,
But you will not find a kernel like a protoplasmic pill;
In the middle of my middle lies another middle still.

Many layers has that onion; I have peeled them one by one
From the fading of the planets to the setting of the sun,
But the task was so enormous that it hardly was begun.

You could peel it for a fortnight, you could peel it for a year,
But the end that you were seeking would still be nowhere near,
Though you peeled in utter frenzy, crying madly, Is it here?

There is nothing in the middle, say the wise ones, with a sigh;
There is nothing in the middle, say the wise ones, and they lie.
There are forty million middles, and every one is I.

And some of them are virtuous, and some of them are ill,
And every tiny layer — you may peel them if you will —
Conceals another layer that is even smaller still.

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Disloyal

The Chicago Tribune *recently staged a characteristic "crusade" accusing Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Dartmouth of trying to weaken or destroy the American Republic. Moscow, Rhodes Scholars, Wall Street, and the New Deal were among the assorted villains alleged to be influencing these colleges. But what are the credentials of the* Tribune *to raise questions of allegiance and good faith? A newspaperman for more than two decades, now Curator of the Nieman Foundation in Journalism at Harvard University,* Louis M. Lyons *shows the kind of journalism on which the* Tribune's *"crusade" depended.*

LIBELING OUR COLLEGES

by LOUIS M. LYONS

1

President Truman had his heartiest election laugh in public holding up a copy of the Chicago *Tribune*'s first edition on the morning of November 3 with the headline "Dewey Defeats Truman."

This performance of the paper that entitles itself "The World's Greatest Newspaper" seems to have been unique. The Boston *Globe* in its earliest edition was able to state "Election in Doubt." The New York *Times* corresponding edition had "Truman Is Running Strong in the East." The New York *Herald Tribune*'s early headline was "Dewey-Truman Race Close in Early Returns." The Washington *Post* said "Truman Takes Slight Early Lead." The *Harvard Crimson* with only its pony AP wire managed "Truman Is Ahead." All of these stated only the news that really was news at the time of printing. "Dewey Defeats Truman" was not a fact at any time.

This upside-down journalism rang a bell with many whose experience of the Chicago *Tribune* "news" had led them to agree with the Washington correspondents corps in rating the *Tribune* the "least reliable newspaper" in America. It must also have rung a bell with some of the leading Eastern universities.

On October 16 a *Bulletin* from Dartmouth College alerted two thousand of its alumni officers to expect a series of attacks on the college in the *Tribune*. Sure enough, the next week saw a daily run of smear stories in the "news" columns of Colonel McCormick's paper done by Eugene Griffin, the same *Tribune* reporter who last spring had described the Ivy League colleges as "infested with the pedagogic termites of communism."

The *Tribune* headlines ran "New Dealism Forced on Dartmouth"; "Seniors Forced to Listen to Propaganda"; "Dickey a Drum Beater for Utopia"; "Carnegie Pays for Dartmouth Smear Course"; "Most of Profs at Dartmouth New Dealish." (As to how New Dealish the Dartmouth faculty is, the actual Presidential vote in Hanover, where Dartmouth families predominate, was Dewey 1304, Truman 378, Wallace 40.) The *Tribune*'s opening piece stated that "under the leadership of Pres. John Sloan Dickey, who came here last year directly from a State Department propaganda job, Dartmouth has become the eastern seaboard's newest seat of higher indoctrination in the New Deal cult of America-Last internationalism."

The occasion of the attack was Dartmouth's new Great Issues course, which the *Tribune* described as placing Dartmouth "alongside Harvard in the front rank of New Dealish schools." (As to how New Dealish Harvard is, the best evidence is the pre-election poll of the faculty conducted by the *Harvard Crimson*, which showed the professors 4 to 1 for Dewey. Only 20 Wallace supporters showed up among the 480 professors polled.)

"The Great Issues Course at Dartmouth," the *Tribune* reported, "has received rave notices in the pro-British sections of the New York press and other schools have sent scouts to Hanover to copy it." (The "pro-British" New York papers, to one uninitiated in *Tribune* vocabulary, are the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*.)

It was when the Chicago *Tribune* got hold of the Dartmouth *Bulletin* describing the methods and manners of its reporter that the heat was really turned on in the "news" columns. The reporter who had just printed thirteen columns of smearing and slurring of Dartmouth's president and faculty, now lugubriously complained of a "last ditch smear job."

Perhaps the *Tribune* has reason to be disturbed at Dartmouth's Great Issues course, for through it a generation of students are learning to read newspapers so as to recognize slants and distortions.

John Sloan Dickey came to Dartmouth's presidency in 1945. Though only thirty-eight, he had behind him a solid career in the law and distinguished experience in public service. His first year

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out of Harvard Law School he was assistant to the Massachusetts Commissioner of Correction. Then followed two years as assistant to the legal adviser of the United States Department of State. He returned to Boston law practice for four years with the firm of Gaston, Snow, Hunt, Rice & Boyd. In 1940, at the age of thirty-three, he became special assistant to the Secretary of State and continued in strategic war assignments until 1945. These included duties as special assistant to the Coördinator of Inter-American Affairs, chief of the division of World Trade Intelligence, director of the Office of Public Affairs, and public liaison officer of the United States delegation at the San Francisco Conference, where the United Nations was born.

His public service convinced him of the urgent need that college graduates be informed on the issues of their times, and be trained to inform themselves. Last year he instituted the Great Issues course, required of all seniors. He brought before the class in weekly forums leaders in American life and thought, among them Reinhold Niebuhr, Beardsley Ruml, Dean Acheson, Nelson Rockefeller, Chester Barnard, Sumner Slichter, and Charles P. Taft, to discuss some of the great issues that face this generation of Americans.

For such a course newspapers constitute one of the chief texts. The college has been at pains to expose the seniors to newspaper reading and to direct their attention to the major news events. Through a carefully organized "Public Affairs Laboratory" it has helped the seniors to examine the news and to see how public affairs are presented by different kinds of newspapers. Major news stories are marked daily in the New York *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*. Students are directed to note how the same events are treated in other papers ranging from the extremes of the Chicago *Tribune* to the *Daily Worker*. Each senior is required to make a special study of the treatment of one of the major issues as it has been presented in half a dozen papers.

A noteworthy exhibit in the college library last fall was on "Quality in Newspapers." The exhibit included among other illustrations clippings from the Chicago *Tribune*. The conclusion as to the *Tribune*: —

> The Chicago *Tribune* plays up
> FDR (anathema)
> Marshall Plan (any details capable of discrediting it)
> British Socialism ("failure of")
> Government projects ("folly of")
> United Nations ("silliness" and "danger of")
> The Chicago *Tribune* plays down news favorable to the ERP.

Any newspaperman knows that this is an understatement.

It was clearly this exhibit that brought the Chicago *Tribune* to produce possibly the most ludicrous complaint ever made in print. "In the Public Affairs Laboratory," the *Tribune* reported, "is brewed the real poison of America-Last propaganda."

President Dickey got a grant of $75,000 from the Carnegie Corporation for his new course. The *Tribune* reports of this: "Alger Hiss, former State Department official, who has been accused of being a Communist, is president of a sister trust, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace." It finds also that Mr. Hiss and President Dickey were both at the San Francisco Conference for the State Department. Likewise: "Dickey studied at Harvard Law School while Felix Frankfurter was there." This is typical Tribunese. One person who has been smeared is used next time to smear another by connecting them, at least in the same sentence.

As educational material Dartmouth could not have asked for a more graphic demonstration to the class than the *Tribune*'s smearing of the college. Any student would recognize in it the tactics Dartmouth had described as "justifying something by defaming somebody who opposes it."

2

The Dartmouth articles are obviously a part of a campaign the *Tribune* initiated last January leveled at other Ivy League colleges. The *Tribune*'s exposé began with the fearsome headline "Red Poison Tinges Ivy of Harvard."

The opening paragraph: "Agitators who attempt to turn the minds of college students against the American Constitution and American nationalism have infiltrated into the ivied halls and commons of Harvard, Yale and Princeton."

The first supporting evidence of this is a quotation of a Harvard janitor, who said: "The students now are no redder than some of them were 20 years ago, and, of course, we've always had a few nuts on the faculty."

This is followed by: "The attorney general of an eastern state slapped his desk with the palm of his hand and said: 'Sure there are Communists teaching at both Yale and Harvard, but how can you prove it on them? Don't use my name.'"

Then follows a particularly choice bit of Tribunese: "In textbooks, student activities and the writings and speeches of some instructors, THE TRIBUNE found proof that the Ivy League is infested with the pedagogic termites of communism, socialism, world federalism, Anglo-American federalism and other foreign-born schemes which would weaken or destroy the American republic."

In an indiscriminate listing of "professors who frequently come out from behind their books to toe the Communist Party line" appears the name of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., who is actually one of

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the most assiduous anti-Communist speakers and writers. He is the author of the Pulitzer Prize history, *The Age of Jackson*, and of an incisive article on American Communism written for Henry Luce. Only an illiterate could be unfamiliar with Schlesinger's prodigious journalistic attacks on Communism at home and abroad, in the labor unions and in the Wallace movement, that have appeared in the leading American magazines and newspapers.

"Red Teaching at Harvard Is Insidious" was another *Tribune* headline. Under it came first the *Tribune*'s respects to Granville Hicks and Felix Frankfurter, who haven't been at Harvard for ten years but neither of whom the *Tribune* likes. Then a paragraph that Harvard professors had opposed the Barnes bill "to eliminate communists from the public schools." Nothing of the fact that outstanding leaders of education in Massachusetts opposed the Barnes bill as an invitation to a witch hunt.

Then this: "Harvard students said they were unaware of any propaganda in their classes. Other persons familiar with college routine said it would require an exceptionally shrewd student to detect subversive instruction, if it is disguised as logical examination of a subject — whether the subject be capitalism or the republican form of government — 'from all sides.'"

In short, no propaganda could be discovered; therefore it must be "insidious."

For lack of Communism the *Tribune* turned to another of its phobias. "How Harvard Is Taught by Anglophiles" makes a cover-all to reveal that Harvard has a Rhodes scholar on its faculty in Crane Brinton, whose most recent book is *The United States and Britain*. This is treason to the *Tribune* and good for three columns.

"One of Britain's Charlie McCarthys on the Harvard Faculty is Clarence Crane Brinton," the piece opens. Actually Professor Brinton's special field is the French Revolution. He is the author of *The Anatomy of Revolution*, *The Jacobins*, *The Lives of Talleyrand*, and *Nietzsche*, among other scholarly works, and is the stimulating chairman of one of Harvard's most notable adventures in productive scholarship, the Society of Fellows. He served for three years overseas as a special assistant in the Office of Strategic Services. A close reading of *The United States and Britain* reveals some passages that pay his respects to the kind of mischievous journalism the *Tribune* battens on.

In other pieces the *Tribune* poured out its malevolence on Harvard's great philosophy teachers, William Ernest Hocking and Ralph Barton Perry, who have ventured to think in world terms, on Zechariah Chafee, Jr., eminent champion of freedom of speech, and of course on the Nieman Fellowships, which are dedicated to responsible journalism.

Professor Chafee was a special target of the *Tribune*. Langdell Professor of Law, he has had a long career crowded with authorship of distinguished books on freedom of speech and freedom of the press, and with public service, most recently as the United States delegate on the United Nations Commission on Freedom of Information and of the Press. Here his efforts to combat the Russian attack on the American press and to free channels of international news from censorship were handicapped by the record of the *Tribune* in foreign news reporting.

3

The Colonel's reporter then tackled Yale. But there something stayed his hand. The Colonel went to Yale. After the headline "Democratic Spirit Lives on at Yale," the piece opened with these intelligent words: —

"Yale is the school that glamorized American college life in the 19th century. It introduced secret societies, class fights, the senior rail fence, glee clubs, bands, cheer leaders and sports spectacles.

"In its golden age, Yale inspired the Frank Merriwell tradition. Yale's great coach, Walter Camp, was the first to raise football to big league eminence, and many of the stars are enshrined in Yale's annals today as immortals."

Only at the end is there a breath of suspicion, quickly suppressed: —

"A visitor may meet with rumors and charges of propaganda of various sorts being preached in the classroom of one professor or another, but such practice would be difficult to prove. [It was difficult to prove at Harvard too, but that did not stay the headlines.] In his annual report a few years ago, President Charles Seymour declared there was no foundation for the charge that 'the teaching courses are made vehicles of social and political propaganda.'"

So, on to Princeton. There headlines run: "Princeton Most British Ivy Leaguer"; "Reverse 1777: British Back at Princeton — Rhodes Scholars Are Dominant"; "Super-State Ideas Hailed in Ivy League — Internationalists Find Stronghold"; "Global Ideas Get Highbrow Allegiance."

What is the case against Princeton?

"Princeton since the regime of Woodrow Wilson has been known as the most British of all Ivy League schools, a second home for Oxford's Rhodes scholars.

"Anglophiles and disciples of the Marshall Plan and various world government schemes are numerous, but Communists, if present at all, are under cover. . . ." So much for the first day.

Then came this historical item: "Some observers trace the beginning of the reoccupation of Princeton by the British from the regime of Woodrow Wilson. He left Princeton to lead the United State to war at Britain's side, and also introduced burocracy to this country."

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Princeton is discovered to have had seventy-two Rhodes scholars in forty-four years, more than either Harvard or Yale. Five are listed as teaching at Princeton. A long section follows on the menace of Rhodes scholarships. There was a convention of Rhodes scholars at Princeton last year. The undergraduate association of the five Princeton professors with Oxford is delineated as an insidious influence through about three columns.

Next day comes the "Super-State" for its headline. "Student interest in international affairs is greater today than at any previous time." "Much of the present propaganda for the support of the Marshall Plan is traced to Wall Street influence. . . ." Wall Street bankers serve on the Eastern college boards. Professors speak in support of the Marshall Plan. Some of them sign petitions for it. There are exchange scholarships between this country and England. Shocking!

4

THE violence of the slanders on Harvard was matched only by their stupidity. A mystifying headline stated: "Reds Supply 'Kit' on Education." No one at Harvard had even heard of any "Red Kits." Cutting through the involved irrelevancies of *Tribune* writing, what one got to at the bottom of the piece was a statement that "Walter S. Steele, chairman of the national security committee of the American Coalition of Patriotic, Civic and Fraternal Societies, recently told the House Committee on Un-American Activities how Communists use Russian studies in colleges to serve their own purposes." There followed a column of type purporting to describe allegations of Mr. Steele's about Russian propagandists distributing "teaching kits" wherever they could get them in. This was not even claimed to have any other relation to Harvard than that Harvard was offering regional studies on China and Russia.

This is booby-trap reporting. Only an alert reader, paying close attention throughout, would separate the rehash of Mr. Steele's bugaboos for the Un-American Activities Committee from the tiny item of news that Harvard offers regional studies, including studies on Russia.

The opening paragraph of that article is typical *Tribune:* "Eastern universities, always notorious in higher educational circles of the country for their internationalist sympathies, have placed themselves in the forepart of a movement to introduce 'regional studies' of the world." There seems to be something sinister in this; in the third paragraph it turns up: "One Worlders, anglophiles, communists and other apostles of foreign causes support the internationalist courses and attempt to control or profit by such studies as Harvard is offering."

The *Tribune*'s concept of education evidently is that no one should learn anything about the world outside the United States. It was our grievous lack of specialists in strategic areas during the war that led the government to ask the universities to set up wartime area or regional studies for military and diplomatic officers. The post-war regional studies are an attempt to prepare trained people to represent this country in parts of the world vital to American interests.

I submit that the time has come to ask what the credentials of the Chicago *Tribune* are, to criticize the universities. While Harvard's tough-minded James B. Conant was directing the atomic research that crushed Japan, while Dartmouth's Dickey was informing the American people on the efforts of the State Department to organize a world for peace — what was the *Tribune* doing? One might ask the then Secretary of War.

Testifying at the Pearl Harbor hearings, Secretary Henry L. Stimson stated that the *Tribune* "during the very last week before Pearl Harbor made a most disloyal and most unbelievable attack on the chief work of the General Staff. It published practically in full the strategic and tactical plans of the General Staff . . . the most highly secret paper in the possession of the government. . . . The impact of such a blow was very severe. . . ."

In the midst of war an indictment of the *Tribune* for disclosing our possession of the Japanese code collapsed when the military felt obliged to decline to release strategic evidence to the Justice Department. On the floor of the Congress, Colonel McCormick was challenged by Representative Raymond S. McKeough of Illinois "as being guilty of treason" for published statements. Both Tokyo Rose and Hitler's Haw-Haw continually quoted from the *Tribune* in their assaults on the wartime morale of American soldiers. Its Americanism in the present world crisis is mirrored in the editorial "They Asked for It" printed when the Berlin issue was at a menacing phase, with this final paragraph: —

"To say that the American spokesmen were stupid and incompetent is to take the most favorable view of their action. It is by no means unthinkable that the gang which had exposed the fleet to the Japs at Pearl Harbor to get into one war had made up their minds to repeat the maneuver by exposing the American army of occupation to the Russians in Berlin and Bavaria to get into another."

The *Tribune* with its slanted and twisted news stands out as an obsolete anomaly in an era of responsible journalism. Under Colonel Frank Knox the Chicago *Daily News* used to caricature the *Tribune* owner as "Col. McCosmick," a comic character. That is a kinder verdict than history will render.

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An Atlantic Story

A booklover with a wonderfully true ear for the mountaineer's speech, JAMES STILL *was the librarian of the Hindman Settlement School at the forks of Troublesome Creek in the Kentucky mountains when the* Atlantic *published his first short story in 1936. In 1940 he shared honors with Thomas Wolfe in the Southern Authors' Award, for his novel* River of Earth. *After serving as a Technical Sergeant in the Army Air Forces during the war, Mr. Still has returned to the mountains and is now living and writing near Wolfpen Creek.*

A MASTER TIME

by JAMES STILL

WICK JARRETT brought the invitation of his eldest son, Ulysses. "He's wanting you to come enjoy a hog-kill at his place next Thursday," Wick said. "Hit's to be a quiet affair, a picked crowd, mostly young married folks. No old heads like me — none except Aunt Besh Lipscomb, but she won't hinder. 'Lysses and Eldora will treat you clever. You'll have a master time."

Thursday fell on January 4, a day of bitter wind. I set off in early afternoon for Ulysses's home-seat on Upper Mule Creek, walking the ridge to shun the mud of the valley road. By the time I reached the knob overtowering the Jarrett farm my hands and ears were numb, my feet dead weights. A shep dog barked as I picked my way down and Ulysses opened the door and called, "Haste to the fire." I knocked my shoes at the doorstep. "Come on in," Ulysses welcomed. "Dirt won't punish our floors."

A chair awaited me. Before the living-room hearth sat Ulysses's cousins, Pless and Leander Jarrett, his brothers-in-law, Dow Owen and John Kingry, a neighbor, Will Harrod, and the aged midwife, Aunt Besh Lipscomb, who had lived with Ulysses and Eldora since the birth of their child. From the stoveroom came sounds of women's voices.

"Crowd to the fire and thaw," Ulysses said, "and pull off your jacket."

"Be you a stranger?" Aunt Besh asked.

"Now, no," Ulysses answered in my stead. "He lives over and across the mountain."

"He's got a tongue," Aunt Besh reproved. And she questioned, "Was I the granny-doctor who fotched you?"

Ulysses jested, "Why, don't you remember?"

Aunt Besh said, "I can't recollect the whole push."

The fellows chuckled under their breaths, laughing quietly so as not to disturb the baby sleeping on a bed in the corner.

The heat watered my eyes. My hands and feet began to ache.

"You're frozen totally," Aunt Besh declared. "Rid your boots and socks and warm your feet. Don't be ashamed afront of an old granny."

"Granny-doctors have seen the world," Ulysses said.

"Hush," Aunt Besh cried, and as I unlaced my boots she said, "'Lysses, he needs a dram to warm his blood."

Ulysses shrugged. "Where'd I get it?"

"A medicine dram. Want him to catch a death cold?"

"I ought to got a jug for the occasion," Ulysses said. "We're all subject to take colds. I forgot it plumb."

"I'd vow there's a drap somewhere."

"This is apt to be the driest hog-kill ever was," Ulysses said.

"Humph," Aunt Besh scoffed.

I had my boots on again when the wives gathered at the fire. Eldora took up the baby, scolding Ulysses, "You'd let it freeze. Its nose is ice." And Ulysses said, "Men, we might's well allow the

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petticoats to hug the coals a spell. Let's get air." We followed him through the front door, and on around to the back yard. The wind tugged at us. We pulled our hats down until the brims bent ears.

Ulysses led us into the cellar-house. "Look sharp," he invited, "and see how I fare." We noted the baskets of Irish and sweet potatoes, cushaws and winter squash, the shelves loaded with conserved vegetables and fruits. "Anybody give out o' victuals," he went on, "come here and get a turn." Will Harrod glanced about impatiently, and Dow Owen uncovered a barrel. Ulysses said, "Dow, if you want to crack walnuts, the barrel's full." Pless and Leander Jarrett took seat on a meat box and grinned.

"Ah, 'Lysses," Will Harrod groaned, "quit stalling."

"Well, s'r," Ulysses said, "I've got a little stuff, but it's bad, my opinion. I'd hate to poison folks." The bunch livened. Pless and Leander, knowing where to search, jumped off the salt box and raised the lid; they lifted a churn by the ears. Will said, "Say we drink and die." Ulysses cocked his head uncertainly at me. I said, "Go ahead, you fellows."

A gourd dipper was passed hand to hand, and Will, on taking a swallow, yelled joyously. Ulysses cautioned, "Don't rouse Aunt Besh. We'd never hear the last." The gourd was eased from Dow Owen's grasp, Ulysses reminding, "A job o' work's to do. We'll taste lightly right now." A jar of pears was opened to straighten breaths.

We returned to the fire and the wives laughed accusingly, "Uh-huh" and "Ah-hah." Leander's wife clapped a hand on his shoulder, drew him near, and sniffed. She said, "The sorry stuff and don't deny it."

"Pear juice," Leander swore. "Upon my honor."

"You've butchered the swine quick," Aunt Besh said scornfully. No attention was paid to her and she jerked Ulysses's coattail. "Are ye killing the hogs or not?"

"Can't move a peg till the women are fixed," Ulysses answered.

"It's you men piddling," one of the women reported. "We've had the pots boiling an hour."

Eldora spoke, "Who'll mind the baby? I won't leave it untended."

Aunt Besh said, "Don't leave me watchdogging a chap."

Pless's wife volunteered to stay with the baby. She was the youngest of the wives, sixteen at the most.

"Aunt Besh," Ulysses petted, "you just set and poke the fire."

"Go kill the hogs," Aunt Besh shrilled.

"She's the queen," Ulysses told us.

"Go, go."

Ulysses got his rifle. "John," he said, "come help." They made off.

There being two hogs for slaughter we waited until the second shot before rushing toward the barn, men through the front door, women the rear. The hogs lay on straw, weighing between 350 and 400 pounds. The wind raced, flagging blazes beneath three iron pots. An occasional flake of snow fell.

We men scalded the carcasses in a barrel; we scraped the bristles free with knives while the women dabbled hot water to keep the hair from "setting." The scraping done, gambrels were caught underneath tendons of the hind legs and the beasts hefted to pole tripods; they were singed, shaved, and washed, and the toes and dewclaws removed. Ulysses and John served as butchers, and as they labored John questioned: —

"Want the lights saved?"

"Yes, s'r," Ulysses replied.

"Heart-lump?"

"Yip."

"Sweetbreads?"

"Fling them away and Aunt Besh will rack us. The single part she'll eat."

Will Harrod laid a claim: "The bladders are mine. I'll raise balloons."

The shep dog and a gang of cats dined well on refuse.

The wind checked and snow fell thicker. The women hurried indoors, carrying fresh meat to add to the supper they had been preparing nearly the day long. Ulysses and John hustle their jobs, the rest of us transporting hams, loins, shoulders, and bacon strips to the cellar-house. No hog-kill tricks were pulled. Nobody had a bloody hand wiped across his face; none dropped a wad of hog's hair inside another's breeches.

John complained to Ulysses, "The fellers are heading toward the cellar-house faster'n they're coming back."

"We'll join 'em in a minute," Ulysses said.

2

When I entered the living room Aunt Besh asked, "Got the slaughtering done finally?" And seeing I was alone she inquired, "Where's the crowd?"

"They'll come pretty soon," I said, removing my hat and jacket and brushing the snow onto the hearth. "We put by the sweetbreads," I added.

Aunt Besh gazed at me. Pless's wife clasped the baby and lowered her face. Aunt Besh said, "Son, speak while 'Lysses hain't here to drown you. Was I the granny-doctor who fotched you into life?"

"Aunty," Pless's wife entreated, "don't embarrass company."

"Daresn't I ope my mouth?" Aunt Besh blurted.

I said, "Who the granny was, I never learned."

"Unless you were born amongst the furren I'm liable to 'a' fotched you. I acted granny to every-

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body in this house, nigh everybody on Mule Creek."

Pless's wife blushed. She stirred on her chair, ready to flee.

"There's a way o' telling," Aunt Besh went on. "I can tell whether I tied you or not."

Up sprang Pless's wife, clutching the infant. She ran into the stoveroom.

"I wasn't born on Mule Creek," I explained.

"Upon my word and honor!" Aunt Besh cried. "Are ye a heathen?"

Eldora brought the child back to the fire, and she came laughing. The husbands tramped in, Dow walking unsteadily, for he had made bold with the churn dipper. Will dandled two balloons. Hearing mirth in the stoveroom John asked, "What's put the women in such good humor?"

Aunt Besh watched as a chair was shoved under Dow, and she began to wheeze and gasp. Presently Ulysses queried, "What's the trouble, Aunt Besh?"

"My asthma's bothering," she said. "The cold's the fault."

"Why, it's tempering," Ulysses remarked. "It's boiling snow, but the wind's stilling."

"My blood's icy, no matter."

"I'll wrap you in a quilt."

"No."

"I'll punch the fire."

"Devil," Aunt Besh blurted, "can't you understand the simplest fact?"

Eldora scolded, "'Lysses, stop plaguing and go mix a cup of ginger stew to ease her."

Ulysses obeyed, and Aunt Besh raised her sleeves and poked forth her arms. "See my old bones," she whimpered. "There's hardly flesh to kiver 'em. I'll need good treatment, else I'm to bury." Tears wet her eyes.

"Aunty," Will comforted, "want to hold a balloon?"

"Keep the nasty thing out o' my view," Aunt Besh said.

Ulysses fetched the stew — dram in hot water, dusted with ginger and black pepper. Aunt Besh nursed the cup between quivering hands and tasted. "'Lysses," she snuffed, "your hand was powerful on the water."

Supper was announced and Ulysses told us, "Rise up, you fellers," and Eldora said, "You'll find common victuals, but try to make out." We tarried, showing manners. Ulysses insisted, "Don't force us to beg. Go, the bread's smoking." After further prompting we trooped into a narrow gallery lighted by bracket lamps, which was the dining room. John hooked a wrist under Dow's arm, leading him. Aunt Besh used the fire-poker for walking stick.

"Why don't you eat with us women at the second table?" Eldora asked Aunt Besh.

"I don't aim to wait," Aunt Besh said. "I'm starving."

We sat to a feast of potatoes, hominy, cushaw, beans, fried and boiled pork, baked chicken, buttered dumplings, gravy, stacks of hand-pies, and jam cake. Ulysses invited, "Rake your plates full. If you can't reach, holler."

As we ate, laughter rippled in the stoveroom. Leander's wife came with hot biscuits and her face was so merry Leander inquired, "What's tickled you feymales?" She made no reply.

John said, "They've been giggling steady."

"We ought to force them to tell," Leander said. "Choke it out."

"If you'll choke your woman," John proposed, "I'll choke mine."

"Say we do," Leander agreed. "And everybody help, everybody strangle his woman, if he's got one. But let's eat first."

A voice raised in the stoveroom: "You'll never learn, misters." The laughter quieted.

"We'll make them pray for air," Leander bragged loudly. He batted an eye at us. "We'll not be outsharped."

"Cross the women," Ulysses said, "and you'll have war on your hands."

"Suits me," Leander said, and Pless and John vowed they didn't care. Will, his mouth full, gulped, and nudged Dow. Dow, half asleep, said nothing.

Of a sudden the women filed through the gallery, their necks thrown, marching toward the fire. Only Eldora smiled.

Ulysses said, "You big talkers have got your women mad. But I didn't anger mine."

"Ah," Pless said, "they know we're putting-on."

"Eat," Aunt Besh commanded, "eat and hush."

Dow nodded in his chair and Ulysses arose and guided him to a bed.

3

While we were at table the wives hid the churn, and when they joined us in the living room later in the evening the four estranged couples sat apart, gibing each other. Ulysses tried making peace between them. The wives wouldn't budge, though the husbands appeared willing.

John sighed, "Gee-o, I'm thirsty," and his wife asked sourly, "What's agin pure water?" "Hit's weaky," was the reply.

Finally Ulysses threw open the door. The wind had calmed, the snowing ceased. Moonlight behind clouds lighted the fields of snow. Ulysses said, "Maybe the way to end the ruckus is to battle. Who's in a notion to snowball-fight?"

"Anything to win the churn," Leander said.

"The churn's what counts," Pless baited, "the women don't matter."

"A fight would break the deadlock," Ulysses declared.

The four wives arose.

Will groaned, "I'm too full to move," and John

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testified, "I can't wiggle." Pless and Leander were as lief as not, yet Pless reminded, "Me and Leander are old-time rabbit rockers."

Ulysses urged, "Tussle and reach a settlement."

The wives pushed John and Will onto the porch and shoved them into the yard. "Get twenty-five steps apart," Ulysses directed, "and don't start till I say commence." He allowed the sides to prepare mounds of snowballs.

I had followed to witness the skirmish, as had Eldora and Dow's wife. Behind us Aunt Besh spoke, "Clear the door. Allow a body to see."

Ulysses halloed, "Let 'em fly," and the wives hurled a volley. A ball struck Will's throat and he appealed to Ulysses, "Rocks, unfair." Aunt Besh hobbled to the porch, the better to watch; she shouted and we discovered the side she pulled for. Will and John fought halfheartedly, mostly chucking crazy; Leander and Pless, deadeye throwers, practiced near-hits, tipping their wives' heads, grazing shoulders, shattering balls poised in hands. The women dodged and twisted and let fly.

Will sat in the snow when the hoard of balls was exhausted, and John quit — quit and yanked up his collar. Leander and Pless stopped tossing and batted the oncoming missiles.

The women crept nearer, chucking point-blank. They rushed upon Will and before he could rise to escape had him pinned. They stuffed snow in his mouth and plastered his face. Then they seized John, a docile prisoner, rolling him log-fashion across the yard. And they got hands on Pless. Pless wouldn't have been easily caught had not Leander grabbed his shoulders and shielded himself. Leander stood grinning as snow was thrust down Pless's neck.

Leander's feet wouldn't hold at his turn. It was run, fox, run around the house, the women in pursuit. He zigzagged the yard, circled the barn, took a sweep through the bottom. They couldn't overhaul him. His wife threatened, "Come take your punishment, or you'll get double-dosed." He came meekly, and they buried him in snow. They heaped snow upon him and packed and shaped it like a grave. He let them satisfy themselves until he had to rise for air.

The feud ended and all tramped indoors good-humoredly, the wives to comb rimy hair, the husbands to dry wet clothes and accuse Aunt Besh of partiality. Hadn't Aunt Besh bawled "Kill 'em" to the women? An argument ensued, Aunt Besh admitting, "Shore, I backed the girls."

The husbands fire-dried, chattering their teeth exaggeratedly, and their wives had the mercy to bring the churn from hiding and place it in the gallery. The dipper tapped bottom as its visitors heartened themselves. Aunt Besh eyed the gallery-goers. "I got chilled a-watching," she wheezed.

Ulysses said, "I don't hear your gums popping."

"Are ye wanting me to perish?" she rasped.

Eldora chided Ulysses into brewing a ginger stew, and Aunt Besh instructed, "This time don't water hit to death."

It was Leander who remembered to inquire, "Now, what tickled you feymales back yonder?"

The women turned their heads and smiled.

The night latened, and Aunt Besh dozed. Husbands and wives, reconciled, sat side by side. The balloons were kept spinning aloft. Apples were roasted on the hearth, potatoes baked in ashes; and popcorn was capped and pull-candy cooked.

Past one o'clock Eldora made known the retiring arrangements. Aunt Besh would sleep in her chair, on account of asthma. Two beds in the upper room would hold five women, two in a lower provide for six men. Ulysses and Eldora, occupying the living-room bed, could keep the child near the fire and attend Aunt Besh's wants in the night.

My roommates sauntered off. When I followed they were snoring. John, Will, and Dow lay as steers strawed to weather a blizzard; Pless and Leander, my assigned bedfellows, were sprawled, leaving little of the mattress unoccupied. I decided to go sleep in front of the hearth, though I waited until the house quieted, until smothered laughter in the upper room hushed.

I found the coals banked, the lamp wick turned low. Aunt Besh sat wrapped in a tower of quilts and I thought her asleep. But she uncovered her face and spoke, "See if there's a drap left in the churn." I investigated, and reported the churn empty. She eyed me coldly, as she might any creature who had not the grace to be born on Mule Creek. "I'll endure," she said.

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One of our leading American psychiatrists, GREGORY ZILBOORG *took his first M.D. at the Psychoneurological Institute of St. Petersburg in 1917. He came to this country after the failure of Kerensky (under whom he had served as Secretary to the Ministry of Labor) and on the fee earned by translating* He Who Gets Slapped *took his second M.D. at the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia in 1926. With George W. Henry he is the author of* A History of Medical Psychology *(1941). In addition to his writing and his practice, he is consultant in psychotherapy and research at Butler Hospital in Providence, Rhode Island.*

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND RELIGION

by GREGORY ZILBOORG, M.D.

1

SOME fifty years ago, when Freud's views on human psychology were first made known, they were given a rather hostile and contemptuous welcome by all professions, sacred and profane. The label of pansexualism was quickly pasted on psychoanalysis, to designate the alleged partisan one-sidedness of Freud's findings. Even the manifestations of the unconscious, which the most severe critics of Freud were hard put to deny, were treated as if they were inventions rather than scientific discoveries; and people still speak frequently not of "slips of the tongue" but of "Freudian slips" — as if these were Freud's own creations and were smuggled into our daily life by the proselytes of psychoanalysis.

Fifty years of psychoanalytic research seem to have conquered a number of the earlier prejudices, but the atmosphere of contentiousness still surrounds psychoanalysis — despite the fact that psychoanalysis has been gaining ever increasing professional and academic recognition. The spirit of contentiousness with which the uninitiated continue to approach psychoanalysis concerns the major issues of morality and religious faith. Freud's discovery of the role which sexual factors play in our normal lives and in the formation of neuroses aroused the suspicion of the moralist, for one of the latter's missions since time immemorial had been to combat the egotistic and hedonistic nature of our sexual impulses.

When Freud finally (in 1927) issued his *Future of an Illusion* — in which he termed religious faith an illusion, its practices a form of compulsion neurotic ceremonial, and religion as a whole a manifestation of a neurosis — the suspicious attitude of the moralist became a conviction, for from then on he could quote Freud himself to prove that psychoanalysis is antagonistic to religion and to the morality which religion preaches and demands.

The line of battle was drawn almost spontaneously. On one side were the psychoanalysts who felt that the acceptance of Freud's clinical findings and his method of treating neuroses imposed upon them the need to accept his philosophical excursions as well. On the other side there were those who felt that since they found it necessary to reject Freud's psycho-philosophical excursions into the field of religion, they also had to reject everything that Freud had ever discovered about the human mind: the dynamic power of the unconscious, the psychoanalytic method of treating neuroses, any "Freudian" clinical finding or procedure.

This conflict has not been resolved with the years. If anything it has become more intense and — as is always the case with any conflict in which reason and emotion, experiment and faith, are confused and intermingled — a great deal of passion and misunderstanding has been generated, so that problems have accumulated upon problems, but solutions (lasting solutions at any rate) have not been forthcoming.

Before World War II the problem of psychoanalysis versus religion seemed to be — to put it in psychoanalytic terminology — repressed or partially repressed. There appeared to be peace — but it was an armed one, with all participants alerted. The psychoanalysts went on with their tasks in a spirit of official unconcern but occasional rationalist antagonism against religion; and the religious teacher, the minister of the Gospel, and the priest adopted similar attitudes toward psychoanalysis.

It must be said that neither the indifference nor the antagonisms seem to have been based on any

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clearly defined principles. The Catholic antagonist would reject psychoanalysis because of Freud's alleged pansexual immorality, while the Frenchman René Guyon objected to psychoanalysis because it allegedly imposed upon the patient a preconceived code of sexual ethics instead of allowing him full sexual freedom. The Marxists would reject psychoanalysis because they considered Freud a metaphysician and an idealist, contradicting the Marxian philosophy of materialistic determinism; the Christian philosopher rejected psychoanalysis because he considered Freud a materialistic determinist, devoid of moral ideals and denying the free will of man.

The objectors could not all be right, since they objected to mutually contradictory presumptive characteristics of psychoanalysis. Evidently there was some emotional undertone that united them, but once they embarked upon their respective tasks, each chose his own customary and preferred set of objections.

However, there were some among the clergy, mostly Protestant, who found themselves in little conflict with Freud's basic findings. The Swiss Protestant clergyman Oscar Pfister was among the earliest adherents of Freud, and through the years he neither lost nor abandoned his faith or his pastoral duties. The Dean of the Episcopal Cathedral in Atlanta, Georgia, the Reverend Raimundo de Ovies, has found himself at home with a great many tenets of Freudian theory and practice, yet his psychoanalytic interests and sympathies do not appear to have disturbed his faith or the exercise of his pastoral vocation.

Among the Catholic clergy or laymen there were fewer adherents of psychoanalysis, for the tradition of Catholic scholarship has always been that of patient and at times almost exasperatingly slow examination, contemplation, re-examination, and testing. The revolutionary views of Freud required careful evaluation; the new facts about the human mind were so extraordinary and even shocking that they could not be easily tested, and Catholic thought seemed at best to be patient, at worst indifferent in a challenging way. The current reverberations of the conflict between Christianity and psychoanalysis have come mostly from Catholic sources, and the most recent publicity on the subject from certain pulpits and microphones might give the impression that Catholicism is irrevocably opposed to Freudian psychoanalysis, that it stands ready to combat it with all the spiritual might and moral authority at its disposal.

This general impression is erroneous. First of all, the rather violent intolerance regarding psychoanalysis, the various and loud incriminations which are heard from certain quarters, seem to be limited to a small group. As recently as last May, the American Psychiatric Association devoted a part of its annual meeting in Washington, D.C., to the problem of Psychopathology and Faith. One full afternoon and one full evening were given to free, dispassionate, interested, and interesting discussion of the problem. A rabbi, a Dominican priest, and an Anglican priest of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd led the discussion. The Roman Catholic representative was far from antagonistic or combative, and he viewed the basic issues raised by psychoanalysis with sympathy and discernment.

The rabbinical views expressed by Rabbi Cronbach and the late Rabbi Liebman showed no quarrel with psychoanalysis; on the other hand, their support of psychoanalysis seemed to be based on purely utilitarian, philanthropic grounds. They supported psychoanalysis for the good it can do to help religion to produce the peace of mind which every one of us is supposed to be seeking. The problem of religion versus psychoanalysis cannot be solved by way of this pragmatic approach, and, as was suggested in the course of the Washington discussion, the ideal of peace of mind seems to be a reverberation of the ancient Oriental tradition. The Western religious tradition is more concerned with the relationship of man to his fellow man, to his God, and to himself — a complex set of problems to which Western Christianity has devoted all its energy from the very birth of the Church.

It is natural perhaps to find that the Mosaic tradition should prove less sensitive to the innovations made by psychoanalysis. Both the Anglican and the Catholic priests, who as far as positive dogma is concerned have no quarrel, found it therefore necessary to face squarely the principal issue: Is the body of psychoanalytic knowledge fundamentally anti-religious, and is the Christian doctrine fundamentally at absolute variance with any of the findings and tenets of psychoanalysis? It may come as a surprise to many to learn that at the Washington meeting neither the Anglican nor the Catholic priest was opposed to psychoanalysis, nor does either consider psychoanalysis a threat to his faith or pastoral vocation.

2

The psychoanalyst has learned a great deal about the development and the workings of the human mind; he has learned a great deal about the psychological mechanics of thinking and feeling, and of worshiping God and of religious ecstasy. This knowledge does not of course provide him with any new rational, experimental, scientific tool to disprove the existence of God. He cannot disprove the existence of God scientifically, any more than the physicist can. Good astronomer that he was, Laplace stated with an overtone of rationalist superiority that God is a hypothesis which cannot be proved. But Robert Boyle was as good a scientist as Laplace, and he was unable to observe a single natural phenomenon, to discover a single chemical

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or physical law, without seeing in every one of them the work of God. Boyle's theology is as lofty and passionate as his science is cool and objective. And there is no reason to believe that psychoanalysis, with or without Freud, has discovered a single new fact or any new method which would enable it to refute, verify, corroborate, or otherwise assess the existence or the nonexistence of God by purely psychoanalytic means.

Yet many psychoanalysts, like the majority of serious scientists, are subject to a fundamental error: they really believe that greater intellectual understanding of life and living will make people *better*. They would exclude moral values and similar considerations from the field of their interest because they believe inherently that to understand means to be good. They do not state their belief in such a blunt and almost naïve way, but they do express the belief just the same.

To know a great deal, and to be non-neurotic, does *not* mean that one is possessed of or endowed with moral values by virtue of this knowledge and lack of neurosis. It is not Einstein's mathematical genius that makes him such a noble person and devout representative of modern humanism. It was not Freud's great intellectual sagacity and scientific boldness that made him an almost heroic figure of tolerance, his detractors to the contrary notwithstanding. Neither Göring nor Goebbels lacked great intellectual powers, but these powers did not make them good.

That science and moral values do not always coincide, that most frequently they are far from one another and are phenomena of different orders, can be easily seen in the problems faced by so many nuclear physicists who, when they became atomic bomb scientists, were horrified by the use to which their new scientific discoveries could be put.

Psychoanalysis, a new and young and revolutionary science, found itself able to go along officially without moral values not because it rejected these values but because it carried them implicitly and inherently as everything human carries them. But psychoanalysis prefers to insist that the good and the just for which it strives are but rational goals rationalistically arrived at. It is a chronic, enviable, and very noble blindness, this belief that our striving for the general good and our altruism and self-sacrificing struggle for the betterment of man and mankind are a purely dispassionate rational thing, merely because we *know* the psychological, erotic roots of love of one's neighbor, and the masochistic roots of our readiness to die for a cause or for our country.

It is this blindness become a little aggressive that contributed a great deal to the conflict of psychoanalysis with religion. Yet it should not be forgotten that among the members of the American Psychoanalytic Association there are God-fearing Protestants and devout Catholics, who are also Freudian psychoanalysts. These psychoanalysts have not found it necessary to follow Freud in his amateur theology, or to follow the bigot in his amateur psychology.

Self-righteousness, even the self-righteousness of a scientist, breeds ignorance. The ignorance of what traditional religious doctrine represents did not help the psychoanalyst to create a rapprochement between the newest psychology and religion; for, despite his seemingly cool, objective, rational and rationalistic divorcement from religion, the psychoanalyst stood with passionate inspiration ready to defend his own new knowledge at whatever cost.

Passion, even noble passion, provokes one at times to great extremes. It was such a passion that led William Lloyd Garrison to proclaim the Constitution of the United States "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell" and to burn it in public. When the passion of a libertarian is aroused, he will fight even liberty in the name of liberation; a Fisher Ames will exclaim that "our country is too big for Union, too sordid for patriotism and too democratic for liberty." What some psychoanalysts have said about religion as a human function and what certain religious leaders have said about psychoanalysis would make as much sense as these passionate exclamations of Ames and Garrison, if they were taken literally.

The criticisms leveled against psychoanalysts are many, and it is not necessary to cite and to test them all. Only a few will be mentioned. The neurotic suffers from an unconscious sense of guilt which is not justified by reality; this sense of guilt must be removed before the neurotic can get well — so says the psychoanalyst. To this the aroused, uninitiated priest or bigot responds: "How could one live without a sense of guilt? Psychoanalysis is immoral and sinful, because it teaches us not to feel guilty."

Psychoanalysis does teach us "not to feel guilty," but the sentence is unfinished, and is false through passionate intent or ignorance if it is presented as a finished sentence. For the finished sentence would mention the fact stated above: that psychoanalysts relieve their patients of the *unconscious* sense of guilt which is not founded on reality. In other words, psychoanalysts relieve their patients from feeling guilty about things of which they really are not guilty, and leave them with the sense of guilt about things of which they really are guilty. Psychoanalysis insists that those who commit crimes and apparently feel no guilt or repentance are in fact mentally sick people who should be treated and cured of this queer perversion or anesthesia of conscience.

Well, insists the zealous religious opponent of psychoanalysis, all this may be true, but psychoanalysts are too loose in their moral views, and many of them are bad. The fact that there are bad and

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unconscionable lawyers and doctors and priests certainly does not make jurisprudence, medicine, and religion bad and inacceptable to a morally sensitive person.

3

In anti-analytical passion a great many silly things have been said by a great many intelligent people, and one of those things, often repeated from platform and from pulpit, is that psychoanalysis wants to do away with confession and make itself a substitute for the Sacrament of Penance. In my practice and professional contacts as a psychoanalyst, I have heard of only one occasion when a psychoanalyst believed (and I must submit quite erroneously) that confession would interfere with the prospective patient's psychoanalysis. The patient refused even to start with the prospective analyst, and he went to another with no harm to psychoanalysis or to his faith. Neither officially nor unofficially does psychoanalysis interfere with confession.

The fear existing in some religious circles that the very fact of being psychoanalyzed and therefore "telling all" prevents the faithful from going to confession is not founded on any reality. There can be no more authoritative pronouncement on the subject than that of Jacques Maritain, who is among the leaders in Catholic philosophy and who is an opponent of many a psychoanalytic principle. In his *Quatre Essais sur l'Esprit Humain dans Sa Condition Charnelle*, there is an essay on Freud and psychoanalysis. In this essay Maritain says: —

> One hears occasionally that psychoanalysis supplants or is an ersatz of confession. This seems quite incorrect. On the one hand it would be an illusion to believe that confession has the power of curing neuroses and psychoses. The object of confession and its ultimate goal are in no way psychotherapeutic. Furthermore, the memories presented at confession are conscious, or preconscious, and they are brought out by voluntary effort. If the penitent at confession tends to push his will further into the sphere of the unconscious, he runs the risk of suffering from pathological scruples. . . . When a neurotic or a more severely mentally sick person comes to confession, he does not uncover the roots of his neurosis or his delusions. Instead, he burdens his confessor with the (abnormal) constructions created by his neurosis or his delusions.
>
> On the other hand, confession is in itself an act of our rational life, an act of reason and will. . . . The penitent surrenders the secret of his heart to the confessor as to an agent of God, and the confessor withdraws his individual personality to stand before the penitent only as a minister-judge.

This statement of Jacques Maritain, in addition to being authoritative and exact, should put an end to irresponsible and unfounded confusion about the psychoanalyst's wishing to steal and steal into the Sacrament of Penance, in the manner of a conventional Satan in modern dress. One may also call attention to Victor White's "The Analyst and the Confessor," which the Catholic weekly, *The Commonweal*, published in its issue of July 22, 1948.

Modern Catholic thought has been showing of late both a great interest in and a great understanding of psychoanalysis and its positive relation to religion. This new trend has not yet become properly noticeable in America, but in Europe, particularly among the French-speaking people, it has become rather pronounced both in psychoanalytic and Catholic circles.

We find more and more attempts made to consider psychoanalysis as a source of information and better understanding of man's functioning in this our world. Thus Etienne de Greef, in Louvain, has little if any quarrel with Freud's views on human instincts. Also in *La Vie Spirituelle*, Vol. 75 (1946), there is a thoughtful appraisal of Freud's views by Dr. Nodet, in the article "Psychisme et Spiritualité." And in *Mélange Théologiques* (1946) Yves de Montcheuil writes on "Freudisme et Psychoanalyse devant la Morale Chrétienne," in which among other valuable things we find an excellent explanation of why confession and psychoanalysis are and remain different, and why they do not interfere with one another.

It is regrettable that the promising trend toward coöperation between Catholic theologians and psychiatrists has not yet established itself in this country, where mutual intolerance between psychoanalysis and the Catholic Church is pretty much the rule. When a few years ago a well-known psychoanalyst was asked to give a series of lectures on psychoanalysis in a Catholic university, a rabble-rousing publication accused the analyst of "turning over" psychoanalysis to the Catholic Church to be devoured. On the other hand, some free-lance and professional proselytes are sufficiently misguided to turn away from many real sources of evil in this world and denounce psychoanalysis as one of the major enemies of mankind.

As a healing art, psychoanalysis is by its very nature the opposite of the enemy of mankind. As a mass of factual data about human beings and their behavior, it can serve both God and man, for facts do no harm unless they are perverted by prejudice — and then they are no longer facts. As a philosophy, psychoanalysis does not exist. It is a systematized, scientific, working hypothesis about human behavior, and as such it has stood the test of half a century. It threatens religion no more than the heliocentric theory or Newtonian physics threatened religion. Man's faith and man's need for moral values are not overthrown by scientific discoveries, although they may be destroyed by wars and concentration camps.

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An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

In his senior year at Yale, JAMES YAFFE *wrote the short story which follows — a work of such undeniable promise that we are reprinting it with the kind permission of the* Yale Literary Magazine. *Mr. Yaffe, who sold six stories to* Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine *before he got to Yale, is now, at twenty-one, a veteran living and writing in Paris. It is our hope that we shall see more of his work in the* Atlantic.

MR. FELDMAN

by JAMES YAFFE

TOM came to work for the Feldmans the same day they got their new car. It was a Cadillac seating seven people, and it had a long, slick, shining black body. Tom was black, too; he was twenty-six years old and over six feet tall with broad shoulders like a football player, and the uniform almost didn't fit him.

He picked the car up at the garage and drove three blocks to Park Avenue where the Feldmans had a penthouse. It was a heavy car and hard to maneuver, but Tom was a good driver — he'd driven a jeep for three years in the Army — and he pulled it smoothly up to the curb in front of the long blue awning. The doorman, a little man with a yellow pinched face and epaulettes, came bustling over to the car, saw there was nobody in back, and looked through the front window at Tom.

"You can't park here," he said. "Get away now. There's people coming in here all the time."

"Don't want to park," said Tom. "Want you to call Mr. Feldman, his car's here."

"Okay, okay. Just move away from the front of the building."

He bustled back to the phone box near the revolving door. Tom pulled the car into a space at the corner. He leaned back in his seat, took off the black chauffeur's hat that Mrs. Feldman bought for him, and wiped his hand over his kinky hair. It was only the middle of April, but hot; a man could go from the time he got up in the morning to the time he went to sleep at night and just never stop sweating. Tom turned his head quickly. The doorman was looking at him through the window again, grinning.

"They'll be down in a few minutes." The grin spread. "How does this bus run?"

"Pretty good," Tom said, watching the doorman carefully. "Heavy pickup."

"It's a sweet-looking job, ain't it? These are rich people, these Feldman people. You're new, huh?"

Tom nodded.

"They been living in the building three years," said the doorman. "He's a smart guy, Feldman. He's got a big business downtown, and he's worth a lot. But he didn't make it without worrying. Get that white hair of his. Personally I don't think it's worth it. Mind you, I ain't got anything against money. But you won't catch me worrying about it. Easygoing, that's me. Leave the worrying to these foreigners. Mind you, Feldman gives me a big tip on Christmas, so I got nothing against him."

Tom's neck was getting sore, holding it in the same position, but still he kept staring at the doorman.

"Let me tell you something," the doorman said. He poked his head through the window and grinned wide. "You ain't going to like this job. They had three chauffeurs in the last year, and they all quit. None of them liked the job."

"What's matter with it?"

"It's her. Let me tell you, you've never seen a nervous middle-aged woman till you've seen her. Always jumping down somebody's throat for something. And you should hear her with that son of hers. He's away at school somewhere, but he comes in once in a while for vacations, and then the two of them spend all the time fighting, just sitting in the back of the car and scrapping. It nearly drives

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Feldman crazy, he's such a quiet, dignified guy himself. It'll drive you crazy, too."

"Who told you this?"

"I talked with those other guys. They told me things." He winked at Tom. "You take my word." Then he stretched out his hand. "What's your name? George? Sam?"

"Tom."

"Tom. Pleased to meet you. Mine's Ed." His grip was wet and bony. "Well, take it easy, Tom. And remember what I tell you." He chuckled a little, then stuck his face closer. "Three months. That's the most I give you."

Another car came up in front of the house, and Ed moved away.

2

Pretty soon Tom saw Mrs. Feldman come out the revolving door, and he guessed the gentleman behind her, with the white hair, was Mr. Feldman. He pulled the car into place by the awning.

"Good morning, Tom," she said. "This is Mr. Feldman."

Mr. Feldman grunted, nodded at him without looking at him, and got into the car. Mrs. Feldman followed him, and Ed shut the door. Mrs. Feldman sat forward and said in a loud voice: "I'm going to the hairdresser's, Tom. Madison Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. Fifty-four. Then Mr. Feldman is going to his office. First my hairdresser, then Mr. Feldman's office."

"Yes, ma'am." Tom swung the car left at the corner, and started down Park Avenue.

"I'm sure I don't know why you're so upset," Mrs. Feldman said. "I understand the boy, Jules, and he tells me everything. He says not to worry about this. There's no need for you to write him about it. Let me take care of it, in my own way."

"Twenty-one years you've taken care of it in your own way." Mr. Feldman took a cigar from his pocket and lit it, puffing on it hard. "I don't like what I see. It's time maybe I took care of it in my own way."

"What are you going to write to him? Are you going to tell him you don't like how he's acting and he'd better act differently from now on? He'll just laugh at you. And rightly."

Mr. Feldman sat up in his seat, the cigar clamped between his teeth, and didn't say a word.

"The trouble is," Mrs. Feldman went on in a louder voice, "you've talked to him too much about the business. The business this, the business that. He's got other things on his mind. He thinks there are more important things in this world than money. You don't like the way he's turning out, but maybe he's turning out fine, and you just don't know it."

"You talk like an idiot," said Mr. Feldman, slowly puffing and blowing out smoke.

"Maybe I talk like an idiot. You're the idiot. I'm not the idiot. You don't understand your own son. You don't see how sensitive he is."

"Like an idiot," Mr. Feldman said. He turned to her and took the cigar out of his mouth. "Sensitive. Who cares about sensitive? He's a lazy boy, that's all I care. You see him when he comes home for vacation, sleeping till eleven, twelve o'clock in the morning. No boy his age should sleep that late in the morning. He should get a job somewhere, or work down at the office for vacation.

"He works hard all year at school."

Mr. Feldman grunted and clamped the cigar back in his mouth. "That's right. Works hard. That's why he gets rotten low marks in all his classes. That's why the college sends me a letter this morning, he's got to raise his marks in a month or they'll kick him out. Now that's an accomplishment, ain't it? It takes a lot of hard work to accomplish that."

"He told us to expect that, the last time he was in town. His teachers don't understand him. They're always making him do things he doesn't want to do, and they won't give him a chance to write. He won't admit it, because he's such a modest boy, but I believe his teachers are jealous of him. Because he's got talent."

"All right. That's enough," said Mr. Feldman, raising his voice for the first time. "I won't write to him. You take care of it. And if he gets kicked out of school, that you can take care of, too. Now forget about it."

"That's fine with me. I'm the one who wants to forget about it. Why don't you forget about it? I'm not saying another word." She sat back in her seat and folded her hands in her lap. Mr. Feldman shifted his cigar to the other side of his mouth. She unfolded her hands with a little gasp and turned to him. "Furthermore, you couldn't ever appreciate what Ralph is doing. You've never been interested in any of the cultural and artistic things. My father noticed it, even when I married you, but I told him it wasn't important. Now, when it's a question of our only son, I'm not so sure."

"Okay, okay. You married a dope."

"No, you're not a dope. You're a smart businessman. You came to this country with nothing, and you built up a successful business. That's good, but it's not everything. It just so happens that my family was in this country a generation or two before you, and I've been brought up in a fine, cultural background. Now you're annoyed, just because your son takes after my family."

"I never thought of it like that before," said Mr. Feldman. "Now that you show it to me, I see you're right."

"Are you paying attention to me?"

"Sure, darling." He smiled and took a big puff on his cigar.

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"Oh!" she cried, then shut her mouth tightly and began again in a calm voice. "I really can't argue with you. There's my hairdresser's, and I mustn't be upset or my wave won't take."

Tom brought the car to a stop in front of a shop at the corner of Madison and Fifty-fourth. Mrs. Feldman leaned over and kissed Mr. Feldman lightly on the cheek. "Any money for me, dear?"

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill.

"Oh, more than that," she said, taking it.

He shook his head and smiled around the cigar. "It's all I can afford," he said. "I'm broke. I never learned in college how to hold on to my money."

She made a face and stretched out her hand. But he smiled and didn't look at it. She turned away from him and got out of the car. "Tom, call for me here in an hour. One hour."

Tom started the car off again. He drove a block down Madison Avenue, expecting to get directions from Mr. Feldman, but there was no sound from the back seat. Tom turned and looked over his shoulder. Mr. Feldman was sitting forward and looking down at his shoes; the fingers of his right hand were tapping against his knee.

"Mr. Feldman, sir, where you going now?"

He looked up. The cigar was still fastened in his mouth, but it had stopped burning. "To my office," he said.

"Yes, sir. But I don't know where that is."

"Thirty-fourth Street, Seventh Avenue. It's a big building across the street from Macy's."

At Fifty-first Street, Tom turned the car off to Fifth Avenue, where the traffic was lighter. He was riding fast for a dozen blocks, when he got stuck behind a line of double-deck buses, and for fifteen minutes he hardly moved at all. It was getting hot, and his collar was tight. Through the mirror he saw Mr. Feldman, with the unlighted cigar still in his mouth, take off his coat and loosen his shirt cuffs.

"What's your name?" Mr. Feldman said.

"Tom, sir."

"So. Did Mrs. Feldman tell you yet what I want?"

"Yes, sir. I'm at the house at ten every morning. Then she tells me what to do the rest of the day."

"That's what Mrs. Feldman wants," he said. "This is what I want. I bought a car because I like to go where I like to go on my own time. I pay money to a chauffeur because it's too much trouble to do my own driving. So that's the job. As long as you save me trouble, and act polite to Mrs. Feldman — but first you save me trouble — then I pay you. If you don't, then I get another chauffeur. All right?"

"Yes, sir. That's all right with me."

It wasn't long before he knew the Feldmans' routine. Ten o'clock in the morning: take Mr. Feldman to the office. Back to the house. Pick up Mrs. Feldman and take her where she wants to go, to the dentist or Schrafft's restaurant or shopping. Six o'clock: go back to the office and pick up Mr. Feldman. Then he was off for the evening, unless they went to a party or a show after dinner. On Saturday and Sunday, he didn't have to be at the house until noon, when Mr. Feldman went to his pinochle club and Mrs. Feldman went uptown to visit her mother, who lived in a hotel for old ladies.

That was the routine. Then, after a few weeks, there was something new. He was driving Mr. Feldman down to the office one morning, and Mr. Feldman said, "Forget the office, Tom. Take me to West End Avenue and Seventy-second Street."

Tom drove through the park at the Seventy-ninth Street cutoff, and across to West End Avenue. "The first building on the left," said Mr. Feldman. "The little entrance where it says Dr. Glazer."

Tom stopped the car at the curb and got out to open the door. Mr. Feldman stooped over to get through and nearly missed his step on the sidewalk. He steadied himself on Tom's shoulder.

"Now listen careful," Mr. Feldman said, keeping his hand on Tom's shoulder. "Can you keep your mouth quiet, if I ask you?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"Then you don't tell Mrs. Feldman, when you get back to the house, that I didn't go to the office this morning. If you tell, I'll know about it, because she'll tell me. So don't tell her."

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "I won't say nothing."

Mr. Feldman smiled at him and let go of his shoulder. Then he walked up to the door with "Dr. Glazer" written on it and pushed the button.

"You want me to call for you, Mr. Feldman?"

"I don't think so. I'll take a cab."

The door started to click open. Mr. Feldman hastily tossed away his cigar and went inside. Tom got in the car and drove back to the house. When Mrs. Feldman came down, she asked him as she always asked him, "Did you drive Mr. Feldman to the office, Tom?" and he said, "Yes, ma'am, just drove him there."

3

So he worked for the Feldmans through the end of April and the middle of May, and the weather got hotter. Soon the Feldmans began going out to their beach club on Long Island for Sundays. Usually they took somebody with them. Maybe they took one of Mrs. Feldman's friends or relatives, and sometimes one of Mr. Feldman's friends went along.

It got to be the end of May, and for a week there was a lot of rain, and Mr. Feldman started going to Dr. Glazer twice a week.

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One morning, Mr. Feldman came down at ten o'clock to go to the office, and Mrs. Feldman came after him. Ed held the door of the car open, but Mr. and Mrs. Feldman stood on the sidewalk.

"You're crazy," Mr. Feldman said. "What do you think you're doing, following me down here like a crazy woman? Go upstairs quick."

"I want you to promise," she said. "Promise me. I won't go upstairs till you promise."

"I'm late for the office. I can't talk to you." Mr. Feldman got into the car.

Mrs. Feldman lifted her chin and pointed her finger at him. "Jules, I'm not going to discuss this with you. You'll come home tonight, and you'll speak to the boy like a gentleman, and you won't yell."

Mr. Feldman reached out and took hold of the door handle. "From you," he said, "I don't take orders." He shut the door hard. Mrs. Feldman jumped back and opened her mouth, and Mr. Feldman told Tom to get going.

For a while Mr. Feldman didn't say anything. He grunted, and took his cigar out of his mouth, and spit into the ash tray. Finally he said in a loud voice, "You never met my son, did you, Tom?"

"No, sir."

"He's coming home from college this afternoon. I think maybe I'll take him out tonight, to see a show. Or maybe the movie at Radio City. Is that a good movie, at Radio City?"

"Don't know, Mr. Feldman. I never saw it yet."

"I think I'll take him there. You be at the house eight o'clock."

Mr. Feldman was quiet, and Tom started west. Then Mr. Feldman said, "Stop at the corner, okay, Tom, and get me from the drugstore a box of aspirin."

Tom stopped the car and went into the drugstore. He got the aspirin and came out again. Mr. Feldman was leaning back in the seat with his eyes shut and his mouth open. His face was red and his hair was mussed. When Tom opened the door, he nodded his head, still keeping his eyes shut, and reached out his hand for the box. Tom went around to the driver's seat and started the car again. He could see Mr. Feldman take a pill in his mouth and swallow it down, and for a while he could hear Mr. Feldman sort of gulping, like he'd been running very hard and was all out of breath.

Then Mr. Feldman said, "Tom, maybe you better turn around and take me to Dr. Glazer's office."

Tom turned the car at the next corner. "Anything I can do, sir?"

"No, thanks, Tom. I got nothing the matter."

Tom drove fast, and even jumped a few lights. When they reached Dr. Glazer's office, Mr. Feldmas was still leaning back in his seat. He wasn't gulping any more, but his face was just as red.

"Maybe you better help me a little, Tom," he said. Tom reached in and got Mr. Feldman by the elbow and held him that way while they got out of the car and walked slowly to Dr. Glazer's door.

Mr. Feldman pushed the button. "Okay, Tom. I don't need you no more. Come to the office a little early tonight. That's all."

That night Tom got to Mr. Feldman's office at five-thirty, and fifteen minutes later Mr. Feldman came out. He was walking fast, and his hair was combed neatly back on his head, the way he always combed it, without a part.

"I forgot to tell you this morning, Tom," he said, as they rode back. "I wouldn't have liked that Mrs. Feldman found out what happened this morning. But I guess it's too late now. I guess you already told her."

"I didn't tell her nothing, Mr. Feldman."

Mr. Feldman was quiet a minute, and then he smiled and said, "So thank you, Tom. You saved me a lot of trouble."

4

Tom came with the car at eight o'clock that night. Mr. and Mrs. Feldman came down, and their son, Mr. Ralph, was with them. He was almost twice as tall as Mrs. Feldman, and he bent over when he helped her into the car. Then he squeezed in himself, between Mr. and Mrs. Feldman.

"You were perfectly right," she said. "The man was unfair. They shouldn't allow people like that to teach in a school. Something ought to be done about it." She reached over Mr. Ralph's lap and pushed Mr. Feldman's arm. "Jules, I think you ought to write a letter to the president of the university."

"Oh, for Christ sake, Mother," Mr. Ralph said. "Leave it alone. It was my fault, too."

"You're too modest. You're always blaming things on yourself, and refusing to take credit where credit is due. That's why people always take advantage of you."

Mr. Ralph laughed. "I'm not modest, Mother. You don't know me at all, do you?"

"I don't know you!" She pointed at herself. "I'm your own mother! I know you better than you know yourself. I'm your own mother. You're too kindhearted and generous; you've got too many high ideals. That's your trouble: you take after me. Believe me, darling, I've found through bitter experience that if you give people a chance, they'll ride all over you and take everything they can from you and do their best to cheat you and rob you. And believe me, you've got to look out for your own in this world. Ideals are fine; I'm glad you're an idealist; I wouldn't want you to be different. But you've got to be a little practical, too."

"I'm no idealist, Mother. I'm more practical than you think."

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"All right, darling. Now, Mother knows best. But anyway, I love you for what you are. Kiss me." He kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"You're a nice boy," she said. "Jules, he's a nice boy. We've got a nice son. And some day he'll be a great writer."

"Mother, cut it out now."

"If only he didn't, just occasionally, just once in a while, raise his voice to his mother. Just once in a while. But he's a nice boy all the same. And who cares about college? What do they know? There are plenty of colleges."

"Mother, will you please shut up?"

"What's the matter? I wasn't saying anything. Don't tell me to shut up. — Jules, did you hear him? He told me to shut up. — And on your first day home, too."

"I'm sorry. But I wish you wouldn't talk about it any more."

"I'll talk all I please, young man. And after I've been so nice to you, and took your part even though you got kicked out of college. And now, what thanks do I get? I get none. I don't get any at all. I get abuse, that's all I get."

"Mother, nobody's abusing you."

"You are. You're abusing me. Don't talk to me."

"I'm not abusing anybody. I'm trying my damnedest to keep my temper."

"Don't shout at me. Don't talk to me. — Jules!"

"I'll talk to you, and you'll listen!"

Mr. Feldman pulled his cigar out of his mouth and crushed it into the ash tray. "Stop it already!" he cried in a loud deep voice. They were quiet. Mr. Feldman went on in a lower voice, "We're going to Radio City, see. It's Cary Grant. I like Cary Grant. I'm going to enjoy Cary Grant. So that's the end of it. No more of it. Two-forty a ticket I paid, and I'm going to have a good time!"

There was another silence. Then Mrs. Feldman folded her hands in her lap, and sniffed a little, and said, "I didn't like him much in his last picture."

5

Next morning, when Mr. Feldman went to the office, Mr. Ralph got in the car with him. "All right, son," Mr. Feldman said. "Your mother talks a lot about this and that. With you I hope I can talk more sensible."

"I hope you can, Dad."

"Are you going somewhere now?"

"I'm supposed to meet someone. But I've got time."

Mr. Feldman leaned forward. "Don't go to the office yet, Tom. Drive around a little. Drive around in the park." He leaned back again. "This time of year it's nice in the park. It's a long time since I been there."

Tom headed for the park.

"Now listen to me, son," Mr. Feldman said. "This college business is over. Whatever it is, I don't want to hear about it. From now on, I'm only thinking about one thing: What happens next? Think a little, and don't answer too quick. What are you going to do?"

Mr. Ralph clenched his fists and unclenched them. "What is there to do?"

Mr. Feldman shrugged. "It's your problem. I can think of two things right off. You can go back to college if you want. I know some people up there; I'll talk to them maybe, and then maybe you can go back. Or else, if you want, you can go with me in the business. Always I got a place for you. Maybe you'd even like it. But this is up to you. If there's something else, tell me what it is, and we'll talk about it."

Mr. Ralph smoothed his hair down with his hand. He cleared his throat. "You know what I want, Dad. I've talked about it enough."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know. What Mother said last night. You know."

"This writing business?"

Mr. Ralph nodded and rubbed his tongue along his lower lip.

Mr. Feldman put his hand to his chin and looked at Mr. Ralph a minute. "Now, son, we got to be honest with each other. I'm honest with you. Do you believe that?"

"Sure you are, Dad. And I'm being honest, too."

"So let's talk about this writing honestly. Okay? You want to be a writer. Fine. I don't know any writers, myself, but I got friends who tell me some of them are fine men. It's good to write a book, and maybe there's even some money in it. But the most important thing is, you should be good at it and you should work hard at it. So tell me, son. What kind of writing do you write?"

"I don't get you, Dad."

"Tell me something you've written. Have you written a poem maybe? I remember, when your mother and me had our twentieth wedding anniversary, your mother's sister wrote a poem. It wasn't so long, but it was pretty. Have you written a poem?"

Mr. Ralph smiled a little. "I don't write poetry, Dad."

"You don't write poetry. Then you write stories, maybe? Like in the magazines. So, what kind of stories? Love stories? Women go crazy for love stories, especially with sad endings. Or maybe you write detective stories? Plenty action and people getting killed. You got to have a clever mind to think up those things. Is this the kind of mind you got, son? Just tell me: what kind of stories do you write?"

"I'd like to write short stories some day. It's

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an interesting form. But I really think I can do something bigger. I think I can write novels."

"Novels!" Mr. Feldman beamed on him. "That's fine. Novels. That's wonderful. It's a lot of work, writing novels. How many novels have you written?"

"You must be kidding, Dad." Mr. Ralph tugged at his collar. "A man can't just write a novel, just like that. Of course I haven't written any yet."

Mr. Feldman stuck his chin forward and put his hand on Mr. Ralph's knee. "But still you haven't told me what I want. I ask you, can you name one thing, just one thing, that you've written? And you don't answer me anything. Are we being honest, son? The fact is, ain't it, you haven't ever written anything?"

"Well —" Ralph began quickly, paused with his mouth open, then shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, that's just about it. You see, Dad, I don't want to hurry my talent. That's dangerous; I might ruin myself for life. First I want to go out and get some experience."

For a long time Mr. Feldman looked at him and nodded his head, and finally he said, "Okay. I'm glad to hear it. You've come to your decision. Now here's a proposition I'm going to make to you. Experience is easy to get. There's lots of it around, waiting for you to get it. You might as well get it one place as another. So here's what I'll do. Why don't you come into the business with me? You can get a lot of experience in the business. Maybe, after a while, you'll like this experience so much you'll want to keep on getting it. Now, that's my proposition. How about it?"

Mr. Ralph lowered his eyes and cleared his throat. "You understand, Dad, it depends on the kind of experience, too."

"My kind of experience isn't good enough for you?"

"Well, that's not it. But you know, Dad. It depends."

"No, I don't know," said Mr. Feldman. He took the cigar from his mouth and waved it in front of him as he talked. "My God, how particular can a boy get at twenty-one? If nothing is good enough, then nothing you'll get. I can't talk with you no more. If you say 'No!' then you say 'No!' and that's all I got to do with it, and you can worry about it yourself." He jammed the cigar back in his mouth and took a big puff.

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Ralph, after a pause, "it might be amusing. All right, Dad. I'll try it."

Mr. Feldman turned to him and smiled. "Okay. So now you're a working man. For the rest of the week, take a vacation, and you can start Monday. You'll go down to the office in the car with me."

"That's out, Dad. I'm a working man, so I'll start at nine o'clock like everyone else. And I'll go down in the bus." They shook hands. Then Mr. Ralph said his friend must be waiting, and Mr. Feldman told Tom to drive to the entrance of the park, and Mr. Ralph got off.

"You can never tell," said Mr. Feldman, as the car swung on to Central Park West. "Sometimes things turn out all right."

"That's right, sir," said Tom.

Mr. Feldman raised his head quickly. "What's right? Did I say something?"

6

JUNE went on, and it got hotter. Most of the time, Tom was sweating in his uniform. Mr. Feldman always took off his coat in the back of the car, but he was sweating most of the time, too. The heat made him fidget and grunt and spit, and Tom started driving him to Dr. Glazer three times a week. Once Mrs. Feldman found one of Dr. Glazer's cards wedged in behind the seat in back, and Tom had to think fast, and he told her it must have been dropped there by one of Mr. Feldman's friends, driving back with him from the club.

Around the middle of June, Mr. and Mrs. Feldman started going to the beach on both Saturday and Sunday. Otherwise Tom's routine stayed the same, only at night, when he picked up Mr. Feldman at the office, he picked up Mr. Ralph, too.

"That woman Bergman, from Macy's, is a pain in the neck," Mr. Feldman said. "She talks and talks, and she never makes up her mind. But you can't let her know how disgusted you are. That's the big thing: don't let them know it. Like today, son. You weren't so polite to her. She noticed it. She said to me, 'Is your boy sick or something? He didn't look so wide-awake this morning.'"

"I can't help it, Dad. She'd put anyone to sleep."

"Sure she would. But she's a human being, like everyone else. Don't yawn at her; study her. Maybe you can write her up some day."

"Christ, Dad, what kind of a novel could I write about Miss Bergman? Would you read it?"

Mr. Feldman shrugged. "I wouldn't read it anyway. I only got time for the newspapers."

Another time, Mr. Feldman said, "Where did you go for lunch today, son? To the Waldorf, maybe? Two hours you were out."

"Just to an Automat, Dad."

"An Automat where? Out in Chicago, Illinois? I don't mind if you're feeling tired or sick, you should take the afternoon off. But tell me what you're going to do. I'm running a business yet."

"I'm sorry, Dad. I just walked around for a while."

"You just walked around." Mr. Feldman lifted his hand in the air, then dropped it to his lap. "Okay. You just walked around. That's your right. That's what I want to know."

They rode along in silence, and Mr. Ralph tugged

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at his collar. "Look, Dad," he said, "if you don't like how I'm getting along —"

"I like fine how you're getting along," said Mr. Feldman quietly. He puffed his cigar. "You wouldn't work for me, if I didn't like." He puffed some more.

7

One Sunday morning, at the end of June, Tom brought the car over to the house. The Feldmans were going out to the beach that morning. "They won't be down for half an hour," said Ed, the doorman, coming back from the phone box. "She says you should wait." He rested his chin on the edge of the window and smiled, and Tom could see the place where his tooth was missing. "How's it coming, Tom?"

Tom blinked at him. "Coming all right."

"You like your job pretty well?"

"Like it fine."

"I'm glad," said Ed, puckering up his lips and bobbing his head up and down. "I like to see a boy working hard and enjoying himself. How do you like Mrs. F.?"

"She's all right."

"Nice, sweet, quiet lady, ain't she?" He jabbed his head suddenly through the window. "Want to hear a story?"

Tom stared at him.

"Sure you do." Ed chuckled. "It's a good story." He chuckled some more. "I can't help laughing, just thinking about it." He stopped chuckling. "They're saying around the house, the elevator boys, and the girl who does the cooking up at Feldman's, that pretty soon there's going to be a big fight. Know anything about it?"

"Don't know nothing."

"The girl heard Mrs. F. talking to her son, and he said, 'I don't want a fight,' and she said, 'But if you can't stand it there, darling. I hate to see you like this, wasting your talent,' and he said, 'Maybe I'd better leave without telling him,' and she said, 'Don't be silly. What would you use for money? You've got to tell him,' and he said, 'But I don't want a fight.'" Ed squinted at Tom. "Now, have you got any idea what that means?"

"Don't believe it," said Tom. His eyes widened. He thought of Mr. Feldman, leaning back in the seat, with his face red, just gulping for air. "Mr. Feldman says Mr. Ralph is doing fine."

"Well, that's nice." Ed took his head out of the window. "You remember what I told you once? Three months, I told you. Only a little over two weeks left, isn't there? Looks like I was wrong, don't it?" He smiled and started to walk away, but after a few steps, he turned and wagged his finger. "But what I said still goes."

Tom waited ten more minutes, then he saw Mrs. Feldman and Mr. Ralph come out the door. Mr. Feldman didn't come out behind them. They got into the car, and Mrs. Feldman said, "Take us to the beach, Tom. Mr. Feldman won't be with us today. He's got a headache."

Tom started the car. He drove down Park Avenue to Fifty-seventh Street. He turned east and drove to the bridge. The traffic going over the bridge was thick, and the car moved slowly. All the time, Mrs. Feldman and Mr. Ralph didn't say a thing. At the end of the bridge, the car turned out of the traffic and onto the highway. Tom took it on the inside lane and traveled along over sixty as far as the toll bridge. He gave the man a dime and stepped up the speed again after the toll bridge.

"All right," Mrs. Feldman said very loudly. "If you won't tell him, I will."

Mr. Ralph turned and looked at her. "I'm worried about it."

"Don't worry. Leave the house tomorrow morning the same time, and I'll tell him before he goes to the office. He won't make a fuss."

Tom brought the car around to the house early the next morning. It seemed like the hottest day there'd been yet. That sun was beating down hotter every minute. Mr. Feldman was a good half hour late. He stepped out the door at last. When the sun hit him, he put his hand up quickly to the side of his face. He walked to the car, not walking fast, not walking slow. He got inside and sat down carefully. "Good morning, Tom," he said. "It's a hot day."

"Yes, sir. It sure is."

Tom pulled the car away from the curb and started down Park Avenue. "I got fine news," Mr. Feldman said. "My boy is going traveling. He's going away to Paris, France, and live there, and be a writer. My friend, Katz, from the airlines, is getting him a ticket, and he's leaving in a week."

"That's a long trip, Mr. Feldman."

"Mrs. Feldman and me are excited over it." He took a cigar from his breast pocket and put it in his mouth. He lit a match and held it up to the cigar. The match went out. He lit another match and held it up.

"Let me stop the car, Mr. Feldman," Tom said. "There's a breeze coming in, blowing out your match."

"Okay, Tom. I got it now." He dropped the match and held the cigar in his mouth, but Tom could see it wasn't burning. "The important thing is," said Mr. Feldman, "he should work. In the United States of America he can't work. There are too many distracting influences. Too many people who don't know nothing about writers and how you should act with artistic talent."

He sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "The important thing is, he should work. There's nothing else in the world, only work. If he's got to

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go to Paris, France, and speak French, before he can work, that's okay. But he shouldn't be lazy. He shouldn't be a good-for-nothing. I don't want a good-for-nothing for a son. If he's a good-for-nothing, I don't want him living with me in the same house. Good-for-nothings can get out of my house!" He broke off with a laugh and sat back in his seat. "Tom, forget the office. Take me out to the beach club."

"The beach club, sir?"

Mr. Feldman didn't answer. His chin was resting in the palm of one hand. The other hand was tapping against his knee. Tom turned the car back to Fifty-seventh Street and east to the bridge, crossed the bridge, went along the highway, almost reached the toll gate, when Mr. Feldman raised his hand. "What's that road up there?"

A hundred feet ahead was a narrow, tarred road that turned off sharply just before the toll gate. "Never been on it, Mr. Feldman."

"Where's it go?"

"Don't know, Mr. Feldman."

"Turn off at that road."

Tom turned off. They drove up the road for fifteen minutes. There were fewer houses all the way; there were no roads crossing or turning off; all around was flat country, fields of grass and weeds and some bushes, and as far ahead as you could see, telephone poles. "I wonder where we are, Tom," Mr. Feldman said.

"Don't know, sir."

"Stop the car."

Tom pulled the car up at a small bank of earth by a long field of yellow grass. "Let's get out," said Mr. Feldman. Tom got out and moved around to open the door for Mr. Feldman. "Thank you," he said, stepping onto the ground. "It's hot." He sat down on the bank of earth by the car. "I need fresh air. Tom, sit down and rest."

"I can stand all right, Mr. Feldman."

"Sit down by me."

Tom sat down by Mr. Feldman.

"Do you smoke cigars?" Mr. Feldman took two of them from his pocket. Tom shook his head, but Mr. Feldman pressed one into his hand. "Give it to someone you know who smokes it." Mr. Feldman lit his own cigar; his hand held the match steadily. "Do you have a wife, Tom?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you have a son?"

"Baby coming now, sir. We only been married a year."

"Pray for a son. A son is a joy and comfort to you when you get to be an old man. Did you fight in the war, Tom?"

"I was in the Army three years, Mr. Feldman."

"My son was in the Army three months. They let him out because he had a murmur in his heart. My father had a weak heart, too; he was seventy years old when I brought him over to this country, and he lived through the trip, and ten years after. In your family, Tom, do they live to be old?"

"Don't know, sir. My father's dead a long time."

"When did he die?"

"When I was ten, Mr. Feldman. Fell in front of a trolley."

"Did you cry a lot?"

"I guess so, Mr. Feldman."

Mr. Feldman nodded his head. "A son should cry for his father."

They sat on the bank a little while longer. Tom was stiff in his back from trying to keep from moving around. The ground under him was hard; the wet from the grass got through his clothes. Finally, Mr. Feldman stood up and threw away his cigar. "Let's go back, Tom."

They got in the car, and Tom turned around and started back. At the turn to the highway, Tom said, "Going to the beach club, Mr. Feldman?" and Mr. Feldman said, "Go back to the city." They went back along the highway, through the traffic at the bridge, and over to Park Avenue. "Tom," said Mr. Feldman, "drive to the house."

Tom looked over his shoulder quickly. Mr. Feldman was leaning back and putting a pill in his mouth. His face was red, and he was gulping. Tom put on speed.

"Now listen careful," Mr. Feldman said. "When you get back to the house, don't bother to help me upstairs. Go right to the phone booth and call Dr. Glazer. Then wait for Mrs. Feldman, and when she comes back, tell her Dr. Glazer is coming. Do you understand this, Tom? It's okay now to tell her about Dr. Glazer."

Tom nodded and put on more speed. In a few minutes, he pulled up to the house, and Ed helped him walk Mr. Feldman under the awning.

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Feldman," Tom said.

Mr. Feldman squeezed his arm. "Okay, Tom. Don't worry over me."

"I mean, about Mr. Ralph, sir."

Mr. Feldman stopped walking and let go his arm, and for a minute he stood up straight. "What do you know about my boy? Who do you think you are? I pay you to drive my car! So from now on, stop talking about my boy!" He leaned on his arm again, and they walked slowly to the revolving door.

8

A WEEK later, Mr. Feldman died, and two days after that Tom came to the house at ten o'clock, the usual time, to take Mrs. Feldman and Mr. Ralph to the funeral.

Ed came up to the car and stuck his head in the window. "Glad to see you," he said. "Are you in mourning?"

"Call up Mrs. Feldman, her car's here."

"Well, I'll bet you're sorry to see him buried, ain't you?"

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"What you mean?"

"I mean, I'll bet you're crying your eyes out." Ed chuckled. "After the way he talked to you that day, telling you you're not good enough to talk about his son. Oh, I'll bet you're broken-hearted."

Tom reached out, and his big hand closed around Ed's neck, and he squeezed a little. "You just shut up your mouth!" he said. "And call Mrs. Feldman, her car's here!" He gave a hard push, and Ed went staggering back to the side of the building. He steadied himself, brushed off his epaulettes, and hurried off to the phone box, looking over his shoulder at Tom from time to time.

"And today is three months," Tom called after him. "Three months exactly!"

When Mrs. Feldman and Mr. Ralph came down, Tom was sitting up stiffly and looking straight ahead.

"Look out, dear," said Mrs. Feldman, as Mr. Ralph helped her into the car. "My veil's going to catch on the door. That's the way. — Tom, do you know where the temple is? Sixty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue. Sixty-five."

She settled back, smoothing her black skirt around her knees. "It's only sensible," she said. "The past is the past. Now we have to think about the future. You'll stay with me. You won't go to Paris."

"I still want to write, Mother. That's not changed."

"Of course you do. You can write at home now."

There was a short silence. Mr. Ralph was tapping his fingers against his knee, like Mr. Feldman used to do. Mrs. Feldman gave a sob. "He never told me there was anything wrong," she said. "Oh, poor Jules!" She took Mr. Ralph's hand and squeezed it. "I'm getting old, darling. I need you so much."

She let go of his hand, and leaned forward. "Tom, you might as well find out now. We're going away for a while, and when we get back, we're buying a smaller car, and Mr. Ralph will do the driving. After today, Tom, we won't need you any more."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I do hope you understand, Tom."

"Yes, ma'am. Everything that's happened and all, this'll save you a lot of trouble."

She smiled brightly. "Oh, Tom, that's very nice of you, and I appreciate it. We'll see about your salary this evening."

They reached Sixty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, and Tom pulled the car up in front of a tall white building. There was a long awning out front and a crowd standing around the sidewalk. Tom opened the door of the car, and Mr. Ralph got out, and then he helped Mrs. Feldman out, and she began to walk under the awning, holding on to Mr. Ralph's arm. There was a noise in the crowd, and they nodded their heads and pointed. And while the crowd looked at Mrs. Feldman, Tom looked at the crowd, and he saw many familiar faces: Mrs. Kramer, Mrs. Mendelssohn, Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Rosenwasser, Mr. Alfred Bromberg, and Mr. Feldman's old friend, Judge Pearlman.

THE GRAVE AT HYDE PARK

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

So THIS was what we had to learn —
That jackal with his treacherous claws
Will dig the lion up to earn
The dog's forgiveness and the crow's applause.

And this was what we had to see —
That dog in earth and crow in air,
Hating the jackal secretly,
Will eat the bones his bloody nails lay bare.

And this was what we had to know —
That where, upon the new laid stone,
The dog, the jackal, and the crow
Rejoice, there buried greatness lies alone.

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Professor of English at Oxford University, LORD DAVID CECIL *is a scholar, critic, and biographer of exceptional quality. His study of Cowper,* The Stricken Deer *(1929), his volume on Dorothy Osborne and Thomas Gray,* Two Quiet Lives *(1948), and his charming and penetrating biography of the young Melbourne (1939) have won him many readers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is pleasant to know that he has resumed his study of Lord Melbourne's career. The paper which follows is drawn from his new collection of essays,* Poets and Story-Tellers.

E. M. FORSTER

by LORD DAVID CECIL

1

MR. E. M. FORSTER is not a revolutionary author in the sense that Virginia Woolf was. Indeed to turn from one of her books to his is to feel oneself transported back almost into the age of Meredith and Henry James. For here once more is a regular plot, here are characters, conversations, comic relief; here also are moral judgments. These above all. Mr. Forster is as much a didactic writer as George Eliot herself. Though pulsing with intelligence and sensibility, he does not make these his ultimate standard of value, or look on them as the most important things in life. When he sets out to draw the world, it is its moral aspects that strike him most forcibly. The categories in which he ranges people are primarily moral, the pattern he imposes on experience is the pattern of his moral vision.

Here it is, though, that his originality shows itself. Mr. Forster's moral vision is a fresh, private, independent affair, owing something no doubt to previous moral systems, but not the same as any of them. To see human nature from his point of view is to see it in a new moral perspective. This point of view owes its individuality to the fact that Mr. Forster unites in himself two qualities seldom found together. He is at once tenderhearted and unattached. Unattached congenitally; he feels himself part of no corporate unit, seems temperamentally unresponsive to those instinctive, irrational, magnetic forces that draw the individual into a group: national feeling, class feeling, family feeling, comradely feeling. Even the more primitive animal emotions, which link people otherwise diverse, do not mean much to him, if we are to judge by his account of them. Sex in his stories is a curiously bloodless and uncompelling affair.

The only emotional relation between human beings into which he enters fully is friendship, that exquisite sense of a mutual sympathy of heart and mind which occasionally arises between independent individuals. The very sensitiveness which makes such friendship delightful also makes it precarious. Any jarring note — an error of taste, a failure of sympathy — can destroy it completely. Mr. Forster notices this and draws his conclusions. The differences between human beings strike him far more forcibly than the characteristics that they have in common.

They strike him unpleasantly, however. Here is where his tenderheartedness comes in. Affectionate, dependent, yearning to love and to be loved, the personality that declares itself through his books holds that only in close relation to another person can the finest part of a man's nature find fulfillment. Mr. Forster is the opposite of the Miller of Dee in the old song, who sang so jollily because he cared for no one and nobody cared for him. Not for Mr. Forster the satisfactions of Virginia Woolf's aesthetic solitude; self-sufficient intellectual persons like Tibby in *Howard's End* strike him as repulsively hard and cold. He is always girding against exclusiveness; he even criticizes South Hertfordshire, because it contains so many fenced-in gentlemen's parks. That human beings should be united with each other in love is to him the first need in life. The first fact about it, on the other hand, is that they are not so united. This contrast between what man wants, in relation to his fellows, and what he gets is the outstanding feature of Mr. Forster's vision of the world.

He is not content, however, merely to record it. This is where his moralism shows itself. It is wrong as well as sad that people should be divided from each other. The wrong should be righted. Mr. Forster is deeply concerned to discover how this can be done. In his earlier books he seeks a remedy in a sort of Whitmanesque faith in Nature. The primitive, spontaneous, natural man

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does not feel cut off from his kind. But artificial divisions have made him so: divisions of class, convention, of nation. If man would put aside these false idols, erected by tradition and selfish worldliness, and yield himself uninhibitedly to the worship of the great God Pan, the great God Pan would save him.

The people in these early books group themselves according to how they react to this choice. On the one hand are the "natural" characters, Gino, Stephen Wonham, the Emersons; against them are ranged Mrs. Herriton and her daughter, the Pembroke family, Cecil Vyse, most of the visitors to the Pension Bertolini. Between them waver Philip Herriton, Ricky and Lucy Honeychurch. They waver partly from timidity, for to follow Pan needs courage. Pan and his followers can be rough and ruthless. But even their brutality, because it is uninhibited, clears the air and breaks down barriers: it is the sign of a genuine relationship. The barriers however must be broken down by feeling, not intellect. Philip in *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and Ansell in *The Longest Journey* fail at first to overcome their inhibitions because they strive to remove them by a deliberate intellectual process and not by yielding simply to the pressure of the instinctive movement of their hearts.

In his next book, *Howard's End,* Mr. Forster's interpretation of man's predicament is a little different. Once more we are presented with a division: the division between the humane, civilized, individualistic Schlegels on the one hand and the efficient, Philistine, anti-individualistic Wilcoxes on the other. Mutually attracted and repelled, they come into a conflict which results in disaster and impasse. Though the Wilcoxes are vanquished, the rift between them and the Schlegels remains. Once more, however, Nature steps in as savior. Only this time it is Nature symbolized less by Pan than by Ceres, the serene, unchanging mother of the earth and its children, whose spirit has been expressed earlier in the book by the august inarticulate figure of the first Mrs. Wilcox and which continues to pervade the atmosphere of her house, Howard's End. To Howard's End, Mr. Wilcox and Margaret Schlegel retire at the conclusion of the story, where, yielding themselves resignedly to the cycle of night and day, spring and autumn, death and birth, they find their differences slowly dissolved, their souls mysteriously healed and revived.

A Passage to India represents another modification of Mr. Forster's original attitude. Here the division is between Indians and the English in India; midway between these opposing parties stand a tolerant, peace-loving group, Fielding, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Quested. The crisis of the book comes when the last trio go on a picnic to the Marabar caves with the Hindu Aziz. Suddenly their effort at friendship with him is frustrated; not by human agency this time, but by Nature, Nature appearing for the first time in Mr. Forster's works as a potentially malignant force. Some dangerous, hostile strain in the elemental constitution of things manifests itself in the caves, supernaturally, it would seem, affecting the characters. Mysteriously it exhales an atmosphere baleful and irresistible which, as she breathes it, turns Miss Quested into Aziz's enemy.

The conclusion of the book, however, is not wholly pessimistic. In the strange last section set significantly in a native state where Indian and English are not pitted one against the other, the surviving characters attend a religious festival, where the spirit of Nature shows itself once more benignant. During the feast each one feels himself involuntarily lifted to a region of mystical bliss where human differences are resolved in a sense of the union of all creation. Only as long as it lasts though: in the final paragraphs of the book, once more back to common earth again, human divisions reveal themselves as unbridgeable as ever: —

> "Why can't we be friends now?" said the other, holding him affectionately. "It's what I want. It's what you want."
>
> But the horses didn't want it — they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House, that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, "No, not yet," and the sky said, "No, not there."

We are left in a state of doubt. There is a passage earlier in the book in which Mr. Forster describes Fielding and Miss Quested at the end of one of their incessant conversations on the Indian problem: —

> Perhaps life is a mystery, not a muddle. Perhaps the hundred Indias which fuss and squabble so tiresomely are one and the universe they mirror is one. They had not the apparatus of judging.

Their creator does not seem to have the apparatus either.

2

Such then is the vision of life presented in Mr. Forster's books. It is a complex one to incarnate in novel form, for it involves the fusion of such diverse elements. The drama is a realistic drama, a picture of the everyday human life as Mr. Forster sees it. As such it must give a convincing illusion of this everyday life. Yet since he is also out to express a moral and spiritual interpretation of experience, Mr. Forster has to make use of symbol and allegory. He has evolved a form specifically to solve this problem. His moral purpose is the

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basis of it. Not character or probability, but the thesis he wishes to expound, determines the main lines of his plot's structure. But this structure is concealed beneath a closely woven fabric of realistic detail, and the one is still further assimilated to the other by a continuously running flow of comment — moral, satirical, whimsical — addressed to the reader by the author. So that symbol and realistic description are alike conveyed to us in the same highly idiosyncratic tone of voice.

Certainly a very difficult kind of book to write successfully! Mr. Forster, however, brings an extraordinary accomplishment to his task. Mastery of form for one thing; not a detail in the scene or dialogue, however casual-seeming, but contributes to the general effect. And he tells a story as well as anyone who ever lived. Incident follows incident in a series of pictures, easy, vivid, economically drawn, and always either unexpected in themselves or presented from a slightly unexpected angle, so that the reader's curiosity is kept quiveringly and delightfully astir. Sometimes, it is true, this unexpectedness becomes too much of a trick. In *The Longest Journey*, for instance, too many people die suddenly; and Mr. Forster's way of announcing their deaths — every time with the same deliberate lack of emphasis or preparation — does seem an affectation. But how effective his unexpectedness can be, in its proper place. Look at the account of the street brawl in Florence in *A Room with a View:* —

> "Nothing ever happens to me," she reflected, as she entered the Piazza Signoria and looked nonchalantly at its marvels, now fairly familiar to her. . . . Then something did happen. Two Italians by the Loggia had been bickering about a debt. "Cinque lire," they had cried, "cinque lire!" They sparred at each other, and one of them was hit lightly upon the chest. He frowned; he bent towards Lucy with a look of interest, as if he had an important message for her. He opened his lips to deliver it, and a stream of red came out between them and trickled down his unshaven chin. That was all. A crowd rose out of the dusk. It hid this extraordinary man from her, and bore him away to the fountain.

Narrative power, however, is not enough to make a successful serious novelist. Novels are about people; they live through their characters. Mr. Forster has an acute insight into certain aspects of character. He is a subtle observer of the actual movement of the human mind: with microscopic exactness he traces and analyzes the blended course of thought and feeling and changing mood behind a fragment of dialogue. Listen to Ronny and Miss Quested when they have just broken off their engagement: —

> "We've been awfully British over it, but I suppose that's all right."
> "As we are British, I suppose it is."
> "Anyhow we've not quarrelled, Ronny."
> "Oh, that would have been too absurd. Why should we quarrel?"
> "I think we shall keep friends."
> "I know we shall."
> "Quite so."

3

Mr. Forster's picture of mankind is brought to life by a hundred little strokes of nature, of penetrating observation into the characteristic complex of sentiment, impulse, and motive implicit in apparently trivial acts and insignificant speeches; flickering qualms of conscience, unconscious self-deceptions, spontaneous betrayals of bias: —

> "Why not ask the Pleaders to the club?" Miss Quested persisted. "Not allowed." He was pleasant and patient, evidently understood why she did not understand. He implied that he had once been as she, though not for long.

Or to take another passage from *Howard's End:* —

> "Money pads the edges of things," said Miss Schlegel. "God help those who have none." "But this is something quite new!" said Mrs. Munt, who collected new ideas as a squirrel collects nuts, and was especially attracted by those that are portable.

These last two passages are humorous. Humor is the most sustained and unquestionable of all Mr. Forster's gifts; he brilliantly continues that delicate comedy tradition that descends through the English domestic novel from Jane Austen onwards, but adding to it a vagrant airy whimsicality all his own: —

> Gathering that the wedding dress was on view and that a visit would be seemly, she went to Evie's room. All was hilarity here. Evie in a petticoat was dancing with one of the Anglo-Indian ladies, while the other was adoring yards of white satin. They screamed, they laughed, they sang, and the dog barked. Margaret screamed a little too, but without conviction. She could not feel that a wedding was so funny. Perhaps something was missing in her equipment.

The demure smile implicit in these curt, charming sentences is never absent from Mr. Forster's lips for long. Indeed, for all that the purpose of his books is so serious and their conclusions often so painful, he is essentially a comedian. Though he can be touched by his characters' emotions, he never respects them as a tragedian does; nor does he identify himself with them. Always we are aware of the author standing a little outside his drama, judging, criticizing, observing, with an irony sometimes bitter, more often sympathetic, the hot, perplexed, undignified little bundles of hopes and aspirations, fears and desires, that he conceives human beings to be.

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An incidental result of this is that he draws most successfully types who naturally provoke a smile: nervous, serious, comical maiden ladies like Miss Bartlett and Miss Lavish; undignified, pathetic mixtures of contradictory impulses like Aziz; comically unself-conscious children of nature like Gino. On the rare occasions when he attempts to portray a grand and more dignified spirit — old Mr. Emerson in *A Room with a View*, for example — Mr. Forster is not so convincing. We feel that at heart he does not believe in dignity and is with difficulty restraining himself from debunking it: indeed he can only avoid doing so by becoming sentimental. Alas the comedian, grown serious, turns all too often into a sentimentalist.

Not that there is any question of Mr. Forster being only a comedian. Blended with his comic vein and equally characteristic of him is his poetry. He has an acute lyrical sensibility — to landscape, to music, and more especially, to the imaginative charm of the exotic, the Indian scene, the Italian scene. His response to such things is less exclusively aesthetic than Virginia Woolf's. Romantic association counts for more in it than mere sensuous appeal to eye or ear. Always it sets his imagination to work, embodying the emotion it evokes in him in all manner of dreams and fanciful figures.

Lovely as Mr. Forster's poetry is, it is never inconsistent with his comic spirit. The tone in which he speaks remains colloquial, the arabesques with which he decorates his vision are, as often as not, freaked with an elfish humor. "The sun rose high in its zenith, guided not by Phaeton but by Apollo, competent, unswerving, divine." Thus he describes a beautiful autumn morning. But if it does not dissipate his comedy, Mr. Forster's poetry modifies it. He is a romantic comedian. He satirizes from the standard not of common sense, but of uncommon sensibility. Behind the little group of precisely drawn Jane Austen figures, and making them look by contrast a trifle absurd, stretches a dreamy vista of turf and tree and filmy distance through which flit, scarcely seen, the insubstantial forms of faun and dryad.

It is an odd combination, and makes a complex impression on the imagination of the reader. Indeed the flavor of a Forster novel is eminently complex. The poet, the satirist, and the moralist all contribute ingredients to it. In the space of one paragraph Mr. Forster can be wise and flippant, censorious and lyrical. It is this variety which gives his books their peculiar fascination. After reading one of his packed, live, iridescent pages, the work of most other authors seems obvious and monotone. For the concourse of so many streams — intelligence, fancy, observation, moral judgment — all flowing swift and high, sets the whole shimmering and foaming and frothing with an extraordinary and varied vitality. Every inch of surface is continuously animated by the play of mind: hardly a sentence but gives us a little shock of surprise and interest. And delight; for all the diverse elements are fused together in charming harmony by Mr. Forster's use of language.

Style in the work of most novelists is of secondary importance. We read them for what they say, rather than how they say it. Mr. Forster's style is a chief instrument in the pleasure his books give. Like all the best styles it is an exact mirror of its author's mind and temperament. Not in any sense is it a grand style; there is no eloquence or burning passion in it. But it is infinitely sensitive, infinitely dexterous, infinitely graceful. In it, all his diverse qualities are to be seen deftly and fastidiously translated into his very choice of epithet, the very lilt and tempo of his light tuneful, unpredictable rhythms. Nor does complexity ever obscure beauty. Mr. Forster is like a dancer who can execute the most complicated steps easily and without making a single ugly movement: —

> Few things have been more beautiful than my notebook on the Deist Controversy as it fell downward through the waters of the Mediterranean. It dived, like a piece of black slate, but opened soon, disclosing leaves of pale green, which quivered into blue. Now it had vanished, now it was a piece of magical india-rubber stretching out to infinity, now it was a book again, but bigger than the book of all knowledge. It grew more fantastic as it reached the bottom, where a puff of sand welcomed it and obscured it from view. But it reappeared, quite sane though a little tremulous, lying decently open on its back, while unseen fingers fidgeted among its leaves.

4

With all these qualities Mr. Forster ought to be one of the most satisfactory of novelists. But somehow this is not so. In spite of all their brilliance and all their charm his books leave an oddly ambiguous impression in the mind. Our pleasure in them is flawed: shot through by moments of disbelief, even of discomfort. The disbelief is largely due to a technical defect, almost inevitable considering the extreme difficulty of the task he has set himself. He does not, for all his art, always succeed in harmonizing realism and symbolism. As his stories shift from one to the other, now and again we feel a jar. The symbolic episode is too improbable for the reader to maintain his illusion of everyday reality.

To take an example: Helen Schlegel's seduction of Leonard Bast in *Howard's End*. The symbolic significance of the incident is clear. The Wilcox point of view and the Schlegel point of view have come into conflict over Bast; Helen thinks that the Wilcoxes have ill-treated him. In order therefore to demonstrate her defiant disapproval of that whole social system of which the Wilcoxes are

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pillars, she commits the most flagrant breach of its conventions of which she can think; suddenly, unpredictably, in the space apparently of a few hours, she persuades Bast to become her lover. The only trouble about the episode is that the reader cannot believe a word of it. Neither party to the intrigue is in love with the other; and Helen, for all her theoretically emancipated views, has up till then been represented as a respectable serious Edwardian middle-class lady without any unusual strength of sexual temperament and surely incapable of setting about the seduction of a timid young man of humble station with this breath-taking speed and efficiency.

Again, what are we to make of the scene in *The Longest Journey* where Ricky, hearing casually on a country walk that he possesses an illegitimate brother, faints dead away? Once more the symbolic intention is clear enough. The greatest shock that can befall Ricky, hidebound as he is by puritan convention, is to discover that the animal passions from which he has been taught to shrink have already made themselves known, with very practical results, in the life of his own parents. All the same it is not credible that a mature young man, even in the virtuous days of good King Edward the Seventh, should be so sensitive as actually to lose consciousness at such a revelation.

The demands of his symbolic pattern also lead Mr. Forster astray by making him go outside his creative range, and to attempt character and experience too alien for him to be able to give them imaginative life. Consider the portrait of Stephen, the illegitimate brother in question. Stephen's function is to express that primitive virile paganism, some infusion of which is necessary for the salvation of Ricky's soul. Primitive virility, however, of any kind is remote from Mr. Forster's supercivilized spirit — with the result that Stephen is most unconvincing. He is credible as long as he is silent, tossing off a glass of beer at the public house, or silhouetted against the sky as he gallops on horseback over the Wiltshire downs. But when he begins to speak, it is as Mr. Forster and his friends speak. Out of his rugged lips come the incongruous accents of a gentle Cambridge undergraduate, having a cozy heart-to-heart chat with a dear friend: —

> The cloud descended lower. "Come with me as a man," said Stephen, already out in the mist. "Not as a brother; who cares what people did years back? We're alive together, and the rest is cant. Here am I, Ricky, and there are you, a fair wreck. They've no use for you here — never had any, if the truth was known — and they've only made you beastly."

And the masculine George Emerson, breaking down Lucy's sexual inhibitions, addresses her in similar tones. All too often Mr. Forster's toughs turn out to be muffs under their skins.

As a matter of fact Mr. Forster is liable to go outside his range even when he is not impelled thither by the pressure of his symbolic pattern. This range is as unusual as everything else about him. It is not confined to a single social group like Hardy's peasants and Jane Austen's county gentry. He can write equally about dogs and bank clerks, English spinsters and Indian students — as long as he confines himself to those sides of their characters which he understands. There are sides which he does not.

His knowledge of human nature is, as it were, patchy. Sometimes his plot takes him on to patches outside his range. Then his picture loses reality. This most frequently occurs when he touches on those elemental human relations for which he has so little instinctive feeling. The relation of parent to child for instance; of Mrs. Moore to Ronny or Mrs. Honeychurch to Lucy. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Honeychurch are supposed to be fond of their children; yet they show none of that instinctive identification of themselves with them, that untiring preoccupation with their interests and happiness which, however marred by irritation or stupidity, is outstandingly characteristic of the maternal relation. They behave towards their children like friendly acquaintances or, at best, friendly aunts.

More acutely still does Mr. Forster's deficiency appear when he writes of the relations between the sexes. His novels, like most other novels, involve engagements and marriages. It is not unfair to say that hardly one of them is credible. Margaret Schlegel and Mr. Wilcox, Ronny Moore and Miss Quested, Ricky and Caroline Pembroke, Lucy and Cecil: what on earth, we ask ourselves, has brought these incongruous pairs together? They have not got a thought in common with one another, nor is Mr. Forster able to account for their connection by suggesting the impelling force of animal passion. The feelings of the heroines are especially unconvincing. Since women are more instinctive than men, they are fortunately a less fit subject for Mr. Forster. His heroines are not masculine, but they are strangely sexless; nervous, honest, unaware of their bodies, preoccupied with intellectual problems. It is impossible to imagine what they looked like, or to visualize them as being of any particular age.

5

The curious feeling of discomfort, however, which Mr. Forster's books leave on the mind is due to a deeper cause: to a fundamental confusion in that moral vision which gives his books their perspective. His professed moral beliefs do not correspond to his instinctive moral feelings. Intellectually he is convinced that the divisions between human beings can be broken down by allowing the natural love of man for man to have free play, the ele-

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mental qualities common to humanity to express themselves; but in fact he himself cannot convey the presence of these qualities.

The differences between diverse types strike him so strongly that they scarcely seem beings of the same species. There is in his world no common emotional plane on which Ricky and the Pembrokes, Schlegels, and Wilcoxes find their individual differences sunk in common humanity. We do feel the conflict between Englishman and Highlander in Scott's *Two Drovers* to be a tragic one, because Scott makes us so vividly aware that, in spite of the differences engendered in them by national tradition, they are in a sense brothers and, as such, should be able to live in perfect harmony with each other. In *A Passage to India* Indians and English appear almost as different as cats and dogs; so that there is no inner clash within the breasts of each strong enough to produce tragic tension. Further, though Mr. Forster always preaches tolerance and sympathy, involuntarily he reveals himself as not particularly sympathetic or tolerant. It is all very well to tell us that the Pembrokes in *The Longest Journey* were in the wrong because they were unable to enter into any point of view but their own. What signs of sympathy does Mr. Forster show of entering into their point of view? They are portrayed wholly and only as monsters of hardness and stupidity.

So in a less degree with the Wilcox family in *Howard's End*. It is a basic postulate of his drama that the Wilcoxes possessed certain virtues which the Schlegels admired and lacked: good sense, practical ability, and a straightforward kindness that made them useful to society. There is in consequence something to be said on both sides in the Wilcox-Schlegel conflict. Mr. Forster, however, does not say it. He dislikes the Wilcox vices so much that he cannot do any effective justice to their virtues. The Wilcoxes are portrayed as so insensitive and complacent and materialistic that the reader cannot understand how the Schlegels or any other civilized person tolerated their company for an hour.

The question is not whether Mr. Forster is or is not justified in disliking the Wilcox type. An author is at liberty to dislike whom he feels inclined. And we — whatever our personal feelings — must, while receiving the hospitality of his world, fall in with his inclinations. But Mr. Forster has not the courage of his dislikes. He errs in trying to persuade us that he is describing something with sympathetic impartiality, when in fact he is doing nothing of the kind. Told to feel one thing and forced to feel another, the reader finds his pleasure checked by an involuntary impulse of protesting irritation.

A similar gap between intention and performance impairs the effect of moments of ecstasy — those passages when the characters, under the influence of Pan or Ceres or Krishna or whatever deity it may be by which Mr. Forster symbolizes the healing spiritual force of the natural universe, feel their souls released, to soar upwards into rapturous union with something greater than themselves: the bathing scene in *A Room with a View*, the laughing fight between Ansell and Stephen in *The Longest Journey*, the festival at the end of *A Passage to India*. The first two passages fail partly because the incidents they describe are not strong enough to carry the weight of significance Mr. Forster attaches to them. The deep-seated inhibitions of a lifetime are surely not to be removed by an hour's schoolboy ragging or even by bathing naked in company. Salvation by romps is not a credible concept. But perhaps Mr. Forster does not at heart think it is either.

These scenes fail more fundamentally because they do not communicate the emotion the characters are supposed to be feeling; so that we doubt if in fact the author believed that they did. He would like to, but that is a different thing. The festival in *A Passage to India* is far better. The forces of nature in *A Passage to India* — mysterious, half-malevolent, half-benignant — are much more plausibly conceived. Indeed the festival is a wonderful flight of fancy, shimmering with its author's typical blend of romantic imagination and elfin comedy. All the same, Mr. Forster hardly succeeds in conveying to us that sense of mystical exaltation which he appears to have in mind. Again, rightly or not, we are not convinced that he has himself experienced it. Rather he seems to be talking on hearsay; to be weaving a daydream of what he would like to be true, though he is not sure it is. Hearsay and wish-fulfillment dreams are not enough to convince us of the truth of a mystical vision.

No wonder Mr. Forster leaves his readers a little uncomfortable! This inability to achieve a consistent moral relation to his subject matter means that the world of his creation is fundamentally unstable. For, unluckily, that world rests on moral foundations; it is the expression of his moral vision. If that vision is incoherent, if those foundations are insecure, so also is the building that rests on them. We move through it entranced but uneasy; for we are, half consciously, aware that at any moment the whole delicate structure may come tumbling about our ears.

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The Atlantic Serial

THE SARACEN'S HEAD

by OSBERT LANCASTER

English artist and writer, OSBERT LANCASTER *came down from Oxford in the early thirties and studied at the Slade School. Later he became the art critic of the* Observer *and a cartoonist for the* Daily Express, *and so embarked on the writing and drawing which have earned him a dual reputation. During the war he lived in Greece for eighteen months in a semiofficial capacity, and the notes and sketches he made at that time have recently appeared in his new book,* Classical Landscape with Figures. *Now, in wholly different vein, he devotes himself to the adventures of William de Littlehampton, the reluctant Crusader.*

William's father, Sir Dagobert de Littlehampton, had been renowned throughout Christendom for his bravery and skill in jousting, but William had no aptitude whatever for the lance and, had it not been for his domineering mother, would never have made the Third Crusade. As it is, he sets off reluctantly with his gray mare, Lillian, and the family flea-bitten wolfhound, Charlemagne. With a contingent of somewhat lustier English knights, he arrives in the Holy Land, where, as bad luck would have it, he is immediately matched with a formidable Moslem record holder who has already knocked off two celebrated Christian champions. Thanks entirely to his natural (and unorthodox) clumsiness with the lance, William distracts the Paynim's aim and kills him in a single rush. For this unexpected triumph, golden spurs are fixed on his feet and he is knighted by King Richard; the Saracen's head is added to his crest; and, as the royal standard bearer, he follows his King (despite some timidity) through the siege of Acre. Once the Saracen host has been defeated, William, who has certainly been renovated in his own esteem, prepares for home, and now the time is ripe for him to find a maiden fair.

13

THE sun was blazing from a cloudless sky and had it not been for a slight sea breeze, just sufficient to fill the sails of the *Santa Caterina Lachrymosa,* the heat would have been intolerable. Stretched out in the shadow of the poop lay William, fanned by his faithful Negro slave Hercule, eating dates and observing with interest a flying fish that was careering from wave to wave.

Some six weeks had passed since the fall of Acre, and with the advance of summer the campaigning season had drawn to a close. Many of the Crusaders felt that although Jerusalem remained in the hands of the Infidel, enough had been accomplished to justify their departure. This feeling was shared by William who, moreover, considered that to stay longer would be to tempt Providence, for luck such as his surely could not continue indefinitely. On learning therefore that a large, fast ship was leaving shortly from Tyre for Marseilles, he had booked a passage to the latter port with the intention of continuing his journey overland to the Channel.

They had now been some three days at sea, and although the coast of Syria was far behind they had remained in sight of numerous small islands, one of which at this moment lay a couple of leagues to starboard. William was just inquiring of Hercule what land it was when there came from the lookout the familiar cry, "A sail, a sail!"

The reaction produced by this warning was very different from that which had occurred on board the *St. Caradoc;* the *Santa Caterina Lachrymosa* was a far larger vessel, heavily armed, and thanks to her two banks of oars, manned by well-whipped galley slaves, had a great turn of speed, and those who bothered to mount the poop to gaze in the direction indicated by the lookout did so from idle curiosity rather than apprehension. The sail in question turned out to be a small galley which sheered off as soon as she sighted their own ship, and William returned to his contemplation of the flying fish.

At first the elusive creature seemed completely to have disappeared, but at length William discerned a gleam in the waves some few yards to port. What was his astonishment to realize, as he looked closer, that this was not his old acquaintance but a glass bottle! His curiosity fully aroused by so unusual a sight (glass bottles were not then the commonplace articles they are today), he turned to Charlemagne, who lay panting by his side, saying, "Go on, then! Fetch it, boy!" Charlemagne, by no

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means loath to take a dip and eager to show off his prowess in the water, cleared the bulwark at one bound, swam rapidly towards the bottle, gripped it firmly between his teeth, and with some difficulty and a little assistance from a kindly sailor with a boathook, regained the deck.

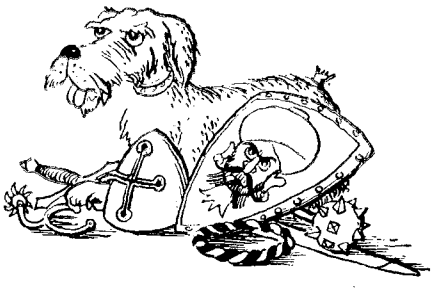
On examining the bottle, which Charlemagne had laid obediently at his feet, William was interested to observe that it contained a small roll of parchment which, on extraction, proved to be covered in writing that he assumed to be Greek. Fortunately Hercule had been at one time in the Byzantine service and was well acquainted with the Greek tongue. Accordingly on his master's bidding he translated the document as follows: —

> *If you be Christians in that great vessel, take pity, I beg you, on a young maiden of gentle birth, cruelly kidnaped from her native land, who is even now being carried away by Infidel pirates to slavery and a fate worse than death.*
>
> DESPINA PROTOPAPPADOPOULOS

On hearing this cry of anguish William was deeply distressed. He was most anxious to reach Marseilles with all possible speed and reluctant to suffer any delay, but he was now, he remembered, a knight and he had read a quite sufficient number of romances to realize that the rescue of maidens in distress was from henceforth to be one of his principal lines of business. He summoned the Master, explained to him the obligation under which he rested, and asked for the ship to be turned about in hot pursuit of the galley.

Almost at once the rhythm of the oars redoubled in speed as the whips cracked across the shoulders of the unfortunate galley slaves. At the same time, as if Providence approved of William's unselfish decision, the breeze quickened and in a very short space it became clear that the *Santa Caterina Lachrymosa* was rapidly gaining on her quarry. This, it seemed, was as obvious aboard the galley as it was to William and his companions, for the pirates suddenly changed course and ran into the shallow waters in the lee of the small island, judging the larger vessel would be unable to follow.

However, terror made them careless, and a sudden reduction in speed, followed by a long rending sound, announced that they had hit a rock. The vessel almost at once began to founder and the pirates were observed to be diving overboard and swimming rapidly towards the shore. Then, just a split second before the galley sank, a small figure clad in white was seen to run up the deck and, with a gesture of infinite pathos, cast herself into the waves from that side of the ship opposite the *Santa Caterina Lachrymosa*.



Once more William found himself in an intolerable dilemma. Their ship, it was obvious, could not safely get more closely inshore, there was no dinghy, and a brief inquiry made it clear that of the ship's company only William and Leofric could swim. Much as he disliked that form of exercise, William saw clearly that he would have to plunge in, for to allow Leofric to get away with the credit alone would be unthinkable. Accordingly, drawing some comfort from the reflection that the Mediterranean was unlikely to prove so cold as the moat of Courantsdair, he jumped briskly over the side, calling upon Leofric to follow.

William's efforts were fully rewarded for, by dint of quite extraordinary exertions, he reached the maiden's side just as she was going down for the third time, and with the assistance of Leofric, and despite the well-meaning, but on the whole ineffective, efforts of Charlemange to be of use, succeeded in bringing her to the *Santa Caterina Lachrymosa*.

After the whole party had dried in the sun, the unfortunate maiden, who had been afforded such comforts as the ship could provide, was prevailed upon through the medium of Hercule to tell her story. She was, it appeared, the only daughter of Constantine Protopappadopoulos, Lord of the island of Kolynos. She had, but two days previously, been playing blindman's buff with her girl friends on the seashore close to her home, when a band of corsairs suddenly sprang out from behind a rock. She, unfortunately, had been "he," and assuming the screams of her companions, who had fled on the first sight of the intruders, to be all part of the game, had run blindfold into the arms of her captors.

Deeply moved by this touching recital, as were all the ship's company, William saw clearly that there was nothing for it but to turn aside to Kolynos, which the Master assured him was but a day's sail to starboard, and restore the unfortunate girl to the arms of her father.

14

EARLY next morning a cry from aloft informed William that they were in sight of the island, and natural curiosity to see the home of the beautiful Despina prompted him to go at once to the poop.

The view which met his eyes was quite unexpectedly rewarding; there rose up from the sea, about two leagues ahead, a great mountain whose sides seemed to drop almost perpendicularly to the water's edge. To the east, however, there jutted out a short arm of comparatively flat land, fringed on one side with a long strip of

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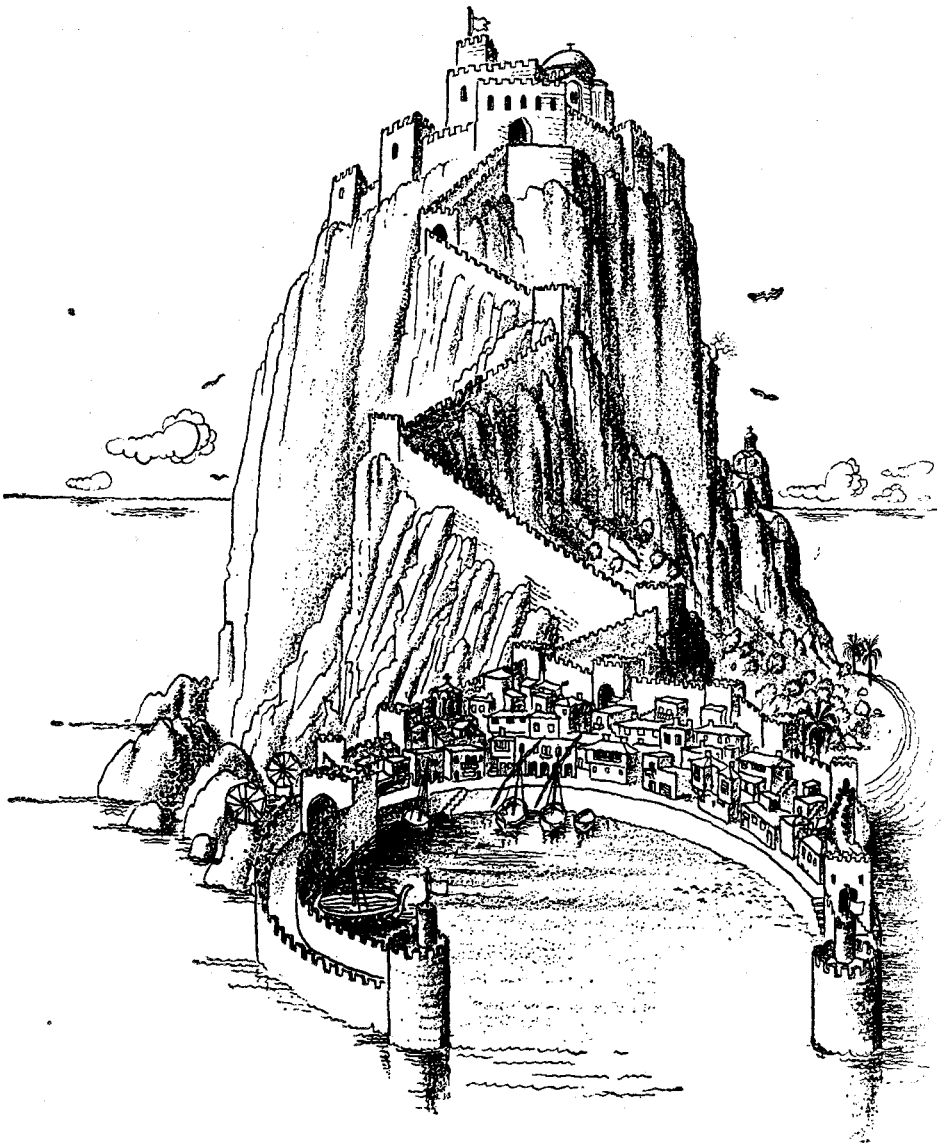

sandy beach backed by palms, figs, and olives, and on the other by numerous buildings in a most refined style of architecture, facing a considerable harbor enclosed by a fortified mole of well-constructed masonry. On the very top of the mountain there appeared a great castle of apparently miraculous construction, connected with the town below by a long flight of steps curling and backing up the mountain side, protected at intervals by castellated gateways and formidable curtain walls.

However, the air of gaiety and charm which the town possessed when seen from a distance proved on closer view to be largely illusory. All the shops along the sea front were shut, the ships in the harbor had their flags at half mast, and from the domed church behind the houses came the sound of gloomy chanting. Despite the bright color of many of the buildings, the sparkling waters of the harbor, and the brilliant sunlight in which the whole scene was bathed, an indescribable air of depression hung about the entire place.

At first the waterside appeared to be completely deserted but at length, just after they had lowered the gangplank, a solitary customs official, of infinitely depressed appearance, sauntered gloomily towards them and as William, courteously giving his arm to Miss Protopappadopoulos, appeared at the side, asked in hollow tones to see their passports.

As William was quite unacquainted with the Greek tongue it was his fair companion who replied, and at the sound of her voice the official condescended to raise his eyes from the ground for the first time. Instantly his face was transfigured, his eyes almost popped from their sockets, a radiant but incredulous smile lightened his countenance, and falling on his knees he covered Despina's hands with kisses.

Almost at once further figures, attracted by the sounds of the customs official's rejoicing, appeared from the neighboring houses, and as the news of their lady's return spread like wildfire through the town the whole atmosphere completely changed.

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Shutters were taken down from the shops, the sound of chanting stopped abruptly, to be succeeded by the ringing of church bells, and from every street and alley radiant Greeks poured onto the quayside to swell the vast crowd by which William and Despina were already surrounded.

So overexcited were the loyal and affectionate townspeople that there is no saying when William and Despina would have been disentangled had they been left to their own devices, but it was not long before the crowd fell back to make way for a distinguished group of newcomers rapidly approaching down the hill from the direction of the castle.

At the head of the little procession was a nobleman of refined and venerable appearance, clad in a style far richer than that affected by the upper classes of society in England. William at once assumed him to be the Lord of Kolynos — an assumption that was almost immediately confirmed by the old man's enfolding Despina in his arms while the tears coursed down their cheeks.

After some minutes during which relief and joy bereft both parent and child of speech, Despina, talking at great speed, explained to her father the circumstances of her rescue and led him up to the slightly embarrassed William. In excellent French, of which the fluency was only slightly impaired by strong emotion, the good old man expressed at length his gratitude, admiration, and wonder. He finally concluded his speech, the length of which was agreeably enlivened by a wealth of gesture, by insisting that William and his page should immediately accompany him to his castle, while the rest of the ship's company were to be entertained at the public charge by the delighted citizens.

The palace of the Lord of Kolynos, for castle was too austere a term to describe so magnificent a dwelling, quite overwhelmed William by the convenience of its arrangements and the luxury of its furnishing. The walls were adorned with exquisite views of noble buildings and with elegantly designed landscapes all carried out in the most beautiful mosaic. In one room Adam and Eve were seen in the Garden of Eden surrounded by every known species of flower and shrub and by beautifully rendered animals of an unquestionable docility. In another the great Achilles was riding at speed round the walls of Troy, dragging behind him the body of Hector, and observed with deep emotion by Priam and Helen clearly distinguishable on the battlements above.

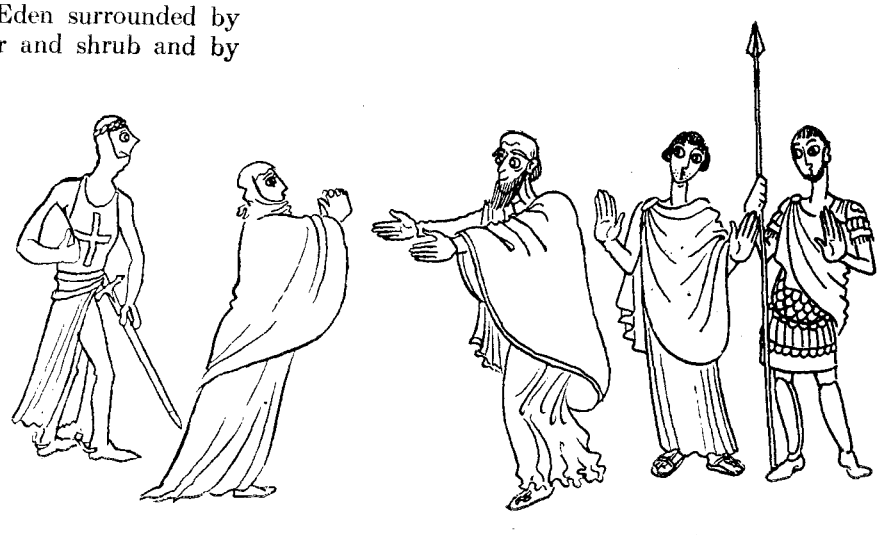
The floors of the innumerable apartments were all inlaid with marble and covered, in some cases, by magnificent carpets of Oriental workmanship; and through open doorways one caught sight of cool loggias laid out with potted shrubs and refreshed by ingeniously designed fountains. It was all, William felt, very unlike Courantsdair.

15

Such were the comforts and wonders of Kolynos that William, despite his anxiety to get home as quickly as possible, could hardly bear to put an end to his stay beneath Constantine Protopappadopoulos's hospitable roof. In particular he acquired a great fondness for Turkish baths, with which the castle was bountifully supplied, and of which he had previously never so much as heard.

However, at the end of a week, despite the sincere and voluble protests of both Despina and her father, he firmly announced that the wind being favorable he must depart at sunrise the next day. When the Lord of Kolynos saw that nothing he could say would shake the determination of his guest, he reluctantly consented to his departure, announcing at the same time that there would take place that night a farewell banquet which all the ship's company, together with the most distinguished residents of the island, were without fail to attend.

To catalogue the innumerable dishes which were set before William, or to describe their exquisite flavor or the refined manner of their preparation, is a task beyond my powers. I can only tell you that the great feast in El Babooni's stronghold seemed in retrospect to have been little better than a provincial beanfeast, and in comparison with the elegance and subtlety of this menu to have been characterized solely by an ostentatious and vulgar profusion. However, even the most ingenious of repasts must sometime come to an end, and at length, when the last fruits had been removed, the glasses finally recharged, the Lord of Kolynos rose to take leave of his guest in a speech which William



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expected to be long, but little guessed would have so dramatic a close.

"Loyal subjects and distinguished guests," said Constantine Protopappadopoulos, "we are met together this evening to bid farewell to one who by his valor and resource has laid the whole island, and particularly its ruler, under an obligation which can never properly be discharged. Of the circumstances and occasion of his coming among us you are all fully aware, and there is no need therefore for me to enlarge upon them, even had I the fluency and the descriptive powers properly to do so."

Nevertheless for the next twenty minutes the good old man proceeded to describe in detail every aspect of his daughter's plight and her miraculous delivery, adding several exciting incidents such as an underwater fight with the leader of the pirates and a breathless pursuit by man-eating sharks, of which William, to tell the truth, had very little clear recollection.

"And now, my friends," continued their host, "how best may we recompense this heroic and incomparable young man? I confess I have spent long and sleepless nights in debating just this question and only now have I found an answer which, however painful it may be to me personally, I am convinced provides the only solution."

At this point in the speech there came into the host's voice a note of deep emotion, and he paused to cast a glance of inexpressible tenderness towards his only child.

"Old as I am, my eyesight is still good, and I have not failed to notice, these last few days, the warmth and affection in the glances which my beloved daughter has freely bestowed upon our young visitor. He for his part, with that gentlemanly reserve which so distinguishes the gallant race from which he springs, has done his best to conceal his true feelings beneath a mask of stoical indifference. But I was not deceived! My daughter is, as you well know, the light of my life and the apple of my eye, but nevertheless, deeply and long as I shall miss her — and here I think I am speaking not only for myself but for all loyal Kolynotes — my dear Despina's happiness must always be my first consideration.

"Take her, dear boy, take her," he cried, turning to William with the tears coursing down his cheeks, "and may she ever prove as loyal a wife as she has been dutiful a daughter."

Poor William was too embarrassed to speak and was, moreover, very much afraid that he was going to have hiccups. What on earth would his mother say if he were to come back with a foreign bride? Whatever was he going to do about his cousin Gertrude, whom his mother had long ago decided he should marry? Then, as the memory of Gertrude's weather-beaten features and huntin' voice came to him afresh and as he looked across the table at Despina, whose beauty had indeed made a deep, if unconscious, impression, his mind was suddenly made up. Rising to his feet he crossed the hall and took the lovely heiress's hands in his own.

16

The sun was low above the West Downs and, although it still wanted two days till the harvest was in, there was already a feeling of approaching autumn in the air. A faint mist was gathering in the meadows below the castle of Courantsdair, mingling with the wood smoke rising from the village hidden from sight in the valley. In the bailey, across which the shadow of the great keep was slowly extending, a large hay wain was being unloaded alongside the stables, the castle cat was stretching in that corner of the gatehouse which still retained the sun, and a row of ducklings went quacking in the wake of the gatehouse keeper's daughter carrying a pot of mash to the pigsty. High above this peaceful scene in a sheltered corner of the battlements, the Dame de Courantsdair was watering her potted plants.

Nearly a year had gone by since William's departure for the Crusade and during all that time no word had reached Courantsdair. Local rumor had it that Sir Willibald de Wandsworth had been slain, but no details had as yet come to his neighbors.

The Dame, although she would have died rather than admit it, was growing nervous, and her youngest daughter Gwendolen, William's favorite sister, made no effort to conceal her anxiety and was even now on the topmost turret of the keep scanning the road to the sea. This lookout she had recently made her daily charge at this hour of the evening, but was today observing every detail of the distant scene with a more than usual absorption. For Abbot Slapjack, who had arrived late at the castle the previous evening, had announced the presence of a large vessel from foreign parts lying out in the roads, and the fond girl hoped against hope that a messenger might be aboard bringing tidings of her beloved brother. The Abbot himself, not a sentimental type, attached little importance to his own news, and was comfortably installed in the Dame's solar composing his sermon for the forthcoming Harvest Festival.

The Dame had just emptied her watering can and was preparing to go indoors when a shrill scream from aloft drew her attention to her daughter, who was pointing with wild excitement towards the coast road. Almost despite herself the formidable matron cast a glance in the same direction, and as she did so the sharp reprimand which Gwendolen was about to receive on the rudeness of "pointing" died on her lips.

Coming over the crest of the hill, just before where the road sank once more from sight to the village below, was an impressive procession.

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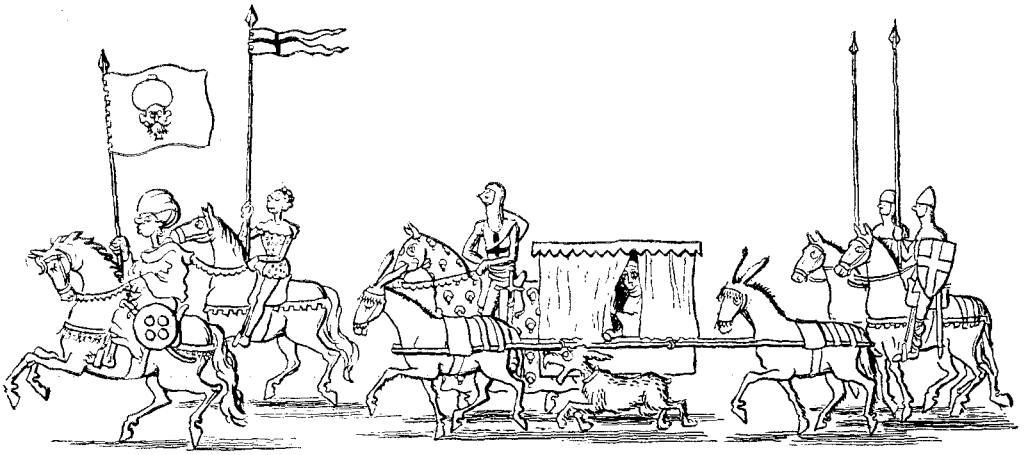
First came a gigantic Negro, superbly mounted, carrying a large banner with an unfamiliar device, closely followed by a snub-nosed youth that Gwendolen, whose eyesight was sharper than her mother's, was hysterically certain was Leofric. Then came a closed litter borne on the backs of two mules alongside which rode a handsome youth on a gray mare (the Dame for some time remained unconvinced it was really her son), at whose heels there gamboled a large, tailless hound of familiar ugliness. Behind were visible two men-at-arms and a long string of servants and pack animals.



By the time the tail of the procession had passed over the brow of the hill, the Negro and Leofric were already clattering over the drawbridge into the outer bailey, and a sound of cheering from the village announced that the loyal villeins had recognized their returning lord. The scene which now took place in the courtyard was indescribably affecting. The gatehouse keeper, the gatehouse keeper's wife, the gatehouse keeper's daughter, and the gatehouse keeper's dog made no effort to conceal their emotion, and the behavior of Gwendolen and her six sisters was hardly more restrained. Only the Dame maintained her usual well-bred, unruffled calm, but even on that stern and dignified countenance a close observer might have noticed, if the truth were told, a faint tremor at the corner of the determined mouth, a hint of dampness in the eagle eye.

Sir William, for his part, was deeply moved by the warmth of his reception and embraced his sisters with a genuine affection and his mother with a respectful tenderness. Nevertheless those who knew him best might possibly have detected a slight shade of nervousness in his manner. This, however, completely vanished on his overhearing one of his sisters remark with an engaging innocence how sorry poor Gertrude would be to miss this homecoming, and how ill she had timed her visit to her aunt the Abbess. Thereupon his brow cleared and with a firm determined step he advanced to the closed litter, which had already aroused the keenest speculation among the bystanders, and drawing back the curtains assisted Despina to alight, saying in loud, unshaken tones as he did so, "Mother, I wish to present to you the Lady de Littlehampton."

The stunned silence which greeted this announcement was finally broken by the astounded Dame.

"But, but — Gertrude?" she said.

"She can go into a nunnery," Sir William easily replied, adding a little unkindly, "she was everlastingly saying she felt she had a call to the religious life. And now," he continued quickly before anyone had time to discuss the point, "we will go in and tidy. Then in half an hour all will repair to the chapel, where Abbot Slapjack, whom I am delighted to see here today, will celebrate our nuptials."

Noticing the look of consternation which came over his mother's face at this announcement, Sir William made haste to explain that as the previous ceremony had been conducted according to the rites of the Greek Orthodox Church, he had thought it as well to repeat them on his return.

"After that," he went on, "there will be a wedding feast in the great hall, which some of my people here," indicating with a casual wave of his hand the long retinue of servants, "will take steps to prepare while we are in the chapel." So saying, he took Despina by the hand, whom, after she had made a deep curtsey to the Dame, he led into the castle.

The wedding ceremony, conducted by the Abbot with all his usual mastery, was simple but touching. The bride, in an exquisite white gown of a material which was quite unfamiliar to the ladies of Courantsdair and which they were interested to learn was called silk, looked ravishing. The bridegroom, whose beautiful golden spurs attracted much attention, seemed to have acquired a new confidence and dignity. And it was generally agreed that for once no fault could be found even with the behavior of Leofric.

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It was a late hour, indeed, before anyone in the castle retired to bed that night. Over and over again William was forced to recount every detail of his journey and adventures, which he did with a becoming modesty and, all things considered, remarkable accuracy. On only one point did he in any way diverge from the strictest truth. In explaining the loss of poor Charlemagne's tail he gave the company to understand that this had occurred in the gallant action beneath the walls of Acre. At long last, after he had described for the fifteenth time his overthrow of El Babooni, had recounted word for word his interview with his sovereign, and had distributed the last of the costly and exotic gifts with which he had come laden from Kolynos, he rose, bidding his mother and sisters a fond good night, took Despina by the hand, and gave the signal for a general departure to bed.

17

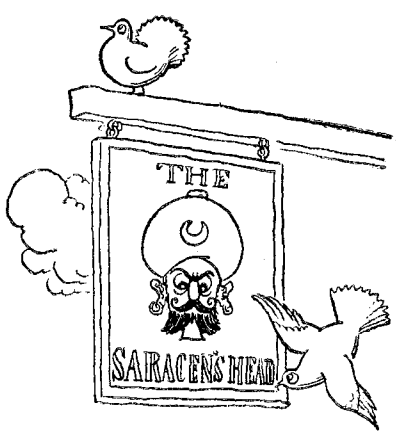
In the years which followed the events recounted in this story the respect and affection in which Sir William and his lady were held by all who knew them steadily increased, and the castle of Courantsdair, in which its owner had effected many improvements — glass in the windows, Persian rugs on the floors, rich frescoes on the walls, and many other luxuries which, although common enough in the East, were totally unfamiliar in Sussex — became famous throughout the length and breadth of the land for its hospitality and high standard of living.

The Dame in the course of time was gathered to her fathers at the ripe age of eighty-eight; her unmarried daughters remained single, with the exception of Gwendolen, who married Leofric less than a year after William's return; and Gertrude in due course succeeded her aunt as Abbess of a neighboring convent, where her filthy temper and unnatural strictness made life intolerable for all the nuns. Charlemagne lived to a ripe old age, much respected by all the dogs of the neighborhood and the terror of every puppy for miles around. Hercule in due course married the gatehouse keeper's daughter, and their union was blessed with nine children, three white, three black, and three piebald.

Today more than seven centuries have passed since all these things took place, and small trace now remains of any of the scenes in this tale. The ruins of the castle of Courantsdair were long conspicuous, but were finally sold by the father of the present Lord Littlehampton some years ago in order to pay death duties, and the site is now covered by the Chateau Housing Estate. Today the only remaining indication of that once formidable pile is to be found in Nos. 18 to 25 Acacia Road, which, having been rather hastily erected on the site of the old moat, are quite exceptionally damp in winter.

In the little village church of Currants the beautiful tomb of William and Despina, in the early Gothic style, is still preserved alongside that of Sir Dagobert although rather overshadowed by the white marble resting place (adorned with sixteen cherubs, a life-size statue of the deceased in a full-bottom wig, and allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity) of his eighteenth-century descendant, Admiral of the Blue, Sir Marmaduke Littlehampton.

Of the village which William knew as a boy no trace at all remains. Nevertheless, if you look up above the door of the ancient inn (almost completely modernized in recent years) that long ago replaced *The Blue Boar* which occupied the site in the time of Sir Dagobert, you will still see, weather-beaten but recognizable, creaking rustily beneath the eaves, the proud sign of *The Saracen's Head.*



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Books and Men

Novelist, editor, and biographer, SEAN O'FAOLAIN *is the leading literary light in Dublin. A member of the Irish Republican Army for six years — he volunteered when he was sixteen — he returned to his studies at the Trouble's end. In 1926 he came to Harvard as a Commonwealth Fellow, and after a period of teaching here and in England he went back to Ireland to write. Today, still under fifty, he has in print three novels, three biographies, a play, a travel book, and the best short history of Ireland,* The Irish.

ROMANCE AND THE DEVIL

by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

1

As I returned to Dublin, recently, from one of those visits to London which Stephen Gwynn once described in a poem as the salmon's visit to the sea — the Irishman leaving his only slightly brackish lagoon to be washed in seas of petrol — I asked myself: "Now, apart from the delights of conversation, what did I most enjoy in that city?"

There was an Italian film, which was alone worth the journey; without exception, it is the best film I have ever seen — *Four Steps in the Clouds;* warm, tender, shot with lyricism and humor; realism at its best. There were three romantic things: "Giselle" with the Marquis de Cuevas's ballet from Monte Carlo at Covent Garden, danced to perfection by Hightower; the open-air exhibition of sculpture in Battersea Park; and two roomfuls of pictures by the Irish painter Jack B. Yeats. "Giselle" was heaven, the sculpture purgatory, the Yeats show hell. It is a virtue of our times to be able to enjoy oneself at things not in themselves wholly enjoyable, so I am equally grateful for these astral, semi-astral, and sub-astral experiences.

I have used such a strong word about the Yeats pictures that I must at once explain that I do not use these heavenly and infernal images either flippantly or as the jargon of a balletomane. I use them literally, in the plain sense that there is a smell of the Old Boy about much of modern art and that some of it, including some of the finest of it, is sizzling deep in his inmost circle — Mr. Yeats being no nearer than a moth hovering on the outer rim with the dawn on his snowy poll and the red glow just coloring his innocent nose.

I am far from being alone in this view and, for all I know, it is something that has gradually filtered into me from other men's minds; and when, from time to time, I read some piece that says the same thing I wonder whether I must not have read similar pieces before and am now no more than their echo. So, I find the whole thing said all over again in the special number of *Lettres* issued for the fiftieth anniversary of Mallarmé's death (1842–1898). "Romantic satanism." "The *angélisme* of Mallarmé." "The rebel angel." "Claudel as King David and Mallarmé as Lucifer." "In other words the poetry of the Disincarnation seems miraculous and persuasive as long as it is dissolving the carnal substance of Creation by its pure magic; but when it sets out to create in its own right . . ."

Yet I can still remember my first sensations of dismay and horror at Joyce's "Work in Progress," as *Finnegans Wake* used to be called when it was appearing in its first form in bits and scraps in *transition.* I remember feeling that this is not prose; this must be music; and gradually realizing that it was neither prose nor music but something that had never been before. But can there be anything that has not been before? It took me years to realize that there cannot, but that a man might try, if he were either sufficiently mad or satanically arrogant, to rival Creation and the Creator.

It is a common romantic desire to want to get away from the material envelope. Any of us who has any least romantic urge — and who has not had it in his youth? — must recall the excitement of his first meeting with the Symbolists, whose strongest urge was against the material and materialism. "A revolt against exteriority, against rhetoric, against the materialistic tradition," is how Arthur Symons defined the symbolist movement in 1899. And by "rhetoric" he doubtless meant eloquence, and implied the mob, and proposed solitude and inward communion; poetry, in W. B. Yeats's words, as a private "revelation." It is a common romantic desire to want to create new forms to match new matter.

It is nearly thirty years ago since, I remember, I found myself saying to Æ that I was sick of stories and novels in which you heard "the distant whistle of a train" and "the far-off sound of a dog barking at the moon," and that I wished I could "do some-

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thing with pins." And I was then a raw provincial who had not yet heard that the most advanced young men in Paris were "doing something" with shirt buttons and bits of wire and banana skins stuck to canvases. I had only to see them to realize that one can, indeed, do something very extraordinary with pins, and that had I been born not in the little town of Cork but in the great city of Paris I should have begun life as an enthusiastic Dadaist. I have never since looked at a canvas of two gamboge lines on a rose ground with a fish's eye up in the top left-hand corner without thinking, "There but for the grace of God . . . " as many a critic following the meanderings of W. B. Yeats through the pallid nineties must have said, "There but for the grace of Ireland went another aesthetic poet." For what saved him was common life and the ancient traditions thereof.

2

What the artist does is not to create but to re-create. The figurative use of that word "create" has played the devil (literally, again) with art. It was a romantic transfiguration that imperceptibly gave to the word its modern and, ultimately, blasphemous sense. To create is to make something which had not existed, to evoke out of a void. Every poem, every picture is manufactured out of nature which was alone created. Poets and painters, like the male and female, procreate, beget, found. A poet is a creator only in the sense that he is a *creator urbis*. He has founded a city. I agree that to this the most modern of abstract painters, as we call them, the least comprehensible writer, has one irrefutable answer: "I project *myself*." We cannot get behind that, and if the painter of the two gamboge lines on the rose ground with the fish-eye would entitle his painting "A Portrait of the Artist" we should have to stand before it respectfully and silently.

But they do not say this. There is a well-known letter from Mallarmé to Cazalis which contains the sentences: "Ma pensée s'est pensée et est arrivée à une conception pure. Je suis maintenant impersonnel, et non plus Stéphane que tu as connu, mais une aptitude qu'a l'univers spirituel à se voir et à se développer à travers ce qui fut moi." And Yeats wrote, confessing both the effort and its inevitable failure — for it is the essence of Satanism to fail: "Without knowing it I had come to care for impersonal beauty. I had set out in life with the thought of putting my very self into poetry and had understood this as a representation of my own visions and an attempt to cut away the non-essentials, but as I imagined the visions outside myself my imagination became full of decorative landscapes of still life."

Mallarmé, going much farther than Yeats ever tried to go, persisting where Yeats had the sense to stop, failed not because the "outside myself" — that is, creation — insisted on coming in but because he died trying to keep it out. "Je suis impersonnel." Though, let us not forget it, Yeats went pretty far before he turned back. Louis MacNeice shrewdly points out how many, for example, of the "non-essentials" of Shelley he calmly pruned away: Godwin, Rousseau, Plato, all his beliefs. "In his essay on the philosophy of Shelley's poetry (1900) he spends his time discussing Shelley's symbols — caves, underground rivers, towers, the morning star — and attempts to build out of these a Shelleyian system: Hamlet, in fact, without the Prince of Denmark." Taken far enough it would have arrived at the forest without the trees — if that were possible; at nature without natural objects; at formless chaos out of which would come a new Word become Flesh. Monomania. The logical conclusion of the literature of the *moi*.

That is what Joyce arrived at; and that is at least one half of his immense attraction. We do not, I mean, read a work of art and that alone when we read *Ulysses*, or open a book and only a book when we open *Finnegans Wake:* we watch the heroic tragedy of a Lucifer in Starlight all over again. He scaled the mountaintop, struggled with Creation, wrested from it two immense books, and it is these books, stained by his life's blood, that we handle.

The other half of our interest in Joyce is the achievement itself, so mingled of success and failure, of loveliness and grossness, of sobriety and drunkenness, of clear-headed sanity and obsessional insanity, of realism and romance, of learning and of pedantry, of *angélisme* and satanism, that these two books will always be cherished by bibliomanes and dipped into (to their considerable enjoyment) by readers. The key to his work is that he is essentially a romantic, although, in "Stephen Hero," he speaks of his literary theory as "classical" — using the word to indicate the kind of art which is at the apex of a pyramid whose base is "the chaos of unremembered writing" and whose middle is "literature" — a term of contempt — that deals with "the protrayal of externals." (See the opening of Chapter XIX: a most interesting exposition of the Daedalan aesthetic.) This "classical," really romantic, apex is reached when the artist is one who can "disentangle the subtle soul of the image from its mesh of defining circumstances." He calls this "classical" because he believes it to be "not the manner of any fixed age or of any fixed country." "It is a constant state of the artistic mind."

Not only does the practice of all classical art, which is invariably governed by the manner and customs of societies, disprove this but his own practice runs counter to his own theory. There can have been few writers so equipped to "portray externals"; none has devoted himself so utterly to a fixed age and a fixed country. But, against this minutely portrayed naturalism, as literal as a scene

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by Canaletto, Stephen Daedalus stalks like a new Werther.

In his technical experiments only does he soar from a recognizable Here and Now, and in that defiance is still characteristically of the romantic temper. Indeed he might seem to be forecasting his future flights by his own definition of the romantic: "Classicism . . . is a temper of security and satisfaction and patience. [We must grant him heroic patience.] The romantic temper . ... sees no fit abode here for its ideals and chooses therefore to behold them under insensible figures." The progress of his work towards "insensible figures" is patent between his first stories and the last immense and supremely arrogant effort to outsoar the flesh, to conquer music, to create an absolute art, as free of the mesh of defining circumstances as mathematics — the Mallarméan dream.

3

It was, then, an odd and shivery experience to walk through those two rooms in the Tate looking at the formless and chaotic pictures of the humorous, kindly fantastical man I know as Jack Yeats, and to feel the hot air from the Rue de Rome blowing across the Irish Sea; the gleam of the old ambition; the shadow of the old disintegration; the most delicately sulphurous odor, like his own lovely ochres and greens. Horses came out of the shadow and the smoke, like horses running away from the lost battle. Familiar profiles loomed out of the dusk. What the divil, I wondered (unable to keep that gentleman out of my thoughts), is Paddy Finucane doing in that bloodshot chaos? Is that Biddy Early over there with all the steam about her? Can Jack Yeats have been reading too many of the early poems of his brother Willy?

And then, standing before a glorious medley of paint, that might equally well have been called "Buffalo Bill's Last Ride," or "Custer's Last Stand," or "Moore Street, 6 A.M.," I remembered his enchanting books which I had read much as one might read a book by the light of a thunderstorm, or as one listens to French radio when the boys in the power station are having a strike debate. And then, by contrast, I remembered his early work, which was always so firmly outlined, and noted that in these paintings there is hardly any drawing; and when you take drawing out of a picture it is like taking the bottle away from the wine and watching its color and its aroma spill all over the place. Has he, too, come late in life to the ambition his brother briefly held in youth: to be "a poet of pure essences"? Or is he, too, alas, attempting to "create"? Is this, too, not that romantic temper which "sees no fit abode here for its ideals and chooses therefore to behold them under insensible figures"?

Far, indeed, from "Giselle"; from Gautier and Félicien David and Flaubert. Gautier: "I am a man for whom the visible world exists." The declaration is of a man who strongly feels some such sort of declaration necessary. Flaubert, lovingly quoted over and over by Gautier: "The idea is born of the form." This is romanticism without deliquescence. And how romantic, and how eloquent, and with what simple conventions, one may see from "Giselle." If one could ever sanely speak of an absolute beauty, of a disembodied essence, the exquisite, elementary nonsense of "Giselle" is it.

The point is that any convention at all will do, it does not matter what, if only it recognizes that the visible world of creation exists and that its forms and shapes cannot be disintegrated, abused, or ignored without inviting the final disaster of Lucifer. Men may feel that the tyranny of the physical world is too much to be borne, and long to transcend it in their art. It has been done over and over again, by making the tyrant work, by making its shapes and forms say more than themselves — in other words by changing animal, mineral, and vegetable things into ciphers and celestial codes while remaining recognizably things.

It is beyond reason, though within nature. If one were to apply a cold and abstract reason to the things ballet dancers do, such as standing on one toe, throwing out the arms, bending over and slowly raising the other leg in the air behind, it is the behavior of a female lunatic. It is also, in some way, charming and eloquent, being some form of echo or mirror-play of flower, or cloud, or bird, or who knows what, except that it is in nature — or we should, indeed, think it mad. Once upon a time the romantic would "half-create and half-perceive." Today he seems to believe that the less you perceive the more you create. (From which one might believe that a blind painter should be his image of a God.) But his Creation is autonomous. Every artist becomes his own First Cause. Inevitably we find these solipsistic and disconnected worlds difficult to understand. We pass from one of them to another as from one world to another, starting all over again with each one.

"But," cried one of those younger painters to me once, in Paris, "you mustn't try to understand. There is nothing to understand. Look at my picture as you would look at a tree, or a beetle or a flower."

I thought of "Bishop Blougram's Apology." I tried to tell him that a flower is part of a coherent order and that when I see a flower-bell, like Bishop Blougram I see the Grand Perhaps. I could not make him understand. How should I? I was not talking to a painter. I was talking to a Grand Perhaps. He was God. That is to say he was the Devil who had set out to make a world of his very own.

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Books and Men

Author, editor, and critic, RICHARD E. DANIELSON *was for ten years the Editor of the* Sportsman, *and since 1940 has been President of The Atlantic Monthly Company. A lifelong student of George Washington, he gives us this thoughtful appraisal of the spacious, intimately detailed biography now being written by our foremost Southern historian, Douglas Southall Freeman, whose four-volume definitive life of Robert E. Lee was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1935 for the best American biography.*

YOUNG WASHINGTON: A LIVING PORTRAIT

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

1

IF Douglas Southall Freeman had been writing history with a weather eye cocked at a maximum sale for his six-volume biography of Washington, he might have published Volumes III and IV as the first installment. Those projected volumes will cover Washington's career from 1758 until the end of the War of the Revolution and will provide exactly the kind of material in which Mr. Freeman delights and excels. Heretofore, his natural inclinations have led him to survey the phases of history illuminated or darkened by the sharp crises of war, to tell the story of a battle or a campaign with lucid and fluent narrative, to study and analyze the men of action who led their troops to victory or to defeat — rather than to follow the slow development of economic or political structures or to re-create the uninspiring figures of their builders.

But, fortunately for all of us, Mr. Freeman has wisely chosen in *George Washington: A Biography* to begin at the beginning with "Young Washington" (Vols. I and II, Scribner's, $15.00). He is presenting — and explaining — George Washington as a man and not a monument. It would be quite impossible to understand the General Washington of the Revolution, or the Father of His Country in the glorious autumn of his days, if we knew little or nothing of the kind of boy and youth he was, or if we were ignorant of the society in which he grew up, of the pressures and forces molding him during his formative years, or of the light in which his contemporaries and the older people with whom his lot was cast regarded him.

Four other historians have attempted "definitive" biographies of this extraordinary man, and innumerable commentators and storytellers have contributed their pittances — and yet the picture remains cloudy and confused. We have seen an aloof and lofty figure whose energies and actions were apparent, but the motives, the emotions, the passion behind them, remained veiled and obscure. We knew what he did but we did not know why he did it. Now, at last, if the promise of these preliminary and background volumes is made good — and barring accidents, one can be confident that it will be — we shall have a completed portrait of our greatest man. And for this all Americans should be grateful.

As a Virginian and a careful student of the history of the Old Dominion, Mr. Freeman explains with his customary accuracy and clarity many of the aspects of Colonial life in Virginia which have confused the general reader. The complex systems of landholding, whether under patent from the Crown or from "The Proprietaries" — the surviving holders of a patent issued by Charles II in exile to a group of his impoverished followers — are fully presented. He shows how it was possible to acquire great areas of land on easy terms, to develop these tracts or to trade and speculate with them, to found a family and create a fortune in a lifetime — it took two or three generations to become a member of the aristocracy. The eighteenth-century Englishman was, among other things, very likely to be acquisitive, if not mercenary.

To the aristocracy and to the strays and waifs of society, the British Empire in the seventeen hundreds offered unprecedented opportunities for acquiring wealth and advancement. Politics were riddled with corruption; "insiders" fattened on privileges and exploited the chances provided by their position and information. The wealth of India and the Colonies was there to be mercilessly exploited; the great families labored — or at least conspired — to increase their wealth and honors and the nobodies took heart and thrilled to a wild surmise; they too might become somebodies.

In Virginia, wealth was land and slaves. Tobacco was the coin of the realm. Land could be acquired in immense tracts either to be worked and made productive or to be traded and bartered. Speculation in land was as active as land hunger was strong. Social prestige, ease of living, acceptance in an ex-

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panding society, followed the acquisition of a large landed estate and its successful exploitation.

Washington was born with the land hunger in him and he never lost it. He was a younger son of respectable but not wealthy parents; his family were not softened by the luxury of the tidewater aristocracy, but were hard-working, acquisitive, inveterate speculators in new lands; he grew up deeply impressed by the desirability of reaching the coveted position of the large landowner. The honorable acquirement of wealth, a secure fortune, and position seemed to him and to his contemporaries perhaps the first and compelling business of life.

But note the qualification "honorable." George Washington was an acquisitive youth and man. He sought steadily to make a fortune, but he sought at the same time, with a far more passionate ambition, to make a name. He was careful with money, demanding full value for services rendered, but he was not parsimonious or mean. He would play cards for moderate stakes or back a horse — in moderation. He never gambled in the wild eighteenth-century tradition which risked a fortune on the turn of a card. He sought security and position consistently but he was willing and eager to earn them the hard way.

Mr. Freeman demonstrates from Washington's letters and journal how fiercely the flames of ambition burned in the young Virginian. This was no cold self-seeker. The fire was there and it burst out at times. Less disciplined natures are often consumed by such flames or, if they achieve great position, they arrive at their objectives seared and twisted — great men, if you like, but half monsters by the simple standards of honest men.

Washington was boundlessly ambitious, but his was an ambition always confined within the boundaries of "honor." He constantly referred to "honor," which meant two — or perhaps three — things to him. It meant, first, a strict adherence to his own code of conduct becoming to a gentleman. This was his private honor, and from early youth he drew up his code and disciplined himself to observe it in all strictness.

Secondly, honor meant to him the esteem in which he was held by the rest of the world. He was intensely sensitive to any criticism of his conduct which he felt unjustly reflected on the purity of his motives or the integrity of his actions or which rated his performance and position at a lower estimate than he felt they deserved. To demonstrate and prove that he had been misjudged he would proclaim at length the lofty and disinterested nature of his actions. This insistence on a due recognition of his deserts was often boyish, sometimes priggish, and always unmarred by any sense of humor. But, as a matter of fact, he stated the simple truth, with a very small margin of error arising from inevitable self-deception. It suffices to say that he was passionately jealous of this "honor" and would allow no infringement to go unchallenged.

There is a slight difference, at least in degree, in his third conception of "honor," which might be implied in the term "honor and glory." This was the bubble reputation sought at the cannon's mouth. It was fame rather than esteem or the good opinion of mankind. He wanted, then, always to behave like a gentleman, to be esteemed and respected in the world in which he lived, *and* he wanted Fame. There was nothing of the marble monument about the young Washington.

2

He must have been an exceedingly attractive young man. He stood six feet tall — an unusual height in that time and place — and was strong without being awkward. He was a splendid and tireless horseman; thanks to the affectionate guidance of his half-brother, Lawrence, he had the usual accomplishments of a well-bred young gentleman. His amiability is frequently mentioned. Older men particularly were impressed by his underlying seriousness and a self-control unusual in a man of his age.

When Washington was only twenty-one, Lord Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia, sent him as his representative to the French commander in the disputed frontier to present an ultimatum. At twenty-three he was a colonel in command of all Colonial troops in Virginia; four years later he was an acting brigadier in Forbes's army on its march to Fort Duquesne. He had also served, by invitation, as a volunteer aide to General Braddock in that unhappy man's fatal venture in frontier warfare.

Washington felt a strong inclination to the military life, and the great effort of his twenties was to acquire honor as a soldier. He was not altogether successful in this hope. He was esteemed and admired; he was the best officer in Virginia, but the greater part of his efforts had been confined to the seamy side of soldiering: recruiting unwilling cannon fodder who deserted as soon as they could; improvising with inadequate supplies, transportation, and funds; being constantly asked or ordered to do more than was humanly possible given the means at hand; obliged to make frequent and painful journeys from the frontier to the Capital and back again — empty-handed as often as not. He felt himself frustrated through no fault of his own, unfairly criticized, and, when British regular troops were involved, grossly humiliated by the fact that any half-pay captain holding the King's commission outranked a colonel commanding the Virginia regiment — a regiment which was *not* composed of militia.

If he learned little in the field of grand strategy and commanded troops in action only a few times, he did learn the common sense of campaigning in America. In fact he thought he knew more about this than did that excellent and unfortunate General

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Forbes who died of illness just after he had successfully forced the French to evacuate the important post of Fort Duquesne on the site of modern Pittsburgh. Washington was convinced that Forbes's choice of building a road through Pennsylvania instead of following Braddock's old route was a fatal error and he upheld his opinion almost to the point of insubordination. Forbes was right, but it was a very close thing. Another week of bad weather and his campaign would have been a failure.

In any event, Washington considered his military career at an end in 1758. He had done his best under the greatest difficulties; he had won the wholehearted respect and affection of his officers; he had served with complete integrity; he was admired and esteemed, but he had achieved only a moderate military fame. Other opportunities now lay before him. Without active political campaigning on his part, other than supplying a vast quantity of liquor to the voters of his county, he had been elected to the House of Burgesses — a definite and flattering vote of confidence in so young a man. He was engaged to marry an amiable and rich widow. Wealth and position were his. What did the future hold?

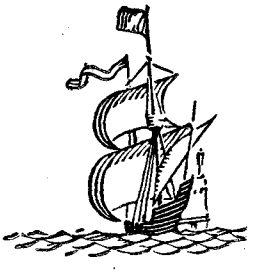
There Mr. Freeman leaves him for the time, an understandable and attractive figure, a great man perhaps in the making, surely an outstanding young man in Colonial Virginia. If in the preceding eight years Washington had died under the tomahawk which dogged him, or the dysentery which afflicted him in frontier campaigning; if any of the bullets which pierced his clothing at the sorrowful slaughter of Braddock's troops had found a fatal mark, he would have been mourned as a most hopeful young man of fine character and parts. The "Destiny" in which he believed — for the young Washington was religious only in a gentlemanly way — elected otherwise, to the great good fortune of our country. The record was satisfactory but not flamboyant.

It remained for his character to grow in firmness and strength, for his self-discipline to control his passion and canalize his ambition, if he were to realize his destiny. So the second volume ends, with this reviewer, at least, convinced that, for the first time, he has met the authentic youthful Washington, whose later story he will have to await, however impatiently, until the promised volumes of this really magnificent biography are published.

A word about Mr. Freeman's style. He is, of course, an experienced and disciplined as well as a delightful writer. In these volumes he permits himself a number of repetitions which are obviously deliberate, intended to drive his points home. A few of these could, I think, be deleted in future editions as unnecessary for clarity and as somewhat annoying to the reader who heard him the first time. Otherwise one can only praise a narrative and exposition which, even in dealing with trivial details and despite copious notation, is never dull, is always agreeable and easy, and is at times lightened by a quiet and charming humor. One is also conscious throughout of what *good-humored* writing this is.

Mr. Freeman evidently found dry-as-dust research a pleasant occupation if it threw any light into the dark corners of his hero's background. He is in love with his subject, and his affectionate understanding is apparent in every page. As he says in his introduction: —

"Every phase of this study has been a delight — the man, the setting, the diversity of Washington's companions, the age in which he lived. In writing of Gen. R. E. Lee and of the Confederate States of America, one felt always the pervasion of tragedy and, after 1862, the faster approach of the trampling horsemen. For Lee and for most of his lieutenants it was a drama of ill-fortune nobly borne and, in that way, a triumph of character over catastrophe, but it was drama played in the twilight. With Washington, the atmosphere is that of dawn. Disaster never is without hope. Battles may be lost but the war will be won. Even when the men themselves grow old, the nation still is young."



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Books and Men

England's leading satirist, EVELYN WAUGH *was born in 1903 and educated at Lancing School and Oxford. After graduation he spent a year in London studying art, wrote a critical biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and then embarked on those mordant and hilarious novels,* Decline and Fall *(1928),* Vile Bodies *(1930), and* Black Mischief *(1932), which took English Society for such a ride as it had not enjoyed since Thackeray. Mr. Waugh served in the Commandos during the war, and the novel which he wrote on his return,* Brideshead Revisited, *marks a new depth and power in his work.*

THE AMENITIES IN AMERICA

by EVELYN WAUGH

In a stable society, such as nowadays exists nowhere in the world, people live and die in the place and condition of their birth, and social custom is inculcated by precept and example from earliest childhood until it seems to be instinctive. Each nation, religion, class, and trade has its own traditional etiquette — the label frankly proclaiming a man's social status. Such a society has no need for written manuals of etiquette. They are needed by restless and rootless people who have to adapt themselves to strange ways — in fact by most people today.

Mrs. Millicent Fenwick, in *Vogue's Book of Etiquette* (Simon and Schuster, $5.00), has accomplished a clever feat of editorship. The large volume is clearly arranged, illustrated and cross-referenced. She has, moreover, achieved something unique in the literature of etiquette. She has written a book that is not funny. I mean it is not "funny-ha-ha"; it is "funny-peculiar" in many respects, as when (p. 42) she states that debutantes with wise parents are "allowed not to drink"; but she nowhere provokes the deep laughter for which we treasured her predecessors' works. Such lapidary ordinances as: "If you break a glass, apologize, but do not offer to pay" and "Never touch the fruit; a practiced eye should easily discern the best on the dish," have no place in this studious work. Moreover she professes a different motive from her predecessors'. Their task was frankly to instruct people of low origins in the social habits of their superiors. Not so Mrs. Fenwick, who claims that "the new standards of behavior are based on what millions of people have accepted as right and wrong. Etiquette is a forum of citizens open to anyone who cares about the amenities of living."

On the face of it this seemed to be exactly the kind of book which I, as a foreigner who wished to render himself inoffensive in a strange land, particularly needed. I studied it earnestly and learned much. For example, in England we employ the toothpick unashamedly. Mrs. Fenwick teaches me that it is intolerable to touch the teeth at all. In England, too, we speak of "the bathroom" as the place where we have baths, and employ the euphemism "lavatory" for the privy. Mrs. Fenwick gives welcome advice against this habit. As I read more deeply, however, I found myself increasingly disconcerted by the contradiction between Mrs. Fenwick's avowed aims and her accomplishment.

One does not have to travel far in the United States to observe that millions of good citizens who care about the amenities of life do in fact outrage Mrs. Fenwick's rules every hour of the day. They say "highball" for whisky and soda, "home" for house, "phone" for telephone, and pronounce tomato, "tomayto." Then there is the matter of hand-shaking. In a few days' visit I have had my hand seized and squeezed by the cutter at a tailor's shop, the desk clerk at the hotel, and by an intoxicated master-baker in an elevator. Here I thought was a friendly, egalitarian habit which I must cultivate. But on turning up Mrs. Fenwick's passage on the subject I learn that even in the case of social introductions it is wrong for the man of inferior rank to be the first to offer his hand. Well I daresay master-bakers and novelists are on an equality, but I cannot help thinking that a customer in a shop or hotel must (so far as their particular, temporary relationship goes) rank above the employee.

Then in the matter of men's clothes: in my youth London, Eng., was the seat of authority. Now we are in shreds and patches, and looking about me it seemed that the United States, freed from convention, is well on the way to developing a distinctive, indeed a flamboyant, style of national dress. But

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Mrs. Fenwick's chapter on the subject reads like the regulations issued to officers of the Brigade of Guards by their adjutants, for correct plain clothes during the season of His Majesty's residence in London. Almost the only eccentricity she allows is the odd one of instructing valets to lay out an evening tie on the back of a chair instead of in its normal place on the dressing-table.

Slowly, as I read, a suspicion grew that Mrs. Fenwick was really following traditional lines. All the preliminary talk about the forum of millions of citizens was mere appeasement. Her task was still that of her predecessors: to impose the habits of a small upper class upon the humble majority.

This opened a new line of inquiry and I read more critically, with the result that I flushed some very grave mistakes. On page 587 she writes: "the widow of a Viscount is Angela, Viscountess of Avonmore." Now this is an entirely impossible title. There is not the smallest reason why American citizens should bother about such archaic minutiae but if they are to be told, let them be told correctly. You cannot be Viscount *of* anything. You can be Viscount (or Viscountess) Fenwick or Viscount Fenwick of Manhattan. You cannot be Viscount of Manhattan.

So also of heraldry. An American citizen can, of course, embellish his writing paper with any device he chooses and describe it in whatever words he likes, without reference to the Earl Marshal of England. But if he derives his coat-of-arms from a grant made under the English Crown he presumably prefers to be correct in speaking of it. The sentence: "A widow uses her father's shield and her husband's; the lozenge is divided in half vertically and the husband's shield is impaled at the left, the father's at the right" is frankly outrageous.

A much graver sin is committed in the treatment of wine. The ravages of prohibition still afflict the American palate and it is welcome to find Mrs. Fenwick assuming (as I know with pain is far from being the case) that wine is always served at dinner. But having gone so far into the right way, she should really have gone a little farther — or rather should not have strayed so wantonly. She confuses *Amontillado* with *Tio Pepe* and *Manzanilla*. She writes fatuously of the Sauternes, which include four or five of the finest châteaux in the Bordeaux, as "less useful" than white Burgundy. She supposes, as many do, that all Graves are white; in fact, most of them, and the best, are red. Worst of all, she describes Rhine Wine, which includes the very heaviest and richest wines in the world (fortified wines excepted), succinctly as "very light." Elsewhere she remarks of foreigners that they are so peculiar as to "drink for taste." Could not she, who is so severe about the pronunciation of "tomato," have shown a little more rectitude in this matter?

And then, browsing happily, I came on the startling sentence: "It has been generally agreed that conversation is a lost art," and suddenly I thought, "Then what on earth is the reason for giving a party at all? Why all these elaborate rules for invitation and acceptance, for serving and eating if, when your guests are assembled, they know nothing of the fundamental delight of social intercourse?"

God forbid that as a guest in this country I should insult my hosts by hinting at even the faintest agreement with Mrs. Fenwick. But one thing I will note. Americans seem to listen very little. They talk brilliantly and wisely, with deep knowledge and apt illustration, and I think, looking round the table, how lucky we are to be here. And looking round I notice on every face except the speaker's a rapt nun-like contemplative calm. They are paying no attention at all. Surely here is an amenity of living with which the citizens forum might concern itself? All good conversation depends on timing and agility, not on the importance of the subject. Each contribution must be sharply apropos and must develop the theme. To ensure that, keen attention is necessary. But in all Mrs. Fenwick's 650 pages I have found no suggestion of this.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

THE year past has been a perplexing one for those who produce books; looking back in my dual capacity as editor and reader, I should like to report on some of the changes which have affected the author, the public, and the publisher. At the outset of 1948, publishers were confident — confident that the reading public which had been enlarged by the war, and now by the addition of the more thoughtful veterans, would absorb more books than in 1947; and their manufacturing schedules were planned for larger production. But in the spring there came first a check and then a sharp decline in the sale of books and periodicals.

This should have been a warning that we were at the end of an abnormal expansion, but publishers hate to take no for an answer, and book manuscripts continued to pour into the presses. The manufacture of a book takes months where it used to take weeks, and new titles announced for the autumn must be in the works by the end of April; thus, despite the spring slump, production continued to go up. Thirty-five hundred new titles, the harvest of two years of writing, editing, and production, came crowding for sale in the last three months of 1948. This was a glut.

All through the year the reading public showed itself to be restless, dissatisfied, and wary. The booksellers were the first to see this and to note the reasons. Said Miss Lillian Friedman of St. Louis, one of the wisest women in the Trade: "I know the day is over when a woman hands you six books and says, 'Send these to my boy in Africa and help pick out another six for my nephew stationed in England.' We've got to put the books in the customers' hands now — they're not putting them in ours."

There is no doubt that book prices are too high — too high, that is, for the pocketbook. What teacher, doctor's wife, or GI couple is going to gamble $3.50 on a novel and not feel badly stung if that novel turns out to be a mediocrity? But the publisher is right up against it in this matter of price. Because of the inescapable pressure of labor and materials, it costs today more than twice as much to produce a book as it did ten years ago. If a publisher passes this increase on to the purchaser, he prices himself out of business. His only present alternative is to pay the costs and then try to sell twice as many copies of every book he makes. In too many firms the result has ended in red figures.

The only relief in this vicious spiral is the hope that invention in photo offset and new forms of composition will come to the rescue. It hasn't yet.

Romance or hard truth

Meantime there is this matter of mediocrity. The war had a paralyzing effect on most creative writers: many of the oldest English and European novelists were living in exile, roots in the air; the middle-aged and younger everywhere were in uniform. It was to be expected that books of quality would emerge slowly after the war.

But in the interim, publishers made three bets which have proved to be bad: they bet that American readers did not want war novels or much else that was serious in fiction; as a substitute, they bet on romance with a teasing ingredient of sex; and they bet heavily on repetition. In this they were encouraged by the older booksellers, who recalled that in President Harding's normalcy there was a demand for flaming youth.

You have seen the result. For two years and a half we have been treated to a succession of fat, blowsy romances ("just pieces of writing to be turned into movies" remarked Miss Marion Dodd, the good bookseller of Northampton) whose heroines as they run toward or away from the man on the dust cover seem always in danger of losing their shirts. These beauties and the flapdoodle about them have disfigured a good many pages of advertising. The battle of the bosoms — at $3.50 a volume — went on until readers had enough and the market went down.

It was stupid so to misjudge the American temper, stupid to argue that this time would be like last time, stupid not to realize that many of the seven million men and women coming out of uniform would demand the truth about the most violent experience in their lives. Tom Heggen's *Mister Roberts* and *Command Decision* by William Wister

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Haines (both of which ran in the *Atlantic*), *Tales of the South Pacific* by James Michener, which won the Pulitzer Prize, *The Gallery* by John Horne Burns, *The Naked and the Dead* by Norman Mailer, *The Young Lions* by Irwin Shaw — *there* is the masculine writing which reached for the truth and beside which the fat cats looked so silly.

There is another manifestation of American taste which publishers might take to heart. The revival of interest in Henry James, the delight in the evocative, beautifully written autobiography of Sir Osbert Sitwell, the welcome accorded to the fastidious evaluation of *Thoreau* by Joseph Wood Krutch, indicate a liking for fine style, for prose that will make us forget the nervous, staccato chatter of journalism.

Among the conscientious, the urgency to understand is what compels us to read Sherwood's illuminating portrait of Harry Hopkins, Eisenhower's *Crusade in Europe*, the booming eloquence and remembrance of Winston Churchill. But whether we consider fiction as biography or history, I think that American readers fundamentally are looking for this: —

They are looking for the truth that man still does have dignity, that he is not simply a puppet twitched into love or war by his unconscious which pulls the strings; they are looking for some semblance of order; they are seeking for integrity; they are seeking for the will and imagination to believe that there is a cohesive power in mankind greater than the atomic bomb.

The best of James Thurber

In **James Thurber,** once of Ohio and now of the *New Yorker*, we have the number one funnyman of the U.S. Thurber, like Edward Lear, excels in both his drawings and his writing, and in his new book, ***The Beast in Me and Other Animals*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), we find him at his best.

Here are those solemn hounds so unmoved by the antics of their morose owners; here are the lumpish women and the little men tilting at each other in the relentless War Between the Sexes; here are the animals, Thurber's "fauba," the "Extinct Animals of Bermuda" — Pritchard's olf, and the waffle-crested bly drawn and described in what are to me convulsing lines; here are the seal at the head of the bed and the first Mrs. Harris so beautifully watchful on the top of the bookcase. Take them straight or with Freud, these drawings are unique and irresistible, a reflection of us all.

In his prose Mr. Thurber can be the deadpan observant reporter watching the dismantling of Joseph Pulitzer's old home on Seventy-third Street; he can be serious and let the facts carry the irony, as when he describes the individuals, the serials, the rates of pay and production which have made Soap Opera such an industry as could be found only in this country; he can be mock serious, as when he slays for all time the fatuities of the cocktail party in those two lovely short stories, "The Waters of the Moon" and "The Ordeal of Mr. Matthews"; he can be diabolic, as when he makes those two tight wives recite their lines in "Am Not I Your Rosalind?"; he can be just foolish. Any way, I like him.

Your illness and mine

No woman, not even Emily Kimbrough, has a more amusing gift of simile and a more laughable reaction to life than **Betty MacDonald.** Her *Egg and I*, which was the most popular serial I have printed in the *Atlantic* and which later sold over a million copies in book form, is the incomparable, candid chronicle of how a young couple can make a howling failure while raising chickens. After the chickens came a divorce; and then Betty, now almost thirty, with her two daughters, aged nine and ten, went back to live with her mother in Seattle. She took a government job to help pay her share of the crowded ménage. She and three other girls, she tells us, worked in close quarters with a clerk who "looked like a cadaver and coughed constantly, with a dry little hacking cough, much of the time in my face." He was later found to have had active, communicable tuberculosis for nineteen years; and not unnaturally after twelve months of such service, Betty began to develop symptoms which no one in her exuberant family could take seriously. Eventually she went to a specialist whose X-rays showed beyond doubt that she had pulmonary tuberculosis. Since there wasn't money enough to pay her way, she was packed off to The Pines, an endowed institution free to those who need care and cannot pay. So begins ***The Plague and I*** (Lippincott, $2.75).

To anyone looking at Betty MacDonald's red-headed blooming vitality today it is hard to realize that she could ever have been at death's door. But she was. And this book tells the at first funny and then increasingly sober account of her six-month struggle for life.

The book gets off to a delightfully irresponsible start. Betty has a knack for drawing people. She catches the idiosyncrasies of those she dislikes and the endearments of those she likes: her father, the mining engineer, with his worship of the out-of-doors; Gammy with her dreadful cooking and her love of disaster; Mother who despises what she calls the "saddos" (sorry-for-themselves). The etching becomes a little more biting when the author goes to The Pines. You can hardly expect to find the bounce and rollick of *The Egg and I* in a sanatorium. And once she is flat on her back and depressed by the ominous doctoring, Betty becomes the griping, worried patient which is any invalid.

Her humor as much as anything else pulls her through as it pulls the reader through her long convalescence. Her figures of speech are always a

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surprise: Charlie's b.o. "preceded him like a fanfare and followed him like an echo"; Madge's dropped books "crashed to the floor and noise rolled along the corridors like spilled marbles"; the Barking Dog's coughs "bursting from her like balls from a Roman candle." I don't know how many millions of invalids there are in this country, but I do know that many of them will see themselves in this book.

The Bantam Barnum

Billy Rose is God's gift in a dreary year and his book ***Wine, Women and Words*** (Simon and Schuster, $3.00) the most refreshing slice of Manhattan we've had since Damon Runyon. The origin of the book is interesting. Five years ago, more or less, Billy Rose opened a cabaret which, as he says, "features the usual fifty girls in forty-nine costumes." Unlike most businessmen, he himself wrote the advertisements of his Diamond Horseshoe, which appeared in the New York papers. The town began to look forward to "these pipsqueak paragraphs," and it was Bernard Baruch who advised the producer to turn them into a newspaper column, which Mr. Rose promptly did, offering it for free to *PM*. Then a syndicate moved in. "Seeing my stuff in print," he writes, "was like having my back scratched. And when the New York *Herald Tribune* took on the column, Rita Hayworth was doing the scratching." After the syndicate came Max Schuster and a contract signed, as the author says, "with one of those fountain pens which write under a dry Martini."

This book is alive with hundreds of stories which could only have happened in New York and been told by a New Yorker. These couldn't be all his stories; some of them might come from the teeming mind of his friend Ben Hecht, some of them from the streets or the bars or a gray press clipping, but Billy Rose has made them his and told them in an idiom which is his incontestable trade-mark. He knows the show business and so of course writes with a beautiful sense of timing, with an impeccable ear for dialogue, and with a sense of humor that never ceases to gibe at himself.

He is a little guy, standing five-three ("Why doesn't my press agent lay off those tired phrases — The Bantam Barnum, The Gremlin of 54th Street, The Shorty with the Fringe on Top. And why doesn't Eleanor stop telling people I wear a bow-tie because I trip on the other kind?"). He is also a kindly guy, compassionate, probably a soft touch, one who has talked his way through life with that slow ingratiating smile and has somehow found himself listening to the life stories — the bits of tragedy and humor — which people have been telling him because they liked his sympathy. Without this undertone of human nature, the wisecracks would just be farce.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

THE year 1948 produced slightly more good fiction than any of the barren past five years, but gave no promise of a substantial letup in the long literary slump. The only American newcomers of notable promise were, I think, Norman Mailer and, more problematically, Truman Capote. In retrospect it seems to me that *Cry, the Beloved Country*, with its Victorian "comfort in desolation," was somewhat overpraised all round, and *The Heart of the Matter* was overpraised in this column (and others). Huxley's performance was disappointing judged by Huxleyan standards. *The Loved One*, I still feel, was treated far too seriously in the many reviews which spoke ecstatically of Waugh's "wicked satire" of American mores: the "satire" looked to me the naïvest sort of anti-Americanism and the fun was often soured by acrimony. In Faulkner's case, I was among the Philistines who crassly complained his syntax marred enjoyment of his talent; sage critics rated *Intruder in the Dust* a great novel and a mark of growth. *Doctor Faustus* had all of Mann's faults and was further proof of his greatness. *The Plague*, perhaps the year's most remarkable novel, suggested that Camus's talent may be the most significant to mature since the war. Thornton Wilder contributed one of the year's major dividends.

The most depressing aspect of the better than average fiction was the evidence that — among young writers as well as established ones — "know-how" was replacing creativity. A host of books were ably put together, readable enough — and not worth reading. Something was missing: the "something new" that had *not* been added. I'm not thinking of new material, new sights, which are necessarily scarce (the novel form is aging), but of what V. S. Pritchett has called "new seeing" — the life and soul of the novel. One and the same pair of eyes seemed to be doing the seeing for every score of hands writing fiction, and what those hands wrote had no private life of its own.

Never had so many novels appeared which were so like so many other novels published within the same year or two. Here was another frightened young man on the flying trapeze, trying to fly away from "Mom"; another glib huckster getting and spending the tycoon's dollar while yearning for "integrity," which, being interpreted, meant "writing a novel" (certain to be repulsive). Here was

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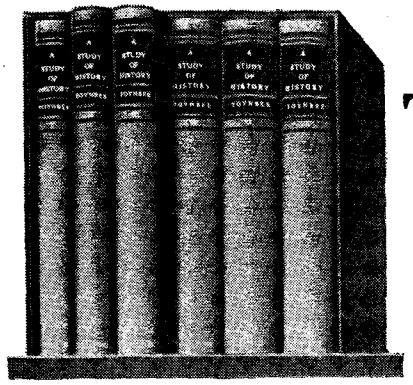

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another small town rotted with moral gangrene; another decorous English storm which never overflowed the teacup; a whole regiment of themes and characters worn to a frazzle by too much active service; and, by way of Illumination, the Intelligent Man's Guide to Freud (or Jung or the Washington School of Psychiatry).

The womb and the dream

Rave prepublication comments described ***An Act of Love*** (Simon and Schuster, $3.95) as "a novel about modern man which approaches in scale the immensity of the problems which face us." **Ira Wolfert** takes the Pacific war as his backdrop. His story describes the sinking of a U.S. cruiser and the survivors' ordeal at sea; Lieutenant Harry Brunner's recovery on an enemy-held island, first among the natives, then in the home of an American planter, Andersen, on good terms with the Japanese; the lieutenant's (frustrating) love affair with the planter's (willing) daughter; and finally, the American campaign for the island. Meanwhile Mr. Wolfert's inner eye analyzes the lieutenant's traumas; the deep tensions between Andersen, his wife and daughter; the psychic palsy of our time. The palsy, I gather, stems from our subservience to "animal fears," which cause each of us to feel "a minority of one"; it disappears when the human will deliberately conquers the brute instinct of self-preservation, and what follows is a genuine "act of love."

Although this is fairly standard Illumination, it makes a large and earnest theme. But, the advance build-up notwithstanding, I found Mr. Wolfert's handling of it unimpressive. There is too much here one has read about before: the protracted jungle fighting — in *The Naked and the Dead* (and better done); the insistent and elaborate commentary on womb-seeking and such — in many a page of clinical fiction and in texts on psychiatry for the uneasy layman (where it made better sense). One particular act of love (the wrong sort), which involved Harry and a brace of Pacific maidens, sounded alarmingly as though Henry Miller had rewritten Elinor Glyn: "They vibrated and moaned like strong, rank-smelling fillies. Their hands grasped and pummeled like hoofs, but Harry's mind kept wandering . . ."

The book possibly has a momentous private life which I missed be-

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cause of the fact we never became intimate. For this I blame the author's special brand of prose, which "pummeled like hoofs" and caused my mind, like Harry's, to wander: —

"'Come to me,' she said simply, but the tone resonating above the words said so much more. The tone said she needed him, and that he would have pleasure from her need. It said she knew he needed her, and it gave her pleasure to know it. It said she was pleased to show him she needed him because she knew it would give him pleasure to see it. And from her need she would have pleasure, and he would have pleasure. And from his need, both he and she would have pleasure."

The prevalence of this kind of arty journalese, with its preposterous mannerisms, induced an exasperation which made *An Act of Love*, despite good things in it, seem pretentious, dull, and overlong (577 pages). A gremlin must have crept into Mr. Wolfert's typewriter; he gave us some fine war reporting.

Carl Sandburg also takes the psychosis of a Pacific fighter as symbolic of a larger distemper. In his case, the cure is found in the nation's past, which "mockers" have led many to forget. ***Remembrance Rock*** (Harcourt, Brace, $5.00) seeks to recreate that past and the American Dream in 1067 pages of fictionalized history. In one sense the book (which became a top best-seller while I was wading through it) makes criticism quasi-sacrilegious. The sincerity and generous spirit of Sandburg's patriotism command respect: every page hymns with brooding passion the religion of America. What might perhaps be called the secular qualities of the novel are a different matter.

The grand design of *Remembrance Rock* is Hollywood baroque: a three-decker novel (settlement of Plymouth, Revolution, Civil War) within a novel, the former solving the latter's problems. The main invented characters are three symbolic stereotypes — all symbol and no character — who appear in each period. The pace drags. The language is mushy with sentiment and turgid with rhetoric (an irreverent reviewer wrote: "Sounds like a war-bond rally").

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and the naïve solace of momentous clichés. Love the "humble folk, lacking . . . guile"; seek comfort in "these faces out of the past"; take heart in the squealing of infants, for it is "the cry of the Future." Where, in all this, is the spirit *private* to the American Dream? The nearest one gets to it is the notion of "doom, strife and prayer" leading to rebirth — a continuous crisis which helps along "the transmission of energy." Is this not, more or less, also the Czech Dream, the Polish Dream, and a good many other Dreams? The American past carries a more personal message, surely, than the lesson that "life goes on."

Program for survival

Life will almost certainly *not* go on, **Edgar Ansel Mowrer** is convinced, unless American leadership snaps out of the dream which he analyzes in ***The Nightmare of American Foreign Policy*** (Knopf, $2.95). Mr. Mowrer has written a biting and admirably succinct study of the mistakes made between wars, and of Roosevelt's wartime diplomacy. He concludes with a bold set of answers to the "awful choice" confronting us.

The Truman Doctrine is acclaimed as the first momentous sign of an awakening to realities. But Mowrer stresses that the present U.S. program for containing Communist imperialism shows that the urgency of the threat is still not fully grasped. The key point in his own program is that the United States, beginning with Western Europe, should forge an ironclad alliance with all of the world's anti-Communist countries — a coalition which would aggressively challenge Communism in every corner of the globe and make itself too powerful to be challenged. Mowrer's long-range prescription for peace is a world government fortified with overwhelming power.

Anchored to the premise that the sole purpose of diplomacy is power, the author's political thinking is reminiscent of Machiavelli's. Its defiant tone proclaims the disillusioned idealist — and also leads to occasional paradox. Thus Mowrer dismisses the liberal complaint about bolstering "reactionary" governments as an example of "the moralistic fallacy"; he later notes that the Greek Communist problem was "sired" by a policy which forced a reactionary government on the Greeks. Despite occasional disagreement, *The Nightmare*

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of American Foreign Policy impressed me as being one of the more forceful of recent books in its field. And when the adversary is Stalin, it is as well to lean toward Machiavelli.

It is as well, too, not to write such juvenile and ultra-nationalistic books as **André Visson's** ***As Others See Us*** (Doubleday, $3.00) — a dossier of the nasty things Europeans have said about Americans, punctuated by all the nasty things the author can think of about Europe, and piously presented as a contribution toward cozier relations with our allies. Since Visson's America is almost without blemish and his Europe entirely without Grace, the Good Word falls about four thousand miles short of the mark.

Mr. Visson's complaint, in sum, is that Europe's un-Americanism stems from an unexcusable reluctance to play the abject Job groveling before Jehovah. Europeans will not admit that the *sole* reason they are worse off than Americans is simply moral and economic turpitude (they will mention geography and natural wealth); they don't like acknowledging that U.S. aid is essentially high-minded charity; vilest of all, these paupers are proud of their culture, which Mr. Visson sneers at preparatory to a clumsy defense of Hollywood.

A great many of the criticisms of America cited are, of course, absurd; but others are opinions voiced daily by responsible Americans. Visson makes no clear distinction between them; his tone throughout is that of the unpleasant small boy whose favorite social gambit is "My daddy's richer than yours." Europe's corrupters turn out to be that classic scapegoat of all anti-humanists, the intellectuals — a nefarious sect herein alleged, so help me, to have originated "in the Middle Ages." This mischievous book is clearly another of those acts of *Penitente*-ism so fashionable nowadays: Mr. Visson is an ex-European and an ex-intellectual.

The good companions

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Mifflin, $2.75), Mr. Wechsberg collects tales of his youth in Czechoslovakia and subsequent career as an international free-lance fiddler. We start out in the Prague of 1919, with an early romance that died for want of roast goose liver, and leave the author a U.S. Sergeant in Paris. Among the intermediate episodes are the Vienna Opera's hilarious Battle of the Claque; a shipboard vendetta, settled on the opening-closing night of an Algiers supper club with the help of cinnamon in the Sheiks' leg of lamb; the Maupassant-like saga of Monte Carlo's singing pharmacist.

We meet a Prague bureaucrat who stowed away all documents marked "For Immediate Decision," and is now doing nicely in Washington; a ship's detective of awesome incompetence and equal gluttony; a picturesque assortment of Don Juans, eccentrics, and musical riffraff. It is *opéra bouffe* but the undertones are sometimes grim, as when in 1913 Uncle Absolon, Weisskirchen's leading citizen, had to arrange a friendly pogrom against himself (followed by beer and goulash for the stone-throwers) because Vienna had ordered pogroms. Or when, years later, the author and other Jewish musicians at a Marienbad café were beaten daily by premature Nazis. The lunatic past was sour as well as sweet, but the author always distills humor from it.

Written with quiet geniality and taste, Crosby Gaige's ***Footlights and Highlights*** (Dutton, $4.00) is the autobiography of a man who has made the most of two lives. Something of a scholar, a collector and publisher (on his own press) of fine books, a gourmet and artist of the kitchen, Mr. Gaige has also been a dizzy gambler and noted impresario — theatrical producer, early partner of Sam Goldwyn, lecture manager and promoter of fantastic enterprises. He made millions, enjoyed them and lost them, then turned his hobby, gastronomy, into a livelihood.

Piquant incidents, casually reported, suggest the personality. Having to help finance his education, Gaige became a real newspaperman at high school — simply by phoning in the news of an explosion. As a staff reporter for the New York *Times* (while still an undergraduate), he once rescued a victim of white slavers from a brothel and delivered a baby on the sidewalks of Manhattan. He was not much older when he became producer of the celebrated playwright, Henry Arthur Jones.

Mr. Gaige writes of the many famous plays he has sponsored and of the flops; of the many gifted people he has known; of memorable dinners and great dishes (with recipes appended). *Footlights and Highlights* is rich in theatrical and gastronomic lore and racy anecdotes — a modest and engaging record of success in the art of living.

Reference shelf

A number of useful reference books, some of them outstanding, have appeared during the past few months. ***The Reader's Encyclopedia*** (Crowell, $6.00), edited by **William Rose Benét,** is an extensive guide to literature and the arts (plots, characters, biographies, special terms, etc.), fortified with references to history, geography, and mythology. There are some omissions (for instance, Koestler and a number of noted painters, including Bonnard and Derain), striking in view of the many trivial contemporaries included. Still, the book is a superb achievement — immensely informative, a delight to browse through and an amazing value for the price. So, too, is the enlarged edition of the more concentrated ***Oxford Companion to American Literature*** (Oxford, $7.50) by **James D. Hart** (also alphabetically arranged). A board of eight editors and some fifty literary authorities are responsible for a new three-volume ***Literary History of the United States*** (Macmillan, $20), which, judging from a random sampling, amply justifies the description, "A monumental addition to our literary culture, a continuous story to be read as well as consulted."

The problem of usage, which anyone who deals with the written word has trouble with at some time, is exhaustively covered in ***Words into Type*** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $5.00), based on studies by **Marjorie Skillin, Robert Gay,** and others. A lucid, well-organized handbook, it deals with "styling" the manuscript, proofreading, typography, illustration, and such, and contains useful sections on copyright and libel. ***A Treasury of Biblical Quotations*** (Doubleday, $2.45), edited by **Lester Berrey,** is on the skimpy side (no heading for the Lord!). ***Laird's Promptory: A Modern Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms*** (Holt, $4.95), whose 900 pages carry as many word-headings as a dictionary, is in

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY COMPANY
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some respects a handier book to consult than Roget's classic. And to wind up this cursory roundup, a warm tribute to a friend which has always given more than was expected of it: ***The American College Dictionary*** (Random House, $5.00).

Potpourri

THE BOOK OF FINE PRINTS *by Carl Zigrosser.* Crown, $5.00.

To have published this comprehensive, profusely illustrated, and handsomely produced history of prints and printmaking for the price of five dollars is an economic tour de force in this day of inflated costs. Carl Zigrosser, Curator of Prints at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, has written an authoritative and engrossing text, which covers the subject from the first "rubbings" made in China more than ten centuries ago to the etchings, lithographs, engravings, and other prints of today. The text is followed by 600 admirable reproductions of great prints in private and public collections. An outstanding art book.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE *by Charles Williams.* Pellegrini & Cudahy, $2.75.

Commuting between post-war London and the suburbs of eternity, this strange theological novel dramatizes the conflict between Good and Evil in terms of love and blackest magic. The cast includes two girls who have just been killed and the husband (he's alive) of one of them; Simon the Clerk, a necromancer as old as the guillotine and decidedly more sinister; his daughter by the wife of an RAF Air Marshal and her fiancé; and a soulless dwarf-woman whom Simon has created out of putty. The author was (he died in 1945) highly thought of as a religious novelist in England. T. S. Eliot contributes a warm introduction to *All Hallows' Eve*, the first of a series of Williams's books to appear in America.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA *by Hector Bolitho.* Macmillan, $5.00.

The story of Victoria and Albert has been told many times, but Mr. Bolitho has unearthed important new material — stores of letters in Germany — and the death of the last of Queen Victoria's children enables him "to express opinions and publish [other] material" which would previously have been "ungracious." Most intriguing are the documents showing that, but for Albert's diplomatic editing, Britain and America would very possibly have gone to war in 1861 over the incident of the *Trent*. Personal, not political, in focus, the book would have gained from a touch of Strachey's glitter and iconoclasm. Still, it's good reading and the most thorough study of the Queen and those around her.

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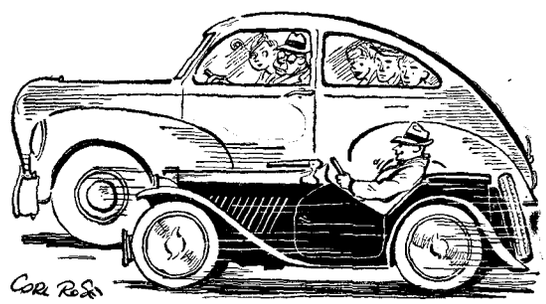
Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Whenever I see the proprietor of a British sports car pounding along an American superhighway, his situation fills me with sympathy, envy, and sorrow. The sympathy is for the protest vote which the driver has registered against the crushing uniformity of American cars; and also for the hard ride that he is getting and the manifest shortcomings of his importation. The envy is for the depth of his purse, the raffish style of his car, and certain of its performance characteristics. The sorrow is for the unwillingness of our own automobile makers to offer anything of the kind.

Some of the operating advantages of the British sports car are described by John W. Vandercook (page 91). Its disadvantages are more complex. The British engine, for instance, is designed to save scarce and expensive gasoline; it must undergo a severe annual tax, graduated according to the area of its piston displacement. It must take the form, therefore, of an uncommonly small engine according to our standards, yet be capable, by means of efficient design and prodigious r.p.m., of enough horsepower to be interesting. Such an engine calls for more gear shifting than the American will accept and is often crotchety in slow traffic. The car itself is made for narrow, twisting, hard-surfaced roads and relatively short distances. With its short wheel base, narrow gauge, stiff suspension, and low clearance it's easy to handle on such a road, but only an enthusiast would endorse these qualities for American highway conditions.



The problem of the American designer is no less specific. He sets out to produce in large quantities an all-purpose car, dependable, powerful, and fast. Usually seating six persons, it must be comfortable both for the driver-owner if he is alone, and for the whole family with all its luggage. Its springing tries to serve equally well cargoes ranging anywhere from 125 pounds to ten or fifteen times that amount. This calls for a big engine and considerable bulk and weight in the car.

Just before the war the Germans were offering a standardized small high-performance roadster, a two-passenger car with a disappearing top. Fully equipped with a starter, lights, spare wheel, and accessories, the BMW Type 328, as it was known, had a total weight, ready to run, of 1530 pounds. Other features included a streamlined underbody, a small six-cylinder engine with three carburetors, and a four-speed transmission. Its acceleration figures were remarkable, the car running up from a standstill to 50 miles an hour in *less than* six seconds. Its price, f.o.b. Hamburg, was some $2100. The same car was made under license in England and at a higher price by Frazer-Nash. Both versions were successful in many competitions and I believe the Type 328 established a Mount Washington record over here. For anything like its price, the BMW was probably the most brilliant performer of any "stock" car of its day.

There is no use trying to argue a man out of the *mystique* which makes him want to own, more than anything else, a Saumur saddle or a set of chisels from Eskilstuna or a Lock hat or a Bugatti instead of its domestic counterpart. I once enraged the foreign sports car fancy in this country by writing in the British magazine *Speed* that a slightly converted Ford, at an extra cost of about $500, could outsprint and outrun most of the avowed sports models of English and Continental origin. My facts and figures were correct, but the rejoinders were more in the field of metaphysics. (Note the distaste which Mr. Vandercook encountered for "hot rods" at Watkins Glen. My own crime was worse, since my Ford was not even a hot rod but only, so to speak, a warm rod.)

Between the hard-seated fanatic in his speed car and the portly householder lounging with his family on the divans of Detroit, there might be a fair number of customers for still another type of automobile. I have in mind a standard American chassis with lower and more rigid springing, a shorter wheel

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base, and high-geared steering. Its engine would be the most powerful in the company's line. Weight would be held at the minimum and all nonessentials omitted. The two-passenger body would be an aluminum skin on a wooden or light metal frame, with a manually operated disappearing top and a windshield that would fold flat. In that general direction and with trifling technical changes which would help the scheme along, almost any American maker could turn the assignment over to Raymond Loewy and come out with an interesting car for which some people would be glad to pay a premium. Among them, I am certain, would be a good many Continentals and Englishmen with a taste for the imported article.

CHARLES W. MORTON

AUTOMOBILES

JOHN W. VANDERCOOK is widely known as an author, world traveler, and radio commentator.

ROAD RACE

by JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

AUTOMOBILE road racing in the United States was revived last fall at Watkins Glen, New York, after a hiatus of thirteen years. Some ten thousand spectators distributed themselves along 6.6 miles of road of a studied nastiness to watch cars as strange to most of them as pterodactyls.

They saw an Alfa-Romeo roadster streak along a winding hill road at 110 miles per hour. They watched Bugattis, Maseratis, and MG's (signifying Morris Garages) defy all reason and experience by approaching right-angle turns at a mile-a-minute clip and smartly making them, as if the law of centrifugal force had been repealed. As inhabitants of the most mechanically-minded nation in the world, they did not fail to note — and to be puzzled — that only one of the entries in the race was of American make, a Stutz twenty years old, and that it was at the tail of the procession.

That spark at Watkins Glen of possible rebellion against motorized overstuffed sofas was lit and vigorously blown upon by four hundred members of an organization which styles itself the Sports Car Club of America.

The members of the S.C.C.A. admit a difficulty. They are not sure what a sports car is. They are only emphatic about what it is not. It isn't, certainly, a "family car." None is broad of beam. And in the whole wide range of the sports car category, springs, brakes, and engine command more respect than the upholstery. None is cheap, and all are fast.

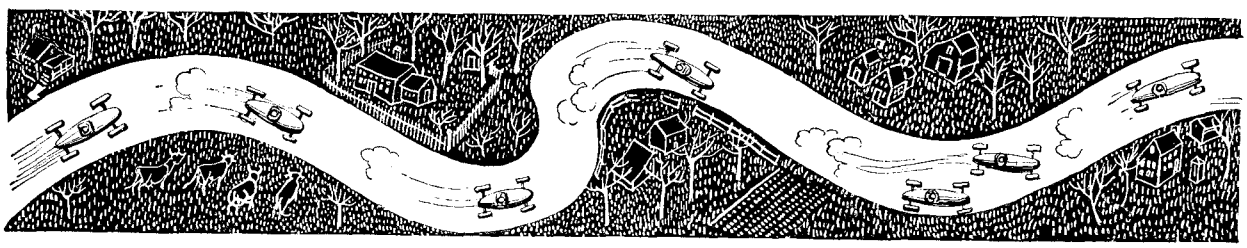
A sports car, however, is not simply a racing car of the fire-belching, outside-plumbing sort driven in automobile track races. Such mutations usually have no claim to nattiness. The lines of sports cars, if not always graceful, are at least arresting. Above all else they are not "hot rods." Part of S.C.C.A.'s distaste for these homemade conversions, one suspects, is that many a hot rod will vie successfully with even the hottest of the British and Continental offerings. If Henry Ford II, in other words, were to open up a hot rod division, the proprietors of the imported cars might find themselves obliged to begin all over again.

The owner-drivers of sports cars are more easily identified. They are in love. Their vehicles entrance them. They can talk exotic makes, good years, cylinder capacities, gear ratios, and standing quarter miles with the encyclopedic knowledge of an elevator starter reciting batting averages. They are usually rich. In private life many are apt to engage in such pursuits as aeronautical engineering or the manufacture of precision tools. All unite in scorn of most of what, among automobiles, is accepted, usual, and native.

The country about Watkins Glen, at the head of Seneca Lake, is varied. It goes steeply up and down. Some of the turnings of its lesser highways would test the agility of an iguana.

It occurred to the enthusiasts that no better site could be found for an attempt to restore to its just place in the United States the neglected sport of road racing. In Europe automobile road racing, with time out for war, has been both fashionable and popular since 1894. In America no road race, strictly speaking, has been held since 1935.

Watkins Glen agreed, and it was done.



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A roughly circular course was chosen. It began and ended on the long, straight main street of Watkins Glen. In the space of 6.6 miles the contestants would climb and descend 900 feet. They would navigate approximately fifteen blind turns, an underpass, two right angles, and one sharp U-turn involving a narrow stone bridge. Road surfaces included macadam, one descending stretch of concrete, rough dirt track, and a remorselessly bumpy passage over a grade crossing.

On an early morning before race day a local citizen drove a new 8-cylinder Detroit-made car over the circuit in 9 minutes and 30 seconds, and scared himself so badly he had to drink restoratives.

The winner of the First Watkins Glen Grand Prix, as they called it, driving a 1939 Alfa-Romeo, completed one trial heat of the course — a feat which included passing some ten other entries — in 5 minutes and 16 seconds, and did the race of 8 laps, a distance of 52.8 miles, in 48 minutes and 41 seconds at an average speed of 63.2 m.p.h.

The Alfa-Romeo was followed over the finish line 11 seconds later by a hybridized Bugatti-Mercedes called a Bu-Merc. The next eight finalists out of an original field of twenty-four makes which included Bugatti, Duesenberg, Jaguar, Vauxhall, Bentley, Lagonda, Maserati, Merlin, Delahaye, and BNC were all MG Midgets, tiny post-war sports roadsters with cylinder capacity of less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ liters, manufactured in England, and modestly rated at 30 horsepower. Five of the successful MG's had sustained the mile-a-minute average. Over a course of such variety and hazard, all had repeatedly to top 85 m.p.h.

It is at once evident that steering an Alfa-Romeo, a Bugatti, or a Mercedes is an exact science. The driver of a stock American car of any current make can, it is true, with proper care avoid a Fruehauf trailer. The driver of a European-made sports car can avoid a pebble.

It requires, on the average, five and one-half turns of the wheel to coax our front tires from extreme port to extreme starboard. The driver of an MG or a Maserati can perform the same operation with one and one-half turns.

Our heavy cars grow perceptibly heavier on corners and tend to yaw. The sports types, because of a lower center of gravity, more rigid springing, and a far sharper control of the steering process, can effect even tight turns at a speed and with a total absence of out-swing which anyone who is not used to them finds downright unbelievable. As an un-hooked-in passenger I nearly departed the open car and this life on several corners when I was driven over the Watkins Glen circuit — not during the race but nevertheless at a clip which felt as if it blew loose whole chunks of hair. If I had, there was the melancholy reflection I would have been alone, for the car held as rigidly to its course as if it had been on tracks.

In spite of the raking look of many of them, their drivers can in most types clearly see the outer edges of both front fenders. Passing requires no guesswork. No sixth sense of space, like a bat's, is demanded, as it is of all American stock car owners, to go in or out of a garage.

There are catches, of course. Some are serious. The first is cost. The smallest of such cars at present available, the MG, is priced around $2400. Before the war an Alfa-Romeo roadster cost $8000. Even the enthusiasts admit that few are comfortable for long drives. The open models are not easy to enclose. In bad weather love may turn to hate. Foreign sports cars are still rare — though the growing number of dealers in the United States who handle them now have long waiting lists.

But like those other invaders, foreign movies, they do, undeniably Have Something. When the exotics began to be box office, Hollywood showed itself not averse to learning. Detroit, it is conceivable, may have the same experience.

Readers of Accent on Living will recall Elizabeth Ward's knitting difficulties, which she described in this department in the August, 1945, *Atlantic*.

MIGHTY UNLAK A ROSE

by ELIZABETH WARD

Anyone who thinks she can win a prize at a flower show today by tossing a handful of red roses into a silver bowl and calling it "Red Roses in a Silver Bowl" is living in the past, and if she will hop the nearest horseless carriage and head out my way, I shall be glad to bring her up to date.

In the first place, there isn't going to be any class entitled "Red Roses in a Silver Bowl," the way there used to be in the innocent old days, when flower fixing was considered a ladylike accomplishment and Constance Spry was a wee slip of a lassie, barely able to crush a butterfly in her tiny fist. As a matter of fact, there probably won't be any bowls either; or any vases, or jars, or compotes. Furthermore, if the present trend persists, there may not even be any flowers. A bowl of flowers is becoming as obsolete at a flower show as

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humor in a comic strip, and I have scars to prove it.

Exhorted by my mother, who was exhibiting at the monthly meeting of our local Garden Club, I spent an entire week-end rubbing furniture wax on a decayed piece of driftwood destined to be the vehicle for "An Arrangement of Plant Material Suggesting Restraint, in a Container Not Originally Intended to Hold Flowers." I am by trade a draftsman, and my preference in flower arrangements runs to the neat and orderly, symmetrically disposed about a well-defined center line. My relatives deplore my taste but they trust me with the legwork, all right, all right.

I exaggerate when I say I spent the whole week-end polishing the driftwood, because it took most of Saturday to find a piece that would meet the specifications. I scoured our river beach like a well-trained retriever, trotting hopefully up and down the steep bank with armfuls of lumber until our lawn looked like the aftermath of a hurricane. We were "going into a niche," as we horticulturists say, which meant that our exhibit had to fit into an open-front plasterboard box about the size and shape of an orange crate. Then, our piece had to be gnarled and twisted — "interesting" in contour — and it had to have a hollow or pocket capable of holding the restraint-suggesting plant material.

It was the time of year when our riverbank produces a particularly vicious species of bramble and the beach is densely populated with clam diggers; but as the morning wore on I almost preferred the brambles to the interest shown by the diggers.

"It's for my mother," I explained as I tussled with a submerged willow tree. But this only piqued their curiosity still further.

Towards the end of the morning I produced a piece that brought a faint glimmer of pleasure to the face of the exhibitor, and I was about to retire and bind up my wounds when my sister Zinnia appeared. Zinnia is chairman of the Flower Show committee, and is a ruthless and tireless perfectionist. She once drove 140 miles in an equinoctial storm in search of teasels, which she then proceeded to paint yellow, to go with her living room. I don't understand the ethics involved, because I once heard Zinnia say of a fellow Garden Club member, in a low, shocked voice, "She shellacs her ivy!" and everyone present shook her head and looked as horrified as if the offender had had some loathsome disease. You mustn't oil your magnolia leaves, either. I don't known why; I'm just telling you that doors will be slammed in your face if you do. But you can paint your teasels and still be accepted by decent people everywhere.

Zinnia's nauseated expression when I showed her my prize was pitiful to see, so I plunged back down the bank and came up with the trunk of an elm tree that had blown down during the blizzard of '88 and was suitably decayed and gnarled. We dislodged a leprous-looking fragment that threw my mother and sister into near hysteria, from which Zinnia emerged at length to give me "finishing" instructions.

"Janet simonizes them," she said. "It gives the most *lovely* finish." I said feebly that I hated to take a chance on spoiling the patina — it looked to me more like an old tonsil than anything else, but they liked it — and that furthermore we didn't have any more Simoniz, because I had used it all up on the car, in my old-fashioned way. But Zinnia reassured me, thrust a tin of furniture wax into my hands, and drove off to assemble a nosegay of eelgrass for her own exhibit.

My mother arranged young skunk cabbages and hairy, unfurled ferns in the driftwood; and if you think that skunk cabbage is a common, ugly, smelly plant, it just shows how uneducated you — and I — are. Just why this extravaganza suggested restraint I am unable to say; but it did to the judges, who awarded it Second Prize. I haven't inquired about the First Prize winner. I'm afraid to.

Few Americans have combined such lively experience in the field of cookery and such ability to describe it as M. F. K. Fisher. She is now living in California.

TO THE GIBSON AND BEYOND

by M. F. K. FISHER

The first Martini I ever drank was strictly medicinal, for threatened seasickness, and in spite of a loyal enjoyment of them which may be increasing in direct ratio to my dwindling selectivity of palate, I must admit that I still find them a sure prop to my flagging spirits, my tired or queasy body, even my overtimid social self. I think I know how many to drink, and when, and where, as well as why; and if I have acted properly and heeded all my physical and mental reactions to them, I have been the winner in many an otherwise lost bout with everything from boredom to plain funk. A well-made dry Martini or Gibson, correctly chilled and nicely served, has been more often my true friend than any two-legged creature.

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The tipple, however, can be dangerous. When about to drink one, I make sure of several things, but mainly how soon I can expect to sit down to a bite to eat. If things look as if they would drift on; if my host has a glint of pre-dinner wanderings and droppings-in in his eye; if my hostess seems disarmingly vague about how to get a meal on the table; if all this obtrudes no matter how quietly into my general enthusiasm, I say No to no matter how masterly a mixture of gin, vermouth, and lemon-zest.

If, on the other hand, I see plainly that I can relax, confident of tangible nourishment within the hour, I permit myself the real pleasure of a definite alcoholic wallop.

There are two classes of nonprofessional Martini-makers: those who are rudely convinced nobody in the world can make one quite so well as they, and those who shy away from the bar and say with melodramatic modesty that they can ruin *anything*. The second, when pressed, usually make the better drink.

My own rules for Martinis fall into three somewhat loose groups: the safe, the perfect, and the intimate (and therefore pluperfect).

The first is the mild kind I give to people I don't know well, which means, bluntly, that they are not close enough to me to betray how many or what kind of drinks they have had before they knock on my door, and that I want to serve wine with the dinner I have carefully prepared for them and do not care to have them turn mussy and maudlin and monotonous. It is made of two parts of gin to one of dry vermouth, and is stirred with ice, poured into chilled stemmed glasses holding not more than two ounces, and served with a green olive stuffed preferably with a pearl onion but passably with a bit of pimiento or almond meat, and the oil from a twisted lemon peel on top. It is mild, and generally safe enough, and can be very good.

The second type is the one I ask for on my occasional sprees in the region's best restaurant, wherever I am. If I do not know the barman, I try a single Gibson. If it is good, I know that I can ask for a double one with equanimity, and from then on not bother with the first puny sample known as a bar drink. (I was raised to accept Gargantuan glasses as but my just due, by my extra-tall extra-lusty father, and am incapable of feeling that anything but a double-sized drink is potable, in public places.)

Given the fact that a barman understands what I want, I like, then, on my rare and deeply savored debauches, to precede the luncheon or dinner with one "double Gibson," to be served in a chilled champagne glass, with the lemon peel twisted once lightly over it. My favorite Bacchus gives me a little dish of salty pearl onions impaled on tiny sticks, lying in a bed of snow. I never touch them, but we respect each other for this sop to custom, a compromise on his part with putting onions into the drink itself, and on mine with wishing that they not appear at all.

Perhaps the best bar Gibsons I ever drank were made by a man in Colorado Springs. They were about four parts of gin to one of vermouth, and at the end of stirring them he put a tiny spoonful of the pickled-onion liquor into each portion. I have tried this, but suspect that the so-called cocktail onions we have produced, since war made life "so dreadfully difficult" for us drinkers, do not have the correct Dutch kick to them. Certainly the trick has not worked any too well for me, which is one reason why my second category of Martinis is arbitrarily professional and why I myself no longer try to duplicate what Bacchus can so deftly and beautifully flick before me.

The third kind, which I have dubbed intimate, is something which should never be served in public, nor to any but the one or two best-known people in the world. It should never be drunk when weariness or the moon's tides or the press of worldly business is too evident — nor when red wine is to follow. But — but given an easy airy evening, a pleasurable quitting of the day's chores, and the prospect of uninterrupted and peaceful communion with One, it can be a fine thing indeed.

My recipe sounds like a parody of Robert Benchley's apocryphal dictum, which electrified early Martini-bibbers: three parts of gin and enough vermouth to take away that ghastly *watery* look. Mine says four parts of dry gin and one eyedropper of vermouth! It must be served very cold indeed, in generous wine goblets, and it is, in truth, a kind of recidivist version of what is still much better than *it* can ever be, for such things: vodka, aquavit, tequila . . .

It seems improbable that my hint of herby wine, the tonic quality of a drop of vermouth, could possibly turn straight dry gin into a quick-working *apéritif*, but it does: chilled gin has nothing in common with this ridiculously delicious cocktail, and unless it be colored with a drop of bitters, or poured from a cold stone flask of real Geneva, is a poor way to precede a meal. Given the silly fillip of a scant driblet of vermouth, icy-cold gin can make a private and soul-satisfying drink indeed — and one not to be indulged in lightly, too long, or oftener than the stars dictate.

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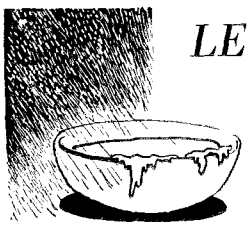


LE PETIT KALENDRIER DES BERGIERS

by DAVID BROCK

JANUARY

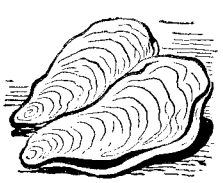
You make ice cream in summer.
I, my son,
Make it in January. You've a fridge
And I have none.
Not that I dote on ice cream anyway,
But eggs are lost
And cream and sugar tossed
Into my wasteful bowl, lest any say
I waste God's frost.

FEBRUARY

What food is best in winter?
Whatever you desire
In a heavily curtained room, with candles,
Beside a regal fire,
And the rattle of wind on the windows,
And a guest with a once-blue nose
Fast turning red, who came in stamping
To say "How it snows!"

MARCH

No matter what the weather,
The patient Brussels sprout
Has been with us all winter;
Nothing can put him out.
A savage eats his foeman
To feed on bravery,
But none of the sprout's virtue
Has entered into me.



APRIL

Farewell until September,
Ye oyster boys and girls.*
Don't work too hard this summer. . . .
To me you all *are* pearls.

* *Oysters can change their sex, which accounts for the letter-ending formula: "I must now close, as the oyster remarked when he wanted a little privacy for changing his sex."*

MAY

By May the expert gardener
Finds much on which to dine
Well-grown throughout his garden.
Not I in mine!
Well-nourished, sanctimonious,
This bustler knocks me flat.

Perhaps he'll die exhausted. . . .
There's always that.

JUNE

"If strawberries should disagree,
Add kirsch," a gourmet said to me.
I cannot buy the stuff, so far.
Damn him as black as *grosses guignes noires.**

* *The black cherries from which true kirsch is made.*

JULY

God save us all, now comes the hour
Raw vegetables to devour.
O summer chill that jells my reason!
O *rigor mortis* of the season!

AUGUST

I knew a man whose palate was so delicate
He could taste vegetable marrows.
The devil spike them,
I can taste them too,
And I don't like them.

SEPTEMBER

Though lettuce has grown bitter,
My wife will doubtless think
It's *still* a good equivalent
For meat and bread and drink.

OCTOBER

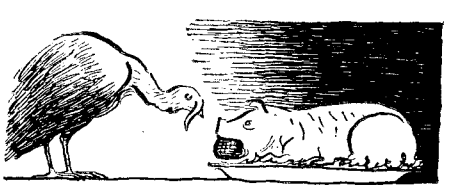
The pumpkin jack-o'-lanterns,
Grotesque autumnal sight,
Are better heads than many,
Containing air and light.

NOVEMBER

Before the frost has killed the wild mushrooms
I die a hundred deaths,
I feel a thousand heavy dooms,
And all my bonhomie
Cannot enjoy these treasures' taste.
Poison myself to put down waste,
Is *that* economy?

DECEMBER

Turkeys turn men to pigs? Why, that's not true.
Pigs don't say grace, while men (of course) *all* do.



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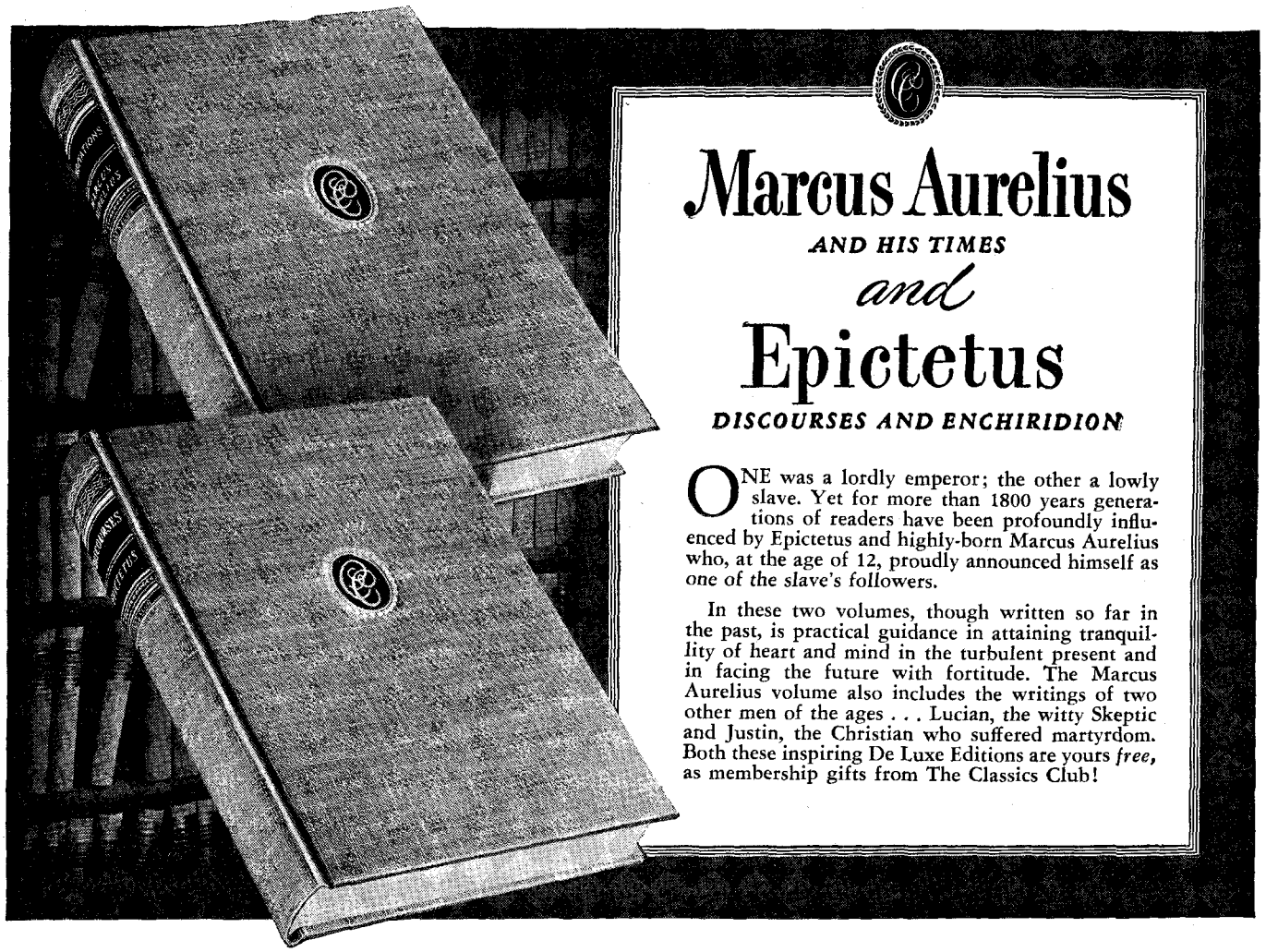

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